PEARLS FROM MANY SEAS

Fathers gift
to his
children.

Texas. April 11 09.
R. R. Island.

"FAREWELL."
From the Painting by Grosch.

PEARLS FROM MANY SEAS.

A GALAXY OF THOUGHT FROM FOUR HUNDRED WRITERS OF WIDE REPUTE.

EMBRACING

BEAUTIFUL MAXIMS FOR THE CONDUCT OF LIFE AND LUCID EXPOSITIONS OF HOLY WRIT.

CLASSIFIED AND ILLUSTRATED.

COMPILED BY

REV. J. B. McCLURE.

"Let us, then, be up and doing
With a heart for any fate."

CHICAGO:
RHODES & McCLURE PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1908

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INTRODUCTION.

Upon the windows of a publishing house in one of our great American cities the passer-by may read the words "Books are the only things that live for ever." That is a noble sentiment, though but a partial truth. Books do live for ever—that is, some books. And so do folks —that is, some folks. I am not now thinking of other worlds, but of this. There is an earthly immortality. George Eliot writes of

> "the choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence,
> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
> And with their mild persistence urge man's search
> To vaster issues."

Thought is immortal. It can no more be buried than it can be burned or hanged. What better fame, then, what more enduring monument, can a man have than that he has whose thoughts live after him, whose words are lifted up like banners to call humanity to worthier living? There is also a reflected immortality for the man who makes it his ministry on earth to search out the best thoughts of others and give them to the race.

And so, this book is a beautiful memorial of him in whose mind it was conceived and by whose labor it was prepared. The Reverend James B. McClure was a Presbyterian minister. Born in Vincennes, Ind., in 1832, educated at Hanover College and McCormick Theological Seminary, a pastor in Fulton, Ill., and later in Denver,

Col., associate editor of *The Interior*, joint founder with the late Professor David Swing of *The Alliance*, a member of the publishing firm of Rhodes & McClure, editor of a score of good books, dying at the age of sixty-three, he left behind him the record of an active and beneficent life. As he drew near the sunset of his days he expressed to an intimate friend his deep satisfaction in the thought that, though he must cease to labor, his work should still go on. He said: "The words I have spoken may be forgotten, the memory of my face may die among men, but the books I have edited and published shall go on doing good for ever."

Mr. McClure did not live to finish this book. The material he had been gathering for years came into my hands with the request that it be prepared for publication with such additions as seemed desirable. In loyalty to the memory of my friend—for he was such to me in my student days at Evanston—I have followed as closely as possible the plan he had adopted in the choice of subjects and arrangement of contents.

And now the "Pearls" go out into the world, not one of them being offered as new, but only presented in a new setting. And yet it may be some shall be new to many an eye. Even the old may have new beauty if seen in a new light.

CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON.

DELAVAN AVENUE PARSONAGE, BUFFALO, N. Y., November, 1897.

J. B. McClure.

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Selected Especially for This Work

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A Bridge in Constantinople.—From a Photograph.

PEARLS FROM MANY SEAS.

ACTIVITY.

True Activity Never Fails.

No true work since the world began was ever wasted; no true life since the world began has ever failed. Oh, understand those two perverted words, "failure" and "success," and measure them by the eternal, not the earthly, standard. When after thirty obscure, toilsome, unrecorded years in the shop of the village carpenter, one came forth to be pre-eminently the man of sorrows, to wander from city to city in homeless labors, and to expire in lonely agony upon the shameful cross—was that a failure? Nay, my brethren, it was the death of Him who lived that we might follow His footsteps; it was the life, it was the death, of the Son of God.—F. W. FARRAR.

Activity Immortal.

Christian life is action; not a speculation, not a debating, but a doing. One thing, and only one, in this world has eternity stamped upon it. Feelings pass; resolves and thoughts pass; opinions change. What you have

done lasts—lasts in you. Through ages, through eternity, what you have done for Christ—that, and only that, you are.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

Readiness in Activity.

"The work of men"—and what is that? Well, we may any of us know very quickly, on the condition of being wholly ready to do it. But many of us are for the most part thinking, not of what we are to do, but of what we are to get; and the best of us are sunk into the sin of Ananias, and it is a mortal one. We want to keep back part of the price; and we continually talk of taking up our cross, as if the only harm in a cross was the *weight* of it—as if it was only a thing to be carried, instead of to be crucified upon. "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts."—RUSKIN.

Activity for Christ.

The question is not merely what we can *feel*, but what we can *do*, for Christ; not how many tears we can shed, but how many sins we can mortify; not what rapture we can experience, but what self-denial we can practice; not what happy frames we can enjoy, but what holy duties we can perform.—JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

Grateful Activity.

Man must work. That is certain as the sun. But he may work grudgingly, or he may work gratefully; he may work as a man, or he may work as a machine. He can not always choose his work, but he can do it in a generous temper, and with an up-looking heart. There is no

work so rude that he may not exalt it; there is no work so impassive that he may not breathe a soul into it; there is no work so dull that he may not enliven it.—HENRY GILES

Idleness Condemned.

I am not the only one that condemns the idle; for once when I was going to give our minister a pretty long list of the sins of one of our people whom he was asking after, I began with: "He's dreadfully lazy." "That's enough," said the old gentleman; "all sorts of sins are in that one."—SPURGEON.

Diligent and Courageous Activity.

Learn these two things: Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here, and never fail daily to do that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Be charitable in view of it. God can afford to wait; why can not we, since we have Him to fall back upon? Let patience have her perfect work and bring forth her celestial fruits. Trust to God to weave your little thread into a web, though the patterns show it not yet.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

Condensed Comments.

And yet the doing is ours—not His. He inspired it; we wrought it out. He quickened, but we brought forth His the heart-beat, but ours the hand-stroke; His the influence, ours the effluence.—GEORGE C. LORIMER.

Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. Know thy work, and do it;

and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the work—the idle man.—CARLYLE.

Lord Jesus, I am weary *in* Thy work, but not *of* it. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for Thee once more in the field, seal Thy truth, and come home to die.—WHITEFIELD.

God's very service is wages; His ways are strewed with roses, and paved with joy that is unspeakable and full of glory, and with peace that passeth understanding.—THOMAS BROOKS.

We are not to wait *to be* in preparing to be. We are not to wait *to do* in preparing to do, but to find in being and doing preparation for higher being and doing.—HENRY GILES.

The worst days of darkness through which I have ever passed have been greatly alleviated by throwing myself with all my energy into some work relating to others.—GARFIELD.

The life of man is made up of action and endurance; and life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or in patient perseverance.—H. P. LIDDON.

This world is given as a prize for the men in earnest; and that which is true of this world is truer still of the world to come.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

A man's labors must pass like the sunrises and sunsets of the world. The next thing, not the last, must be his care.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

You never will be saved *by* works; but let us tell you

most solemnly that you never will be saved *without* works.—T. L. CUYLER.

Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

God does not give excellence to men but as the reward of labor.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Earnestness is the devotion of all the faculties.—C. N. BOVEE.

AFFABILITY.

Affability at Home.

Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript, and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper, he again picked up his gun and pencil, and visited again all the great forests of America, and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly unreconcilable, who at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment will blow as long and sharp as a northeast storm.

Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent over-issue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have four or five hundred thousand dollars of bills in circulation

with no specie in the vault. Let us learn to show piety at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from a fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.—TALMAGE.

Spiritual Affability.

Let us be approachable in reference to spiritual things, and we shall soon have the joy of seeing others taking a light from us. We know people to whom no one would ever speak in the hour of trial; as well might they make a pillow of a thorn bush. If people to whom they have never been introduced were to intrude their personal sorrows, they would be looked at with one of those *searchers* which read you from top to toe, and at the same time wither you up. On the other hand, there are faces which are a living advertisement running thus: "Good Accommodation for Man and Grief." You are sure of a friend here.—SPURGEON.

Affability Shown in the Countenance.

Certain persons are like harbors of refuge, to which every vessel will run in distress. When you want to ask your way in the street, you instinctively shun the stuck-up gentleman of importance; and you most readily put the question to the man with the smiling face and the open countenance. In our church we have friends who

seem to say to everybody: "Take a light." May their number be greatly multiplied!

It should be a joy to hold a candle to another. It will not waste our own light to impart it.—SPURGEON.

Affability in Conversation.

The power of adaptation to high and low, learned and ignorant, sad and frivolous, is no mean gift. If, like Nelson, we can lay our vessel side by side with the enemy, and come to close quarters without delay, we shall do considerable execution. Commend me to the man who can avail himself of any conversation and any topic, to drive home saving truth upon the conscience and heart. He who can ride a well-trained horse, properly saddled, does well; but the fellow who can leap upon the wild horse of the prairie, and ride him bare-backed, is a genius indeed. "All things to all men," rightly interpreted, is a motto worthy of the great apostle of the Gentiles, and of all who, like him, would win souls for Jesus.—SPURGEON.

Small Courtesies.

In all the affairs of life, social as well as political, courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart.—HENRY CLAY.

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AFFLICTION.

Affliction Endears the Promises.

We never prize the precious words of promise till we are placed in conditions in which their suitability and sweetness are manifested. We all of us value those golden words: "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." But few if any of us have read them with the delight of the martyr, Bilney, to whom this passage was a stay while he was in prison, awaiting his execution at the stake. His Bible, still preserved in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, has the passage marked with a pen in the margin. Perhaps, if all were known, every promise in the Bible has borne a special message to some one saint; and so the whole volume might be scored in the margin with mementos of Christian experience, every one appropriate to the very letter. — SPURGEON.

My Sorrow's Sign.

O murmurous Spirit of the Pine!
Thou seem'st to droop and nestle nigh.
Hast thou, then, read my sorrow's sign?

What grief of thine dost thou resign
To echo here my soul's low cry,
O murmurous Spirit of the Pine?

What need for me to build a shrine
To stay the people passing by,

If thou hast read my sorrow's sign?

Thou hast no marble mark to thine;
Like mine, thy grief is always shy,
O murmurous Spirit of the Pine!

No shaft shall rise to measure mine,
Nor need the cold world marvel why,
Since thou hast read my sorrow's sign.

For mine, the stars shall rise and shine
Until the constellations die;
For thou hast read my sorrow's sign,
O murmurous Spirit of the Pine!

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Learn Affliction's Lesson.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.—JAMES BURGH.

AMERICA.

Providence in the Discovery of America.

It would seem to have been especially ordered by Providence, that the discovery of the two great divisions of the American hemisphere should fall to the two races best fitted to conquer and colonize them. Thus the northern section was consigned to the Anglo-Saxon race, whose orderly, industrious habits found an ample field

for development under its colder skies and on its more rugged soil; while the southern portion, with its rich tropical products and treasures of mineral wealth, held out the most attractive bait to invite the enterprise of the Spaniard. How different might have been the result, if the bark of Columbus had taken a more northerly direction, as he at one time meditated, and landed its band of adventurers on the shores of what is now Free America!—PRESCOTT.

An Indestructible Union of Indestructible States.

It may be not unreasonably said that the preservation of the States and the maintenance of their governments are as much within the design and care of the Constitution as the preservation of the Union or the maintenance of the National Government. The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible Union of indestructible States.—CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.

Another Name.

America is only another name for opportunity.—EMERSON.

"A Peace-Maker."—From the Painting by Stone.

ANGER.

Capacity for Anger Desirable.

The child should be taught to restrain his anger; but he can not restrain it if he has not got it. Anger is like fire—a good servant and a terrible master. Without capacity for anger Luther could not have fought the battle of the Reformation; nor our fathers the war of the Revolution; nor our reformers the war of Emancipation. —LYMAN ABBOTT.

Righteous Anger.

The spirit which flushes with resentment at an oath is infinitely better than the spirit which listens with indifference, or which laughs with pleasure.

"Abhor that which is evil," says the Divine command; no man is safe unless he does.—LYMAN ABBOTT.

Anger at Sin a Duty.

Every great sin ought to arouse a great anger. Mob law is better than no law at all. A community which rises in its wrath to punish with misdirected anger a great wrong is in a healthier moral condition than a community which looks upon its perpetration with apathy and unconcern.—LYMAN ABBOTT.

"Be Angry and Sin Not."

Do not teach your children never to be angry; teach them how to be angry and sin not.—LYMAN ABBOTT.

Anger and Rage.

Nothing is improved by anger, unless it be the arch of a cat's back. A man with his back up is spoiling his figure! People look none the handsomer for being red in the face. It takes a great deal out of a man to get into a towering rage; it is almost as unhealthy as having a fit, and time has been when men have actually choked themselves with passion, and died on the spot. Whatever wrong I suffer, it can not do me half so much hurt as being angry about it; for passion shortens life and poisons peace.—SPURGEON.

ART.

The Rose of Art.

Following the sun, westward the march of power!
The Rose of Might blooms in our new-world mart;
But see, just bursting forth from bud to flower,
A late, slow growth—the fairer Rose of Art.

R. W. GILDER.

Ideals in Art.

Our age is moved deeply by the study of ideals in art. Each generation is amazed at its own progress. In the great Field Columbian Museum one can see the history of many an idea: The boat idea, beginning at three logs bound together with a piece of bark and passing on toward the ocean palace; the transportation idea, beginning

with a strap on a man's forehead, passing on through the panniers on a goat or a donkey and reaching to the modern express train; the sculpture idea, moving from some stone or earthen or wooden outlines onward toward the angelic forms that seem about to live and speak. There you will see the wooden eagle which marked the grave of some Indian. And what a creature it is! Nothing but the infinite kindness of civilization could persuade us to call it a bird of any known species. And yet, perhaps, the Indian when dying was happy that such a wooden bird was to stand on his grave and keep his memory green. Into our age, so full of new and grand conceptions in art, there must come the marching ideals of human life. Man is moving through a redemptive world. All lips should sing each day the song of the old harpist: "Who Redeemeth Thy Life from Destruction." What our age needs is a rapid advance of the ideals of life. A Catholic priest who has spent thirty years in the temperance cause has said: "The saloon is the greatest enemy that Rome has left in the world. The criticisms which the Protestants make of Rome's dogmas are harmless compared with the ruin of mind and soul wrought by the saloon and its defenders." No one will deny the truth of the priest's complaint, and all are glad to mark the new effort of the Romanists to set up new ideas. Protestants should not, can not, hate a Catholic; but all good citizens must cherish little regard for any one who has not gotten beyond the saloon idea.—SWING.

Angelo and Raphael.

Christianity helped to make Angelo and Raphael by furnishing them with grand themes. As no lips can be eloquent unless they are speaking in the name of a great truth, so no painter can paint unless some one brings him a great subject. Heaven and hell made the poet, Dante. Christianity made Beatrice. Paradise made John Milton. The mother of our Lord and the last judgment made Angelo. It is the great theme that makes the orator, the painter, the poet. The great theme lifts up the soul and makes it the revealer of a new world.—SWING.

Music the Child of Christianity.

There is an art which Christianity created almost wholly, asking little of outside aid. Music is that peculiar child. The long-continued vision of Heaven, the struggle of the tones of voice and of instrument to find something worthy of the deep feelings of religion, resulted at last in those mighty chants which formed the mountain springs of our musical Nile. There could have been no music had not depth of feeling come to man. The men who went up to the pagan temples went with no such love, with no sorrow of penitence, with no exultant joy. It was necessary for Jesus Christ to come along and transfer religion from the form to the spirit, and from an "airy nothingness" to a love stronger than life, before hymns like those of Luther and Wesley and Watts could break from the heart. The doctrine of repentance must live in the world awhile before we can have a "Miserere," and the exultant hope of the Chris-

tian must come before the mind can invent a "Gloria."—SWING.

ASSURANCE.

The Superiority of Christian Faith.

With the results of Christianity before him and in him, the Christian may confidently say to all his foes: "If a lie can do all this, then a lie is better than all your truth; for your truth does not pretend to do it. And if our lie is better in every possible legitimate result than your truth, then your truth is proven to be a lie, and our lie is the truth." Of all short methods with infidelity, this is the shortest.—J. G. HOLLAND.

The Assurance of Christ.

"But," a man said to me, "no one has come back, and we don't know what is in the future. It is all dark, and how can we be sure?" Thank God, Christ came down from Heaven; and I would rather have Him, coming as He does right from the bosom of the Father, than any one else. We can rely on what Christ says, and He says: "He that believeth on Me shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Not that we are going to have it when we die, but right here today.—MOODY.

The Assurance of God's Word.

Now, I find a great many people who want some evidence that they have accepted the Son of God. My

friends, if you want any evidence, take God's word for it. You can't find better evidence than that. You know that when the Angel Gabriel came down and told Zachariah he should have a son he wanted a further token than the angel's word. He asked Gabriel for it, and he answered: "I am Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Lord." He had never been doubted, and he thundered out this to Zachariah. But he wanted a further token, and Gabriel said: "You shall have a token; you shall be dumb till your son shall be given you."—MOODY

BELIEVING.

The Peace of the Believer.

The believer's peace is like a river for *continuance*. Look at it, rising as a little brook among the mosses of the lone green hill; by and by it leaps as a rugged cataract; anon it flows along that fair valley where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play. With hum of pleasant music the brook turns the village mill. Hearken to its changeful tune as it ripples over its pebbly bed, or leaps adown the wheel, or sports in eddies where the trees bend down their branches to kiss the current. Anon the streamlet has become a river, and bears upon its flood full many a craft. Then its bosom swells, bridges with noble arches span it, and, grown vaster still, it becomes an estuary, broad enough to be an arm of old Father Ocean, pouring its water-floods into the mighty main. The river abides the lapse of ages; it is no eva-

nescent morning cloud or transient rain-flood, but in all its stages it is permanent.

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I flow on for ever."

Evermore, throughout all generations, the river speedeth to its destined place. Such is the peace of the Christian. He has always reason for comfort. He has not a consolation like a swollen torrent which is dried up under the hot sun of adversity, but peace is his rightful possession at all times. Do you inquire for the Thames? You shall find it flowing in its own bed in the thick black night, as well as in the clear bright day.—SPURGEON.

Believing Confidence in God's Word.

Believing does not come by trying. If a person were to make a statement of something that happened this day I should not tell him that I would try to believe him. If I believed in the truthfulness of the man who told the incident to me, and who said he saw it, I should accept the statement at once. If I did not think him a true man I should, of course, disbelieve him; but there would be no trying in the matter. Now, when God declares there is salvation in Christ Jesus I must either believe Him at once or make Him a liar.—SPURGEON.

BENEVOLENCE.

I Shall Not Pass Again This Way.

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give;
The water pure that bids the thirsty live.
I want to help the fainting, day by day.
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears;
Beauty for ashes may I give alway.
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away.
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to do aright from day to day.
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

ANONYMOUS.

Doing Good a Blessing to Ourselves.

If we view this microcosm, the human body, we shall find that the heart does not receive the blood to store it up; but while it pumps it in at one valve, it sends it forth at another. The blood is always circulating everywhere, and is stagnant nowhere. The same is true of all the fluids in a healthy body; they are in a constant state of

"Queen Louise Visiting a Poor Family."

expenditure. If one cell stores for a few moments its peculiar secretion, it only retains it till it is perfectly fitted for its appointed use in the body; for if any cell in the body should begin to store up its secretion, its store would soon become the cause of inveterate disease. Nay, the organ would soon lose the power to secrete at all, if it did not give forth its products. The whole of the human system lives by giving. The eye can not say to the foot: "I have no need of thee, and will not guide thee." For if it does not perform its watchful office, the whole man will be in the ditch, and the eye will be covered with mire. If the members refuse to contribute to the general stock, the whole body will become poverty-stricken, and be given up to the bankruptcy of death. Let us learn, then, from the analogy of nature, the great lesson that, to get, we must give; that, to accumulate, we must scatter; that, to make ourselves happy, we must make others happy; and that, to get good and become spiritually vigorous, we must do good and seek the spiritual good of others.—SPURGEON.

"She Did Her Best."

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some way-worn soul in passing by—

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend

The right against a single envious stain,
My life, though bare,
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy—
Most near to Heaven—far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding cloud to give way to sun and shine;
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me: "She did her best for one of Thine."

MILDRED MCNEAL.

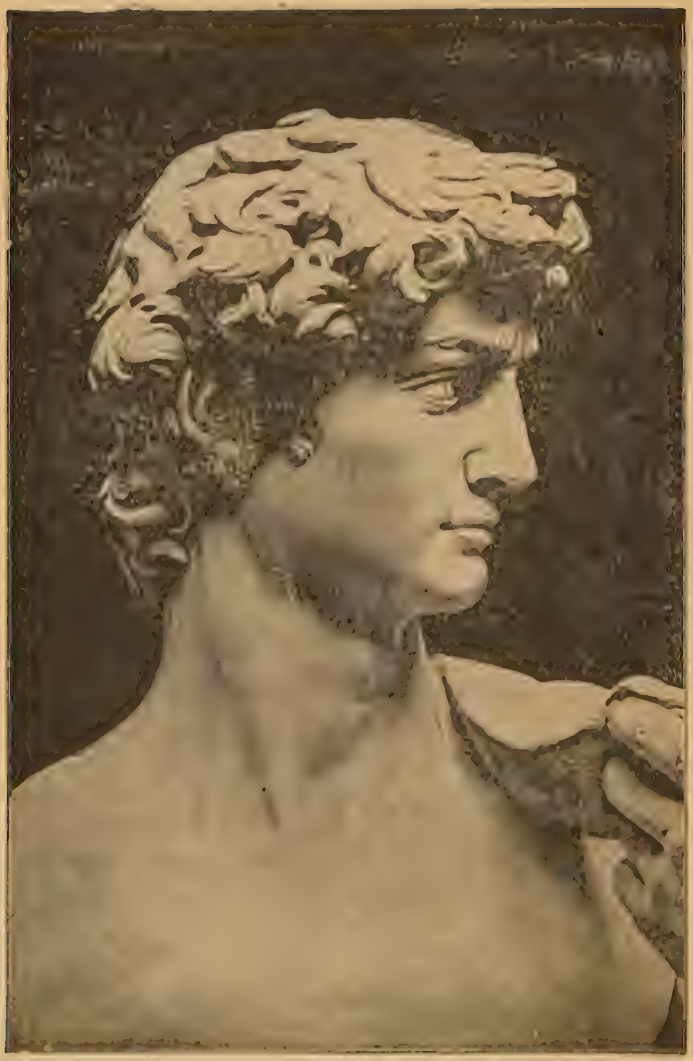
Benevolence Versus Extravagance.

The greatest obstacle to charity in the Christian church today is the fact that men expend so much on their table and women so much on their dress, they have got nothing left for the work of God and the world's betterment. —TALMAGE.

Condensed Comments.

He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed;
For he giveth of his bread to the poor.—SOLOMON.

We only begin to realize the value of our possessions when we commence to do good to others with them. No earthly investment pays so large an interest as charity. —JOSEPH COOK.



DAVID.
From the Statue by Angelo.

THE BIBLE.

Heroes of the Bible.

The heroes of the Bible make up such a group of pearls as never before in history were strung upon one string. Christianity is the only queen that ever wore such a collection of gems. But she wears them right along, and has thus been unapproachable for thousands of years. And she will remain matchless in the quality of soul that lay beneath her thought. It does not seem possible that earth can ever reproduce a St. Paul or a St. John. And now, when to these beings you have added just one more, whom I need not so much as name, a being who emptied an ocean of love and hope upon the world, and who has transformed the earth, making it roll out of darkness into light, you will conclude that here in the Christian records mighty souls have passed in a strange vision before us. Here are tremendous foundations—broad, deep, vast. And as though man might come some day in the vanity of the subsequent centuries and mock at the impulse or character of these men, they all died heroic deaths, that the feeble critics of the nineteenth century might feel their own littleness when they should behold the thrilling ending of these lives. Paul was put to death in Rome. John was tortured and sent to die an exile. James was hurled from a battlement in Jerusalem and crushed to death. Simon Zelotes was put to death in Persia, where also Jude was tortured to the death. Matthew was slain by a mob in Abyssinia. Thomas was killed in Coromandel. Philip was hanged upon a pillar

in Hierapolis. Andrew was crucified at Patraca, and James the Less in Asia. As for the one Name towering above all, He was crucified on Mount Calvary between two thieves. Into such holy hearts did God pour the truths, the hopes, the joys and sorrows of our religion. —SWING.

One Way to Study the Bible.

A favorite way to study the Bible with me is, first, to take up one expression, and run through the different places where they are found. Take the "I ams" of John: "I am the bread of life"; "I am the water of life"; "I am the way, the truth and the life"; "I am the resurrection"; "I am all, and in all." God gives to His children a blank, and on it they can write whatever they most want, and He will fill the bill. And then the promises. A Scotchman found out thirty-one thousand distinct promises in the Word of God. There is not a despondent soul but God has a promise just to suit him. —MOODY.

Humaneness of the Bible.

Who can undervalue a Bible which speaks in a tone like this? The proverb, "Every man must take care of himself," has no place in the Book of God.

We must take care of one another. "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" We hold our knowledge for the benefit of the ignorant; we are trustees of our strength that we may save the weak from oppression.

It is a coward's trick to close the eyes whilst wrong is being done, in order that we may not see it.

Christianity means nothing if it does not mean the unity of the human race, the common rights of humanity.—JOSEPH PARKER.

Morality of the Bible.

The morality of the Bible goes down to every root and fiber of life. In offering a salutation, in opening a door, in uttering a wish, in writing a letter, in using titles of deference, in every possible exercise of human thought and power, the moral element is present. Phebe was to be received by the Christians at Rome "as becometh saints." A New Testament injunction is: "Be courteous." Charity itself is courteous, graceful, savored with the highest degree of refinement, and expressive of the completest reach of dignity. We have passed from the letter to the spirit; God has put within us a clean heart, so that we are no longer true, or kind, or noble, merely because of a literal direction which is guarded by solemn penalties, but because the Holy Ghost has sanctified us, made our hearts his dwelling place. Our prayer should continually be: "Create in me a clean heart, O God."
—JOSEPH PARKER.

Importance of Studying the Bible.

One thing I have noticed in studying the Word of God, and that is, when a man is filled with the Spirit he deals largely with the Word of God; whereas, the man who is filled with his own ideas refers rarely to the Word of God.

He gets along without it, and you seldom see it mentioned in his discourses. A great many use it only as a text-book. They get their text from the Bible, and go on without any further allusion to it; they ignore it. But when a man is filled with the Word, as Stephen was, he can not help speaking Scripture. You will find that Moses was constantly repeating the commandments. You will find, too, that Joshua, when he came across the Jordan with his people, stood with them while the law of the Lord was read to them; and you will find all through Scripture the men of God dealing much with His Word. Why, you will find Christ constantly referring to them, and saying: "Thus saith the Scriptures." Now, as old Dr. Bonar of Glasgow said: "The Lord didn't tell Joshua how to use the sword, but He told him how he should meditate on the Lord day and night, and then he would have good success." When we find a man meditating on the words of God, my friends, that man is full of boldness and is successful. And the reason why we have so little success in our teaching is because we know so little of the Word of God. You must know it and have it in your heart.—Moody.

The Bible a Chart.

We sail upon an ocean whose farther bounds are far beyond our sight. The Bible gives every soul a course to sail by.

Follow this course, it says, and you will reach harbor, follow any other, and you will come to shipwreck. But what that harbor is, and what possibilities of rescue at

"The Comfort of the Word."—From the Painting by Heicherts.

the last from shipwreck there may be, it tells not. The wise father neither promises nor threatens. He leaves His children to understand that obedience brings happiness; disobedience, suffering. God governs His children as a wise father, and to all our questionings—"What pay for doing right?" "What penalty for doing wrong?"—keeps a silence that is more eloquent than speech. The Bible contains no clear revelation respecting the nature of either eternal life or eternal death. It discloses nothing to curiosity. We can gather from its intimations some probable conclusions; but every kind of dogmatism respecting the eternal future is unscriptural.—LYMAN ABBOTT.

The Book of Job.

I propose to say something of the nature of this extraordinary book—a book of which it is to say little to call it unequaled of its kind, and which will one day, perhaps, when it is allowed to stand on its own merits, be seen towering up alone, far away above all the poetry of the world. How it found its way into the canon, smiting as it does through and through the most deeply seated Jewish prejudices, is the chief difficulty about it now; to be explained only by a traditional acceptance among the sacred books, dating back from the old times of the national greatness, when the minds of the people were hewn in a larger type than was to be found among the Pharisees of the great synagogue. But its authorship, its date, and its history are alike a mystery to us. It existed at the time when the canon was composed, and this is all that we know beyond what we can gather out

of the language and contents of the poem itself.—FROUDE.

The Four Gospels.

Why was this Gospel told four times over? A good story is none the worse, perhaps, for being twice told; but it is a great deal the worse for being three times told, while it is often utterly mangled and murdered the fourth time. You know what a risk is run by this repetition. Have not critics in all ages said: "Yet that is what spoils it; that is where we get hold of it and tear it to pieces? If it had only been told once, a very large amount of critical strife and contention would have been removed; but in telling it four times, a great many discrepancies arise, and so we are able to cast doubt upon the whole thing." Now, I think it was told four times because it was told every time by the best story-teller that ever tried it. John wanted to write a composition upon this key-note—the essential Godhead and Divinity of that Man from Nazareth. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made. . . . . And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory." Not that John believed this more, and others less, but that was a side of Jesus that fascinated John. "I handled God; here is the head that leaned upon the bosom of Omnipotence." And like every true musician, he ends on the key-note with which he started: "These things are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the

Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through His name."—McNEILL.

The Bible a Westminster Abbey.

Heroism is indeed the beautiful in the soul. It is the old image of God coming to the surface again, as when, in scraping off a dingy wall in Florence, the workmen came upon the portrait of Dante. Often there come men who throw aside the rags of self, the tattered vestments of beggars, and let out the image of God within. Into no institution of man, into no philosophy, into no school of art, has there entered such a band of heroes as is seen filing down into this book of God. It seems perfectly wonderful that each page of the Christian's book should have been composed by one of these children of heroism. The Bible is a Westminster Abbey, where none but the great sleep.—SWING.

New Testament Better Than the Old.

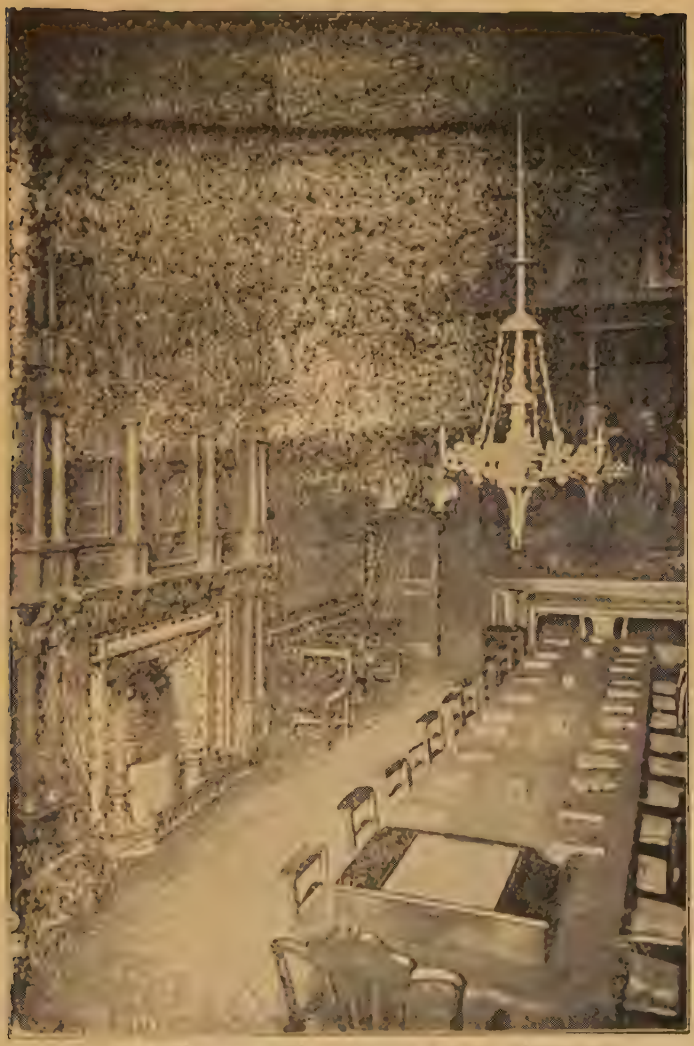
"Well, after all, is the New Testament brighter than the Old? Had not the Old Testament saints a grip of something tangible and real? Had not they an advantage that we have not? Oh, if there were only an Elijah living! If there were only an Elisha living today!"

Ah, my friends, we are living, after all, under a greater dispensation. Elisha was compelled to say: "The Lord hath hid it from me." He had to confess limitation; and, says the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, these great prophets, these great priests, these great mediators of a by-gone age, were not suffered to continue by reason of

death. Out of that he works the argument which I am seeking to apply now to you—the greater blessing that has come to us in our heavenly, although invisible, Prophet and Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ. When I read this about Elisha—"the Lord hath not told it me"—I feel inclined to say to him: "Good-bye, Elisha. Great and all as you are, you will not serve my turn. Great and all as you are, I need one, after all, from whom nothing is hid—from whom nothing can be hid. Good-bye, Elisha. You are a wonderful man. You could do wonderful things; but I can bid you good-bye without a tear. I can bear to see you disappear from the stage of time, because He has come from whom nothing is hid; who is mightier than all Elijahs and Elishas and prophets put together." "Consider the Apostle and Priest of our profession." Think of Him who stands, it may be, unknown, unperceived today in the midst of this assembly; for mole-eyed men and women, groping down in the earth, do not see Him and do not know Him. The Lord of Life and Glory, Jesus Christ, stands with us; and when we see Him, even Elisha's glory begins to dim and fade away.—McNeill.

Something That Was Not a Mistake.

When the modern critics, in the church and out of it, are enlarging upon the "Mistakes of Moses" and upon the historical childishness of the Bible, they should not forget to tell us that there ran through the whole Bible period a something that was no mistake, a something whose history rises up before us as real as the earth it-



JERUSALEM CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WHERE THE BIBLE WAS REVISED.

From a Photograph.

self and as beautiful as its four seasons, as magnificent as its June. That something was worship! Theology came and went; the laws of Moses were passed and obeyed and repealed; fables were told and forgetten; Paul and Apollos differed; James and John were unlike—but in worship all seemed to meet, and the Jacob who saw angels on the night-ladder is beautifully akin to St. John and Paul. All are wonderfully akin to our age, which sings the one hymn of the whole race, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."—SWING.

Scholars and the Bible.

The new movement for the study of the Bible, as the finest of English classics, introducing it into colleges and seminaries of the highest grade, is full of possibilities for Christian progress and development. The marvel is that Christian scholars should ever have permitted the heathen classics to outrank the psalms of David, the visions of Isaiah and the wonderful philosophy of the four Gospels. —FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Condensed Comments.

What can botanists tell you of the Lily of the Valley? You must study this book for that. What can geologists tell you of the Rock of Ages, or mere astronomers about the Bright Morning Star? In those pages we find all knowledge unto salvation; here we read of the ruin of man by nature, redemption by the blood, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost. These three things run all through and through them.—MOODY.

Now, I am no prophet nor the son of a prophet, but one thing I can predict: That every one of our new converts who goes to studying his Bible, and loves this book above every other book, is sure to hold out. The world will have no charm for him; he will get the world under his feet, because in this book he will find something better than the world can give him.—Moody.

Give the Bible the place in your families to which it is entitled; and then, through the unsearchable riches of Christ, many a household among you may hereafter realize that most blessed consummation, and appear *a united family in Heaven.*—H. A. Boardman.

Few books can stand three readings. But the word of God is solid; it will stand a thousand readings, and the man who has gone over it the most frequently and the most carefully is the surest of finding new wonders there. —Hamilton.

It is the wonderful property of the Bible, though the authorship is spread over a long list of centuries, that it never withdraws any truth once advanced, and never adds new without giving fresh force to the old.—Melville.

The answer to the Shastas is India; the answer to Confucianism is China; the answer to the Koran is Turkey; the answer to the Bible is the Christian civilization of Protestant Europe and America.—Wendell Phillips.

Do you know a book that you are willing to put under your head for a pillow when you lie dying? Very well; that is the book you want to study while you are living.

There is but one such book in the world.—Joseph Cook.

There are dark and mysterious things in the Bible now, but when you begin to trust Christ your eyes will be opened, and the Bible will be a new book to you. It will become the Book of books to you.—Moody.

While the works of once famous skeptics are left to rot on book shelves, every year sees the Bible translated into some new tongue, acquire a greater influence, and receive a wider circulation.—Guthrie.

I haven't found the first man who ever read the Bible from back to back carefully who remained an infidel. My friends, the Bible of our mothers and fathers is true.—Moody.

In the waters of life, the Divine Scriptures, there are shallows and there are deeps; shallows where the lamb may wade, and deeps where the elephant may swim.—Hall.

Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of diction; how contemptible they are, compared with the Scriptures!—J. J. Rousseau.

If God is a reality, and the soul is a reality, and you are an immortal being, what are you doing with your Bible shut?—Herrick Johnson.

There are over two hundred passages in the Old Testament which prophesied about Christ, and every one of them has come true.—Moody.

Time can take nothing from the Bible. Like the sun,

it is the same in its light and influence to man this day which it was ages ago.—CECIL.

The Bible is the most thought-suggesting book in the world. No other deals with such grand themes.—HERRICK JOHNSON.

No crisis has ever yet appeared when Christ's Word was not ready to take the van of human movement.—KER.

The Bible is a window in this prison-world through which we may look into eternity.—TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

One gem from that ocean is worth all the pebbles from earthly streams.—ROBERT MCCHEYNE.

We count the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Liberty without the Bible is either dead or delirious.—GUTHRIE.

—:o:—

ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, STRATFORD.—From a Photograph.

BOOKS.

Various Kinds of Books.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. That is, some books are to be read only in parts; others, to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books, also, may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others. . . . Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he reads little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—BACON.

The Company of Books.

A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to our longing with full instruction, but pursues us never. It is not offended at our absent-mindedness, nor jealous if we turn to other pleasures—of leaf or dress or mineral, or even of books. It silently serves the soul without recompense—not even for the hire of love. And, yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transformation there, until the outward book is but a body and its soul and spirit are flown to you, and

possess your memory like a spirit. And while some books, like steps, are left behind us by the very help which they yield us, and serve only our childhood or early life, some others go with us, in mute fidelity, to the end of life—a recreation for fatigue, an instruction for our sober hours, and solace for our sickness or sorrow. Except the great out-doors, nothing that has so much life of its own gives so much life to us.—BEECHER.

The Blessing of Books.

Precious and priceless are the blessings which books scatter around our daily paths. We walk, in imagination, with the noblest spirits through the most sublime and enchanting regions—regions which, to all that is lovely in the forms and colors of earth,

> "Add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

A motion of the hand brings all Arcadia to sight. The war of Troy can, at our bidding, rage in the narrowest chamber. Without stirring from our firesides, we may roam the remotest regions of the earth, or soar into realms where Spencer's shapes of unearthly beauty flock to meet us, where Milton's angels peal in our ears the choral hymns of Paradise.—BISHOP WHIPPLE.

Books That Help.

The books which help you most are those which make you think most. The hardest way of learning is by easy

reading; but a great book that comes from a great thinker is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty.—THEODORE PARKER.

The Pleasant World of Books.

There are who find their happiness in strolling near and far,
As if perchance their birth had been beneath some errant star;
The trackless desert beckons them, they scale the mountain peak,
And ever just beyond them see some gladness coy to seek.
For me—I sit beside my fire, and with benignant looks
From dear, familiar shelves they smile—my pleasant friends, the books.

A world of sweetest company, these well-beloved ones wait
For any mood, for any hour; they keep a courteous state.
Serene and unperturbed amid the ruffles of my day,
They are the bread my spirit craves; they bless my toiling way.

A pleasant world is theirs, wherein, though battles wax and wane,
There rolls the sound of triumph, and there dwells surcease of pain.
On pages sparkling as the dawn forever breathes and glows

Through ages red with patriot blood, white freedom's
stainless rose.

In this fair world of calmest skies, I meet the martyr's
palm;
There float to it dear melodies from coasts of heavenly
balm.
All comfort here, all strength, all faith, all bloom of wis-
dom lives,
And, be the day's need what it may, some boon this wide
world gives.

The freedom of the city, where one walks in crowds,
alone,
The silence of the upland, where one climbs anear the
throne,
The blitheness of the morning and the solemn hush of
night,
Are in this pleasant world of books, for one who reads
aright.

Here, pure and sharp, the pictured spire its cleaving
point uplifts;
There, swept by stormy winds of fate, time's sands are
tossed in drifts;
And I who sit beside the fire, an heir of time and sense,
My book to me, the angel of God's sleepless providence.

Who will, may choose to wander far over sea and land.
For me, the table and the lamp extend a friendlier hand.
And I am blessed beyond compare while with benignant
looks

From home's familiar shelves they smile—my pleasant world of books.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BROTHERHOOD.

The Inspiration of Brotherhood.

Charles Kingsley said: "Each man can learn something from his neighbor; at least, he can learn this—to have patience with his neighbor; to live and let live."

No doubt this is one of the lessons. People are meant to be means of grace to us. We are to be helped by our contacts with them. From some we are to learn, through the beautiful things in them, their excellences of character. From these we get inspiration. Others help us through our sympathies. They appeal to our thought and care. They need help. We must carry burdens for them. They have sorrows, and it becomes ours to give them comfort. They are in need or distress, and we must deny ourselves for them. The blessing that may come to us through these is incalculable. Every human sorrow or infirmity that makes its appeal to us is a new chance for us to do a beautiful thing, to grow in Christ-likeness. Every new burden of care rolled upon us, demanding self-denial, sacrifice or service, carries in it a new blessing for us, if only we will accept it.—J. R. MILLER.

Our Neighbor.

A man must not choose his neighbor; he must take his neighbor that God sends him. In him, whoever he be, lies hidden or revealed a beautiful brother. The neighbor is just the man who is next to you at the moment. This love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Ministry of Brotherhood.

It is not possible, ordinarily, to change the hard conditions of those who are in life's stress; but it is possible to give them brotherly sympathy and encouragement. The cup was not taken away from Jesus, but an angel from Heaven appeared and strengthened Him. No other ministry which human love can render is so angel-like as that of him who gives cheer. Those who have learned this lesson are indeed ministering spirits sent forth to do service for the sake of them who shall inherit salvation. —J. R. MILLER.

The World Would Be the Better For It

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory,
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it,
If more relied
On Love to guide
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal,
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link the world with the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine
And on bruised human hearts would pour it,
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheathe its knife,
Till Good became more universal;
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If Talent shone
In Truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things—
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindred feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together to restore it;
If Right made Might
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

M. H. Cobb.

The Reign of Brotherhood.

One sees already the place which the Fatherhood will have in the new life into which the race in every land is entering. While piety imagined God as the Father of a few and the Judge of the rest, humanity was belittled and Pharisaism reigned; slavery was defended from the Bible, and missions were counted an impertinence. When He is recognized as the universal Father, and the outcasts of Humanity as His prodigal children, every effort of love will be stimulated, and the Kingdom of God will advance by leaps and bounds. As this sublime truth is believed, national animosities, social divisions, religious hatreds and inhuman doctrines will disappear. No class will regard itself as favored; no class will feel itself rejected, for all men everywhere will be embraced in the mission of Jesus and the love of the Father.—JOHN WATSON [Ian MacLaren].

Brotherhood Versus Caste.

There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue; nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all, neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on his brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deeds
Is twice born, and who doth ill deeds vile.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

The Death of Caste.

Even the more sensible Greeks in Athens once had six grades of humanity: Priests, mechanics, shepherds, hunters, plowmen and soldiers. By a fine process of differentiation the early Greeks found a difference between the mechanic and the plowman, and between the farmer and the hunter. In our age and land the mind longed to be released from all this oppressive straightness, and on meeting an Emerson and a Webster it did not wish to be told that they were degraded farmers; that Washington was a low-born surveyor, and Franklin only a low, inky printer. Our Nation came from a desire to escape the oppressive caste of all barbarous times, and to reach and enjoy the broader country into which the Lord seemed willing to lead His children.—SWING.

Is It Worth While?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife!

God pity us all as we jostle each other!
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart. Words are keener than steel
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Look at the roses saluting each other!
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain!

Man, and man only, makes war on his brother
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Were it not well in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time eftsoon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Do Thou Likewise.

Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbor to him that fell among the robbers? And he said, He that shewed mercy unto him. And Jesus said unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.—ST. LUKE.

CHARACTER.

Purity of Character.

Over the plum and apricot there may be seen a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever; for it grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew, arrayed with jewels once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell lightly upon it from Heaven.

On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes and trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your fingers, or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be immediately obliterated. So in youth there is a purity of character which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frostwork, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered.

A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss which he can never make whole again. Such

is the consequence of crime. Its effects can not be eradicated; they can only be forgiven.—BEECHER.

Character Invaluable.

There was a famous sculptor in Paris who executed a great work. It stands today in the Gallerie des Beaux Arts. He was a great genius, and this was his last work; but, like many a great genius, he was very poor, and lived in a small garret. This garret was his workshop, his studio and his bedroom. He had this statue almost finished in clay, when one night a frost suddenly fell over Paris. The sculptor lay on his bed, with the statue before him in the center of the fireless room. As the chill air came down upon him, he saw that if the cold got more intense the water in the interstices of the clay would freeze, and so the old man rose and heaped the bedclothes reverently upon the statue. In the morning, when his friends came in, they found the old sculptor dead; but the image was saved! *That* is the greatest thing about you. Preserve that at any cost—the image into which you are being changed by the unseen Sculptor, who is every moment that you are in His presence working at that holy task.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

The Permanence of Character.

The force which moves men to deny that character tends to a final permanence, bad as well as good, is sentiment and not science. It is a form of sentiment peculiar to luxurious ages, and not to the great and strenuous ones. Let the tone of an age change, and this sentiment

hanges. It is what the Germans call a *Zeit-geist*, and by no means an *Ewigkeit-geist*—a spirit of the day, and not a spirit of eternity. Even self-evident truth has sometimes very little power to exorcise what reasoning did not inculcate. But it is the business of science to make all ages great and strenuous. When science has done her perfect work in the world, the lawless liberalism characteristic of luxurious and relaxed ages will have no authority.

It is scientifically incontrovertible that the past can not be changed; and, therefore, it is sure that, if regret for what ought not to have been is pain, there will be pain in the universe forever; and part of it will be God's own.

This planet moves through space enswathed with light. The radiance of the sun billows away to all quarters of infinity. Behind the globe a shadow is projecting; diminishing, indeed—lost at last in the immeasurable vastness of the illuminations of the scene. The stars sing there; the suns are all glad. No doubt, if Richter was right in saying that the interstellar spaces are the homes of souls, there is unfathomable bliss in all these pulsating, unfathomable spaces, so far as they are regions of loyalty to God. There can be no blessedness without holiness, and so there can not be bliss where loyalty does not exist. Behind every planet there will be that shadow: and as surely as there can not be illumination on one side without shadow on the other, so surely a record of sin will cast a shadow forever, and some part of that shadow will sweep over the sea of glass, and not be invisible from the Great White Throne.—JOSEPH COOK.

Harmony of Character.

A man may take a dollar or a half-dollar and hold it to his eye so closely that he will hide the sun from him. Or he may so focus his telescope that a fly or a boulder may be as large as a mountain. A man may hold a certain doctrine very intensely—a doctrine which has been looming upon his horizon for the last six months, let us say, and which has thrown everything else out of proportion, it has become so big itself. Now, let us beware of distortion in the arrangement of the religious truths which we hold. It is almost impossible to get things in their true proportion and symmetry, but this is the thing we must be constantly aiming at. We are told in the Bible to "add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge balance," as the word literally means—*balance*. It is a word taken from the orchestra, where all the parts—the sopranos, the basses, the altos and the tenors, and all the rest of them—must be regulated. If you have too much of the bass, or too much of the soprano, there is want of harmony. That is what I mean by the want of proper focus—by the want of proper balance—in the truths which we all hold. It will never do to exaggerate one truth at the expense of another, and a truth may be turned into a falsehood very, very easily, by simply being either too much enlarged or too much diminished.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

Character Influenced by Environment.

Every man is a reflector. That is the principle upon which this is based. In your face you reflect your nationality. I ask a man a question, and I find out in ten seconds whether he is a Northerner, or a Southerner, or a Canadian, or an Englishman. He has reflected in his very voice his country. I ask him another question, and another and another, and I see reflections flit over the mirror from all points of the compass. I find out in five minutes that he has a good mother. I see reflected in a mirror that he has been reading Herbert Spencer, and Huxley, and Darwin; and as I go on watching him as he stands and talks to me, his whole life is reflected back from it. I see the kind of set he has been living in—the kind of companions he has had. He can not help reflecting. He can not help himself showing the environment in which he has lived—the influences that have played around him. As Tennyson says: "I am a part of all that I have met." Now, we become like those whom we habitually reflect. I could prove from science that that applies even to the physical framework of animals—that they are influenced and organically changed by the environment in which they live.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

Character an Achievement.

Characters are achieved—not received. They grow out of the substance of the man's soul. They are not put on as a beggar might put on a stolen coat. They mature like fruit from the vital fluids of the tree. This is a sign of their genuineness; they grow with use. A

false limb wears out, wastes, with use. A natural limb grows stronger and better with use. Character is an achievement.—CHARLES H. FOWLER.

Character the Crown of Life.

The crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest possession of a man, constituting a rank in itself, and an estate in the general good-will; dignifying every station and exalting every position in society. It exercises a greater power than wealth, and secures all the honor without the jealousies of fame. It carries with it an influence which always tells; for it is the result of proud honor, rectitude and consistency—qualities which, perhaps, more than any other, command the general confidence and respect of mankind.—SMILES.

Character the Product of Daily Life.

Character is the product of daily, hourly actions and words and thoughts; daily forgivenesses, unselfishness, kindness, sympathies, charities, sacrifices for the good of others, struggles against temptation, submissiveness under trial. Oh, it is these, like the blending colors in a picture, or the blending notes of music, which constitute *the man.*—J. R. MACDUFF.

Condensed Comments.

You can not dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—FROUDE.

In character, in manner, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—LONGFELLOW.

CHEERFULNESS.

The Habit of Cheerfulness.

It will help us in learning the lesson of cheerfulness if we persistently train ourselves to see the good things, the bright things, in our common life. There are some people who seem to have eyes only for the unpleasant things. They find every bit of roughness and hardness in their daily path. They see at once, and see it magnified, every disagreeable thing that comes into their life. They remember all the unhappy experiences they have ever had. They keep on their heart's walls the pictures of all their vanished joys and faded hopes. They write with a diamond on their window panes the records of all the trials, adversities and misfortunes they have ever suffered. But, on the other hand, they forget all their blessings. They hang up no pictures of the joys they did not lose, which have filled their life on so many bright days. They have no memory for the beautiful things, the things of gladness.

There are few habits more common, even among Christians, than this of remembering the unpleasant things and forgetting the pleasant things; and there is no other habit which is more inimical to joy. He who would always be of good cheer must break this habit—if it has fastened itself in his life—and must learn, must train himself, to see the beautiful things and to be blind to the disagreeable things. The truth is, there are, in the ordinary life, a thousand pleasant things—favors, joys, comforts, things to cheer—to one unpleasant thing,

one real cause for unhappiness. It is a shame, therefore, to let the one bit of roughness, trial or suffering spoil all the gladness of the thousand blessings, the one discordant note mar all the music of the grand symphony. We should learn to look at life, not to find misery and discomfort in it, but to find cheer and beauty.—J. R. MILLER.

Spin Cheerfully.

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
Though wearily you plod;
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God.

The shuttles of His purpose move
To carry out His own design.
Seek not too soon to disapprove
His work, nor yet assign
Dark motives, when, with silent dread,
You view each somber fold;
For, lo! within each darker thread
There twines a thread of gold.

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
He knows the way you plod;
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God.

ANONYMOUS

The Difference.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
  And wholly bright in view,
If one small speck of dark appear
  In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
  If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
  The darkness of their night.

R. C. TRENCH.

Cheerfulness a Blessing.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—ADDISON.

Cheerfulness at Home.

Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap, and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet which from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep comes looking for the steepest place from which to leap off, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies burded with tempest and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream went raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud foam, and there was nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and

there were neither lark's carol nor humming-bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only a bear's bark, and panther's scream, and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls, in preparation for bad men and bad women.—TALMAGE.

Cheerful Pictures.

Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse," or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents." Rather cover them, if you have pictures, with "The Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and "The Children Amid the Flowers," and "The Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday Night Marketing."—TALMAGE.

Be of Good Cheer.

These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye may have peace. In the world ye have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.—JESUS CHRIST.

"FOUNDLING GIRLS."
From the Painting by Mrs. Anderson.

CHILDREN.

"Of Such Is the Kingdom."

That God will approve nothing wrong is the hope of the world as to virtue. That He will reward those who love Him is the refuge of peace for each soul. In the presence of the God unveiled by Christ, the mother may in perfect hope lay down her infant in the grave. She needs place no holy earth in its coffin, no baptism upon its forehead; she needs read no ambiguous words from the rubric or the confession, for the God in Christ is a great God, and none but the consciously and willingly sinful need tremble at His wrath. As for the children in their tombs, they need no intervention of holy water or holy ground. All the maledictions of earth, all the condemnatory laws of all the bishops, all the anathemas of a thousand popes, could not detain one of those little souls a moment from the bosom of God. — SWING.

Religious Training of Children.

More and more there is growing up a disposition among parents to permit all matters of religious observance to be with their offspring mere matters of choice or preference. Your child must learn French and German and drawing; but he shall learn his catechism and his Bible lesson and a reverent observance of Sunday, if he chooses, and not otherwise. A more dismal and irrational folly it is not easy to conceive! I do not say that there may not have been folly in another and opposite direction. I am not unmindful that religious teaching

has been sometimes made a dreary and intolerable burden. But surely we can correct one excess (not, I apprehend, very frequent or very harmful) without flying straightway into an opposite and a worse one. And so I plead with you who are parents to train your children in ways of reverent familiarity with God's word, God's house, and God's day. Let them understand that something higher than your taste or preference makes these things sacred and binding and constrains you to imbue them with their spirit. And, that you may do this the more effectually, give them, I entreat you, that mightiest teaching which consists in your own consistent and devout example.—H. C. POTTER.

"Little Boy Blue."

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair.
That was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue!

Oh, the years are many—the years are long;
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

EUGENE FIELD.

The Rich, the Poor and the Children.

We feel free to affirm that no one influence can anywhere be pointed out that will equal the power which Christ has brought to bear upon the republican principles in society. The whole soul of His religion is broad. It is man—man, not rich or poor, not crowned, not chained, but man—who figures in the great Christian drama of life and death. In the religion of Jesus the rich are humiliated if riches be their idol; in the same religion the poor are exalted if they are in the paths of righteousness. Here it was the widow with two mites outranked the Dives of purple and fine linen. Here it was the first began to be last and the last first. Those whom birth, or riches, or force had set up in high places began to sit uneasy on their pedestals of vanity, and slowly up rose Magdalen and all the penitents till forehead of king and forehead of subject found the level of kindred drops. In

this transformation scene of the New Testament, children came to the front, and, for the first time on man's world, were made the equals of kings, orators and philosophers. Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.—SWING.

Children Without Chastisement.

Soft-hearted mothers rear soft-hearted children. They hurt them for life because they are afraid of hurting them when they are young. Coddle your children, and they will turn out noodles. You may sugar a child till everybody is sick of it. Boys' jackets need a little dusting every now and then, and girls' dresses are all the better for occasional trimming. Children without chastisement are fields without plowing. The very best colts want breaking in. Not that we like severity. Cruel mothers are not mothers, and those who are always flogging and fault-finding out to be flogged themselves. There is reason in all things, as the madman said when he cut off his nose.—SPURGEON.

A Song of Childhood.

Of all the pretty little songs I have ever heard my youngsters sing, that is one of the best which winds up:

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again."

I recommend it to grown-up people who are down in the mouth, and fancy that the best thing they can do is to give up. Nobody knows what he can do till he tries. "We shall get through it now," said Jack to Harry, as

they finished up the pudding. Everything new is hard work, but a little of the "Try" ointment rubbed on the hand and worked into the heart makes all things easy.

Cantdoit sticks in the mud, but Try soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said Try, and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said Try, and turned flowers into honey The squirrel said Try, and up he went to the top of the beech-tree. The snowdrop said Try, and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said Try, and the spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said Try, and he found his new wings took him over hedges and ditches, and up where his father was singing. The ox said Try, and plowed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb; no clay too stiff for Try to plow; no field too wet for Try to drain; no hole too big for Try to mend.

"By little strokes
Men fell great oaks."

C. H. SPURGEON.

Spoiled Children.

Little children give their mother the headache; but i she lets them have their own way, when they grow up to be great children they will give her the heart-ache. Foolish fondness spoils many, and letting faults alone spoils more. Gardens that are never weeded will grow very little worth gathering; all watering and no hoeing will make a bad crop. A child may have too much of its mother's love, and in the long run it may turn out that it had too little.—SPURGEON.

The Baby Over the Way.

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its folds of satin and lace,
I see, with its crown of ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
The throngs in the street look upward,
And every one, grave and gay,
Has a nod and smile for the baby
In the mansion over the way.

Just here in my cottage window,
His chin in his dimpled hands,
And a patch on his faded apron,
The child that I live for stands.
He has kept my heart from breaking
For many a weary day;
And his face is as pure and handsome
As the baby over the way.

Sometimes, when we sit together,
My grave little man of three
Sore vexes me with the question:
"Does God, up in Heaven, like me?"
And I say: "Yes—yes, my darling!"
Though I almost answer "nay,"
As I see the nursery candles
In the mansion over the way.

And oft when I draw the stockings
From the little tired feet,
And loosen the clumsy garments

From his limbs, so round and sweet,
I grow too bitter for singing,
My heart too heavy to pray,
As I think of the dainty raiment
Of the baby over the way.

O God in Heaven, forgive me
For all I have thought and said;
My envious heart is humbled—
My neighbor's baby is dead!
I saw the little white coffin
As they carried it out today,
And the heart of a mother is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window,
The flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing the sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor.
The roses of health are crowning
My darling's forehead today;
But the baby is gone from the window
Of the mansion over the way.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

Children Like Flowers.

The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian Home.—TALMAGE.

Christ! We shall not fail in realizing the highest ideal of which we are capable if only we will let Him do His work unhindered.—F. B. MEYER.

Christ, the Comforter.

Care
Goes with me everywhere.
The broken lights upon the sea,
The star-lamps shining lustrously,
God's great wide world of field and moor,
The lofty cliffs that guard the shore—
I turn from all to meet the face
Of one who shows me little grace,
For care
Is with me everywhere.

And ONE
Whose light is as the sun,
Whose pity never comes too late,
Whose pardon, like HIMSELF, is great,
Knows me unworthy, yet no less
Lingers in his sweet gentleness;
Jesus, my Savior, takes my *care*
And He is with me everywhere;
For He
In life or death abides with me.

SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

Knowing Christ.

How do we get to know Christ? Put away all doctrines and try to become a little child in answering this. Just in the same way as you get to know anybody else. Personal acquaintance generally begins by two or three words of conversation, and so with religion. Don't take your inquirer to a text in the first place. You may give it him as a documentary evidence that he may look up and build upon in some respects; but rather than that, introduce him to your friend and get him to talk to him. Start the two in life together. Get him to go down on his knees and open communion with Jesus Christ. Then you have him at once in the heart of things. He does not have to wait ten years before he learns how to abide in Christ. He begins at the outset, and, supposing he lived a thousand years, you could not do anything more than take him to Christ, and leave it to him. The whole of religion is summed up in coming to Christ and sitting there. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." Cause and effect. There will be begotten in you all those things which He has: Peace and forgiveness and joy and love. The whole duty is to come to Christ; their status has been determined by the principles of eternity, and they may have confidence that, coming to Him, they will in no wise be cast out.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

Christ Gives Rest.

Two painters each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for his scene a still,

lone lake among the far-off mountains. The second threw on his canvas a thundering waterfall, with a fragile birch-tree bending over the foam; at the fork of a branch, almost wet with the cataract's spray, a robin sat on its nest. The first was only *Stagnation;* the last was *Rest.* For in rest there are always two elements—tranquility and energy; silence and turbulence; creation and destruction; fearlessness and fearfulness.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

Christ Speaks for a Whole World.

Do not permit these proud days to deceive you. The time is not far away when you will feel that it is not in the power of rhetoric or passion to add anything to the words of Jesus Christ. The metaphysician may secretly regret that the Nazarene did not discourse like a Plato or a Locke; the poet may wish that the Son of Man had said more about land, sea and sky, about opening springtime or the falling leaf; the Calvinist and Trinitarian may wish they could find in the Lord's discourse a system that should more fully shadow forth their own; and devotees of science may feel at times that the "Cosmos" of Humboldt surpasses the simple story of the Gospels. But these longings and complaints are only the result of narrow specializations. Christ spoke for a whole world, for the times of its greatest need; and the wish of the specialist is engulfed in the wide, infinite wish of mankind. Our wishes are the style of time; Christ's manner the style of eternity.—SWING.

Christ and Matthew.

When Christ got Matthew, He got him altogether. Matthew had been a bold man before; he had absolutely and openly broken with the religion of his fathers, with all national and ecclesiastical sentiments and feeling, and became a tax-gatherer. And now, when he becomes a Christian, was he going to sneak along through by-ways and alleys? Not he. Matthew made him a great feast, and got all his publican friends and all the riff-raff down town, to come in, so that Christ got a big introduction.

When Christ opened the door in Matthew's heart, He opened a far wider door than the eye of sense could see. Matthew was worth the calling. See what a world was behind him! It led Christ into wonderful company. I do not dwell upon that. Here you have a man taking leave of the world joyously; with a true merriment and heartiness he held this "carnival," this farewell to the world and the flesh. Here is your Salvation Army man snapping his fingers and shouting "Hallelujah!" I never find fault with men for that. A Hallelujah is justified any day in the week and in any place under the sun if it comes from the heart. It is justifiable and always in order to say: "Hallelujah! 'Tis a fine thing to be saved." That is Matthew. He made Him a great feast. —McNeill.

Following Christ.

Matthew, look up; you are called! City man, you are called! Partner, you are called! Cashier, you are called! Don't you hear? Called! Answer to the call

Business men, Christ walks into business, and calls men by His grace while sitting at the seat of custom. He is instant in season, and out of season. Now, the 28th verse: "And Matthew left all, rose up, and followed Him." My hearers, I have told you often from this pulpit unless God had spoken in this Book I had no message to men. My whole stock-in-trade is just to repeat what He has said. This only is the witchcraft I have used. Look at it. "And he left all, rose up, and followed Jesus." If that entry has not been made in your spiritual biography and diary, your life has not been worth living up till now. I dare to repeat it, and look into your face. With all your abilities, your years, honors, successes, unless that red-letter entry can be put beside your name, your life is a wretched failure up to now. "He left all, rose up, and followed Christ." Then he began to live; never till then. The life received meaning and purpose.—McNeill.

Christ Greater Than All Sects.

Above and beyond, and also through the churches, the spirit of Christ flies, like the angel that went to and fro over the heavens in St. John's vision. There is a spirit of brotherhood in Christ that, even while the Church was holding slaves and was glorying in bondage, was upon the outside of the Church pleading for equality and liberty. When it could not touch the pulpit it touched a Wilberforce. When the communion table would not confess it, it spoke in music through Sumner and Stuart Mill. Jesus Christ has always been larger than any existing sect, or all sects, and as the sun shines upon the earth,

and besides pours his flood around it and beyond it, touching other planets and emptying oceans of light into the great formless void, so Christ has blessed the Church so far as it would receive His gifts, and then has poured His love around it and beyond it, where the statesmen have sat in council without any creed or any prayer.—SWING.

Witnesses for Christ.

It will be much better for you to tell of the sweets of godliness than it will be to make riddles about the doctrine of it. Samson afterward made a riddle about his lion and the honey; and that riddle ended in fighting and bloodshed. We have known certain Christians spend their lives in making riddles about the honey and the lion, by asking tough doctrinal questions, which even angels can not answer. "Riddle me this," they say, and then it has ended in a fight, and brotherly love has been murdered in the fray. It is much better to bring your hands full of honey to those who are needy, and present it to them, that they may eat of it, than it is to cavil and discuss. No hurt can come of telling what the Lord has done for your soul, and it will keep you out of mischief. Therefore, I would stir up all Christian people to continue from day to day exhibiting to needy sinners the blessedness of Christ, that unbelievers may come and eat thereof.

By doing this you will be blessing men far more than Samson could bless his parents, for our honey is honey unto eternity; our sweets are sweets that last to Heaven, and are best enjoyed there. Call upon others to taste

"THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS."—From the Painting by Morris

and see that the Lord is good, and you shall have therein much joy. You shall increase your own pleasure by seeing the pleasure of the Lord prospering in your hand. What bliss awaits useful Christians when they enter into Heaven, for they shall be met there by many who have gone before them whom they were the means of turning to Christ.—SPURGEON.

Christ as a Fact.

Above all other super-human ones He stands farthest from myth, and nearest to reality. Mark, then, the superiority of Christ as a fact. The Christian poet can not say, with the classic: "All I know of Thee is Thy name;" and they who erect an altar to Him can not write over it: "To the Unknown God." The reality of Jesus is as definite, as undeniable, as the reality of Washington or Franklin. All the other incarnations belong to the atmosphere of legend. No twelve disciples gathered daily around the feet of Olympian Jove, nor of the beautiful Apollo, nor of the gifted Minerva. No multitude gathered upon the mountain side to hear and see the Hercules and Aphrodite. If some crowd, acting in the historic period, in the days of language and words, had followed the Apollo along the streets of Jerusalem or Athens, and had even crucified him, then would the Christian Gospel confess a rival in the pagan pages. But it was the misfortune of all that Olympian group that there was no Judas to betray any one of them with a kiss, and no Pilate to order any one of them to the cross. They all lived outside the bounds of evidence, and hence

today appear only like the picture of the virtues or the graces—outward expressions of the inner soul.—SWING.

Christ the Revelation of God.

Slowly, indeed, comes the redemption of the human race; but, notwithstanding this painful halting, looking back we behold Christ to be the turning point in the history of our earth. He was the revelation of a new God; the One who proves to be the true God, the only Lord and Father of us all. He was the revelation of a code of morals that makes the sages of old hang their heads in humility. He did not, like Seneca, teach virtue without being virtuous; nor was He content by being worse than the best, but better than the worst. All compromising, all comparative goodness, terminated at Nazareth. A sinful thought became a stain upon the soul, and the enmity that said "Thou fool" became a confessed ruin or sorrow in that heart.—SWING.

The Sermon on the Mount Was Needed.

Into what an empire did the Son of Man come! There was a vast state, which represented the world, to be reformed; there was a marvelous language to be the vehicle of the new truth; there was the decay of the Roman religious faith; there was a decadence of political and æsthetic forms of thought; there was a mental vitality remaining for new guidance; there was a condition of morals that demanded the Sermon on the Mount; there was a dark night setting in that appealed loudly for the mercy of Heaven. Two nations, the greatest that had

come from the mind of man—the Greek, which dazzles the world yet with the memory of its poetry and art and philosophy and oratory; the Roman, with its law and military skill and ambition, and with its unrivaled temples and palaces—had been merged into one, and with all their combined riches of mind and soul were descending to ruin together.—SWING.

Christ the Mediator.

In supposing that a saint is more merciful than God, I derogate from God's mercy. In imagining that a saint shall have more influence with God than His own Son, I suppose His heart is not tender enough to be open to my cry, without the use of influence, which is, to say the very least of it, throwing some slur on the infinity of His mercy and detracting in no small degree from the benignity of His grace. God has one Mediator because man needed Him. He has no more mediators because neither God nor man requires any. Christ is all-sufficient. You do need a mediator between yourselves and God, but you need none between yourselves and Christ. You may go to Christ first as you are, with all your filthiness, with all your sins, for He came to save you from what you now are.—SPURGEON.

The Son of God.

If God were destined ever to draw near the human sense, the best shape of that earthly residence would be such as our Christ. What more impressive Son of God need we await than He of the manger and cross? Do

we seek diviner words, or a diviner love or holier life! Let the super-human come to us again and again, to attach itself to these years of humility and sorrow, and the being who should carry about this mangled body and mind would always be a Jesus Christ. Heaven and earth meeting could not but give us the Man of Sorrows and sympathy. The upper purity and the lower sin, meeting, could not but give us the cross. Such upper life wedding the shores of death could not but give us the resurrection.—SWING.

Life's Interpreter—Christ.

The secret of life—it is giving;
To minister and to serve.
Love's law binds the man to the angel,
And ruin befalls if we swerve.
There are breadths of celestial horizons
Overhanging the commonest way;
The clod and the star share the glory,
And to breathe is an ecstasy.

Life dawns on us, wakes us, by glimpses;
In Heaven there is opened a door!
That flash lit up vistas eternal;
The dead are the living once more!
To illume the scroll of creation,
One swift, sudden vision sufficed;
Every riddle of life worth the reading
Has found its Interpreter—Christ.

LUCY LARCOM.

Christ Needed.

One of the Roman writers said: "Even our children no longer believe in our divinities." One of the prayers of Pliny was "for a new consolation, great and strong, of which I have not yet heard or read." A Latin sage said: "I need a God who can speak to me and can lead me." Dr. Arnold finds somewhere in the writings of Aurelius that "he was sad and agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond." Cicero had declared that "the Academy could prove nothing." The Roman Empire had all forms of greatness except religious faith. Weary of legend, cultured beyond the credulity that believes without evidence, the Roman Empire was ready for an advent of fact. In the Man of Nazareth the dim gates of mythology were closed and the gates of evidence were opened. Here was One who could speak to the multitude, and the hem of whose garment might be touched. Here was One who could say "blessed" to the unblessed crowd, and whose feet a Magdalene might bathe with tears. Here was One who could feed a multitude in the wilderness, who could comfort the dying and the living, and could allow a mortal like John to rest against His bosom.—SWING.

The Imperishable Ideas of Christ.

But let us pronounce the name of the one mighty intellect which, more than all others, has sown in the Church the seeds of this harvest—of poisonous plants, as some say, but of golden grain indeed—destined to be the food of the future! Let us pronounce the name and

then ask those whose bosoms are full of alarm to call Him "infidel" or "destroyer." The name! The name! Ah, here it is—Jesus Christ of Bethlehem! There is the fountain whence roll the transparent waters of this broad philosophy. Far beyond all beings who have ever lived Christ was the broadest. His ideas are all imperishable. He cast out the temporary that had come down from Moses; He made the old iron-bound Sabbath die in the field where the sweet wheat was ripening; He saw the human soul in Lazarus, in Magdalen, in little children; He rebuked the disciples when they desired to draw the sword of their sect; He uttered few of the ideas that enter into the modern differences between denominations; He preached a discourse, every word of which falls not upon Judea, but upon the whole earth—a sermon under which all men have written the word "forever."—SWING.

The Influence of Christ.

So there may be spirits living and dying unaffected by the Son of Man, but when we seek for an influence that is molding deeply the heart, we find it here in Nazareth. Whether Mr. Lincoln repeats the poem—

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

—whether Macaulay, dying, wishes to take the sacrament; whether Payson prays or Bunyan dreams; whether a child commits itself to God at night, or a Cranmer sees Heaven through the light of the fagot, it is all one scene—that of Jesus Christ affecting deeply the inmost spirit of man.—SWING.

"CHRIST OR DIANA?"—From the Painting by Long.

The Divinity of Christ.

It is a remarkable thing that out of the mouth of Thomas came a testimony to the essential Godhead and divinity of that Man of Nazareth that you find nowhere else in Scripture. Thomas looks poor in the early part of the story. It is easy for us to stand beside him there and say: "I am just like Thomas." Not long ago, on a very tired and spent Monday, I—your minister—flung myself down upon the sofa in weariness and spentness of body and mind, and my little three-year-old girl came and stood beside my shoulder and said: "Oh, I am as big as father!" Yes, because father was down; but when father pulled himself to his feet she only came up to his knee. And we are as big as Thomas when he is lying down prostrate and spent and groaning. When Elijah is lying under the juniper-tree you are another Elijah. But when these mighty saints take to their feet I rather think they come above us. And when Thomas does come to his feet he reveals his splendid proportions. "My Lord and my God." Not Gabriel before the throne ever did, or ever could, utter a more splendid testimony to the essential, eternal, uncreated Godhead and divinity of our Jesus than Thomas did when the Lord shone out upon him.—McNeill.

The World When Christ Appeared.

The "golden age" of Augustus ended before the Son of Man appeared. Streaks of the sunset were still upon the sky, but the great day of literature had passed, and night was coming rapidly over the most impressive coun-

try and nation which the world ever saw. Only for a moment recall those names so familiar to us all, and as loved as familiar. Julius Cæsar, the writer and warrior, had been slain forty-four years before our era began. Cicero was murdered a few years after the great Cæsar fell. Virgil died nineteen years before Christ came. Horace was in his grave forty years before Christ began to teach mankind. Sallust had been dead thirty-four years before the Child was born in the manger. Christ was only eighteen years old, was still an unknown carpenter, when Livy died. Publius Syrius, Catullus, Terence—all these gifted children of philosophy and song had gone to sleep long before the music of Bethlehem came to the ears of the shepherds. Except Tacitus and Pliny, no great name ever passed over the line which divided the pagan and Christian periods. Not a single great orator or artist, poet or statesman, was remaining upon the Roman or Greek world when our Lord appeared.—SWING.

Christ a Friend.

A rule I have had for years is to treat the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal friend. He is not a creed, a mere empty doctrine, but it is He himself we have. The moment we have received Christ we should receive Him as a friend. When I go away from home I bid my wife and children good-bye; I bid my friends and acquaintances good-bye; but I never heard of a poor backslider going down on his knees and saying: "I have been near You for ten years; Your service has become tedious and monotonous; I have come to bid you farewell. Good-bye,

Lord Jesus Christ." I never heard of one doing this. I will tell you how they go away: They just run away — MOODY.

Christ in Our Highest Emotions.

I claim that Jesus Christ has entered deeply into all the lines of emotion and intellect that now so adorn our century. You Christians meet today to commune with Him. It is well. But He communed with your country and your literature and your arts long before you came upon the scene of action. He began to shine into the human heart and to reshape it long ago. He fashioned the holy hymns which our fathers sang. He stood by when the Catholics created the Gregorian chant, and where the Covenanters sang their psalms in the wilderness. He invaded the realm of poetic thought, and turned divine genius away from the adulation of bloody generals to the study of nature and its Creator, the soul and its destiny. He has communed with all the centuries since His advent, and has permeated them with a purer, loftier spirit. Mother and child have knelt in prayer by His example and request; the mightiest intellects have shaped their philosophy in the light of Christ, and the old and the dying have tried to go away from earth with some of this Savior's words upon their trembling, blanching lips. —SWING.

A Super-Human Savior.

If I might comprehend Jesus Christ, I could not believe on Him. He would be no greater than myself

Such is my consciousness of sin and inability that I must have a super-human Savior.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Joy in Christ.

The best enjoyments of Christ on earth are but as the dipping of our finger in water for the cooling of our thirst; but Heaven is bathing in seas of bliss. Even so our love here is but one drop of the same substance as the waters of the ocean, but not comparable for magnitude or depth. Oh, how sweet it will be to be married to the Lord Jesus, and to enjoy forever, and without any interruption, the heavenly delights of His society! Surely, if a glimpse of Him melteth our soul, the full fruition of Him will be enough to burn up with affection. It is well that we shall have more noble frames in Heaven than we have here, otherwise we should die of love in the very land of life.—SPURGEON.

Living for Christ.

It is the highest stage of manhood to have no wish, no thought, no desire, but Christ—to feel that to die were bliss, if it were for Christ—that to live in penury, and woe, and scorn, and contempt, and misery, were sweet for Christ—to feel that it matters nothing what becomes of one's self, so that our Master is but exalted—to feel that though, like a sere leaf, we are blown in the blast, we are quite careless whither we are going, so long as we feel that the Master's hand is guiding us according to His will; or, rather, to feel that though, like the diamond, we must be exercised with sharp tools, yet we care not

"Christ Healing the Sick."

how sharply we may be cut, so that we may be made fit brilliants to adorn His crown.—SPURGEON.

If Christ Were Here Now.

"What would Christ do were He to live and act in this city?" The question is fair, because it simply asks what our whole world most needs. The Man of Nazareth would make a wonderful revolution in our world if He should persuade us all to live up to our knowledge. If the mind believes in temperance, in justice, in benevolence, in industry, in perfect honor, in physical and moral beauty, then all that remains is to make each day overflow with the obedience of these rich truths. Christ would be a divine friend could He do away with the distance between human philosophy and human life. He need not check the understanding. He need only help the heart to catch up. The matchless beauty of Jesus lay not chiefly in the ethics which was stored in His mind—an ethics so perfect, so universal, so Divine—but it lay also in the fact that His philosophy did not outrun His soul. His oratory was the photograph of His life. His voice was like the murmur of the sea, which is not nearly so great as the sea itself. His words were few—His conduct vast. We reverse the picture and follow our gigantic philosophy with a microscopic life. And yet the fact that we excel the Negroes and the Indians proves that when the mind climbs to a height the heart also creeps up out of the valley. In the Son of God the intellect and the soul were companions. They were inseparable. The wreaths for the forehead of Jesus were

wreaths for the heart. Great men like Emerson and Whittier and Gladstone are persons in whom mind and heart are both one. In Jesus the thought could not outrun the love.—SWING.

Christ and the Cross.

Christ longed for the cross, because He looked for it as the goal of all His exertions. He could never say, on His throne, "It is finished"; but on His cross He did cry it. He preferred the suffering of Calvary to the honors of the multitude who crowded round about Him; for, preach as He might, and bless them as He might, and heal them as He might, still was His work undone. He was straitened; He had a baptism to be baptized with, and how was He straitened till it was accomplished? "But," He said, "now I pant for my cross, for it is the topstone of my labor. I long for my sufferings, because they shall be the completion of my great work of grace." It is the end that bringeth the honor; it is the victory that crowneth the warrior, rather than the battle. And so Christ longed for this, His death, that He might see the completion of His labor.—SPURGEON.

Our Savior's Earthly Home.

It draws toward sunset as I pause here at the edge of a rustling grove of olive-trees in the center of the green, quiet, solemn valley from which Nazareth and its chief hill look on Esdraelon, Tabor, Carmel, the Mediterranean and Great Hermon. In all Palestine there is, it is said, no more rich and extensive prospect than that I

have just named, seen from the hill on the north of Nazareth, and certainly the other views I have myself had are each inferior to that. During the youth and early manhood of the life that has changed the course of the ages, He, who was chief among ten thousand, must have often looked here upon the wide, far-flashing sea, beyond which, in Gentile nations, His kingdom was to have, during eighteen centuries, its chief seats; and upon snowy, gigantic Hermon, itself not to be as enduring as that kingdom. . . . I am impatient when I hear this little valley, a mile long and half a mile wide, the town on its northwestern side, spoken of as secluded. It is secluded only as an eagle's nest is, at the summit of far-looking mountains. It stands on the heights of the ranges extending from Mount Tabor to near the sea, on the north side of the great Plain of Esdraelon. If a swallow's nest beneath the eaves of a palace is secluded, then is Nazareth so; for it is built at the edge of the colossal roof of the palace of Palestine. It may be secluded from the population, but not from the natural scenery, and especially not from the historic sites of the oldest history of the Holy Land. This is a shadow valley at the summit and on the edge of a range of mountains, and Nazareth is thus a mountain city.—JOSEPH COOK.

Christ of the People.

He was born in a common house of entertainment, where all might come to Him, and He died with His arms extended as a pledge that He continued to receive all who came to Him. He never spoke of men as the

common multitude, the vulgar herd, but He made Himself at home among them. He was dressed like a peasant, in the ordinary gown of the country—a garment without seam, woven from the top throughout. He mixed with the multitude, went to their marriage feasts, attended their funerals, and was so much among them, a man among men, that slander called him a gluttonous man and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. In all respects our Lord was raised up from the midst of us—one of our own kith and kin. "For this cause He is not ashamed to call us brethren." He was our brother in living, our brother in death, and our brother in resurrection; for after His resurrection He said: "Go, tell my brethren." He also said: "My father and your father, my God and your God." Though now exalted in the highest heavens, He pleads for us and acts as a High Priest who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities. God has graciously raised up such a Mediator, and now He speaks to us through Him. O sons of men, will ye not hearken when such an One as Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Man, is ordained to speak of the eternal G[illegible] —SPURGEON.

Condensed Comments.

He knew the fearful power
Of hunger, in that hour
When nature pines and starves for want of bread;
Though, at His high command,
The harvest clothed the land,
And hungry thousands at His word were fed.

J. LOTON.

We must love the grand half-visions of this world. Like Moses, being unable to see the face of the Almighty, we must be content with the rustle of His flowing garments. Unable fully to measure the Christ, let us say: "Here is the only incarnation within the realm of evidence, and here the quality of the being is such that reason may forgive us and faith commend us if we say 'Truly, this was the Son of God.'"—SWING.

If you have done nothing but exhibit in your lives the precious results of grace you will have done well. If you have presented to your companions truths that were sweetness itself to you and tried to say, in broken accents, "Oh, that you knew this peace!" it shall give you joy unspeakable to meet those in glory who were attracted to Christ by such a simple means.—SPURGEON.

You may go the world over, and you will not find a single believer who is disappointed in the once crucified, now glorified, soon coming King. This is the best answer to the skepticism of the day. Take any class of society, the highest or the lowest, and there is not an instance of *one* who trusted in the Lord and was confounded.—PENNYFATHER.

Brighten darkened lives; soften the rude; make a sunshine of peace in stormy places; cover the faults and follies of men with the flowers of love. That is the best religion, the life of Christ, the very life of God.—H. C. POTTER.

The hoary centuries are full of Him. The echoes of His sweet voice are heard today. His love has perfumed

the past eighteen hundred years, and He lives today, as the Head of His church. He lives today, the object of the warmest adoration, the most passionate love, for whom millions would die this very hour. Empires have fallen, thrones have crumbled; but Jesus lives, His empire extending every day, His throne gaining new trophies of His grace.—A. E. KITTREDGE.

The world can not bury Christ. The earth is not deep enough for His tomb; the clouds are not wide enough for His winding-sheet. He ascends into the heavens, but the heavens can not contain Him. He still lives—in the church which burns unconsumed with His love; in the truth that reflects His image; in the hearts which burn as He talks with them by the way.—EDWARD THOMSON.

All the world's joy comes from the grave of our risen Lord. It was a dark and sad earth to which Jesus came with His revealings of love. But who can write the story of blessing which began with the first Christmas? How poor the world would be today if there had never been a manger cradle at Bethlehem, and then a cross on Calvary and a broken grave!—J. R. MILLER.

> So . . . comes a human voice,
> Saying: "O heart I made, a heart beats here;
> Face my hands fashioned see it in myself;
> Thou hast no strength, nor mayst conceive of mine;
> But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
> And thou must love me who have died for thee."
>
> ROBERT BROWNING.

The most destructive criticism has not been able to dethrone Christ as the incarnation of perfect holiness.

The waves of a tossing and restless sea of unbelief break at His feet, and He stands still the supreme model, the inspiration of great souls, the rest of the weary, the fragrance of all Christendom, the one divine flower in the garden of God.—HERRICK JOHNSON.

No other fame can be compared with that of Jesus. He has a place in the human heart that no one who ever lived has in any measure rivaled. No name is pronounced with a tone of such love and veneration. All other laurels wither before His. His are ever kept fresh with tears of gratitude.—W. E. CHANNING.

O Jesus, King most wonderful!
Thou conqueror renowned!
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!
When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

E. CASWALL.

Oh, let us understand that the power of Christianity lies not in a hazy indefiniteness, not in shadowy forms. not so much even in definite truths and doctrines, but in *the* truth and *the* doctrine. There is but one Christ crucified. All the gathered might of the infinite God is in that word.—HERRICK JOHNSON.

Oh, for a man to rise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!

TENNYSON.

You never get to the end of Christ's words. There is something in them always behind. They pass into prov-

erbs; they pass into laws; they pass into doctrines; they pass into consolations. But they never pass away, and, after all the use that is made of them, they are still not exhausted.—DEAN STANLEY.

Jesus Christ, perfect in deity, perfect in humanity, truly God and truly man, of reasonable soul and body; of the same substance with the Father as to His divinity, of the same substance with us as to His humanity; in all things like to us, except sin.—COUNCIL OF CHALCEDON, A. D. 451.

The Son of God has come into the world to bless us. Look at that Sermon on the Mount. It is filled with the word blessed, blessed, blessed. I think it occurs nine times. His heart was full of blessings for the people. He had to get it out before He gave His sermon.—MOODY.

> Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
> If He's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn.
>
> SCHEFFLER.

All the glory and beauty of Christ are manifested within, and there He delights to dwell. His visits are frequent; His condescension amazing; His conversation sweet; His comforts refreshing; and the peace which He brings passeth all understanding.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

As the sun is the general giver of light to the whole world, although there be many who do receive no light at all of it, even so the redemption of mankind by Christ is available for all, although reprobate and wicked men do not receive the same.—R. CAWDRAY.

"CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE."—From the Painting by Hoffman.

The love of Christ is like the blue sky, into which you may see clearly, but the real vastness of which you can not measure. It is like the sea, into whose bosom you can look a little way, but its depths are unfathomable.—McCheyne.

O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee.

J. G. Dick.

God in our nature—that is, Christ—the root of the new sap or eternal life in man, without which no man could have been righteous, and by the presence of which in our nature every man may be righteous.—Thomas Erskine.

Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and myself founded empires on force, and they perished; Jesus of Nazareth alone, a crucified Jew, founded His kingdom on love, and at this hour millions of men would die for Him.—Napoleon.

Too late I loved thee, O beauty of ancient days! Yet ever new! And, lo! Thou wert within me and I abroad searching for Thee! Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee.—St. Augustine.

A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal strength and wisdom are.

Coleridge.

"My will, not Thine, be done" turned Paradise into a desert. "Thy will, not mine, be done" turned the desert into a Paradise and made Gethsemane the gate of Heaven.—PRESSENSE.

There is more of power to sanctify, elevate, strengthen and cheer in the word *Jesus* (Jehovah-Savior) than in all the utterances of man since the world began.—CHARLES HODGE.

Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord!
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word!

MARY A. LATHBURY

There is no good to be got from Christ except by being made like Him. God himself can not bless you unless He gives you His own character.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

It cost more to redeem than to create us. In the creation there was but "speaking a word;" in redeeming us there was "shedding of blood."—THOMAS WATSON.

Take your stand on the Rock of Ages. Let death let the judgment come. The victory is Christ's and yours through Him.—MOODY.

All believers receive of Christ's fullness; the greatest saints can not live without Him; the weakest saint may live by Him.—HENRY.

The human body of Christ is the veil which hides the glory of God, on which we could not look with unveiled face.—G. RODGERS.

God has only one method of salvation, the Cross of Christ. God can have only one; for the Cross of Christ means death to evil, and life to good.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

Paint your ideal friend, and you will find that you have been but copying the portrait of Jesus Christ.—F. C. WOODHOUSE.

He was Himself forsaken, that none of His children might ever need to utter His cry of loneliness.—J. H. VINCENT.

But warm, sweet, tender even yet
A present life is He,
And faith has yet its Olivet
And love its Galilee.

WHITTIER.

CHRISTMAS.

An Ideal Christmas.

Our age does not want the cost of Christmas to increase, but it does want its good will to men to deepen with each passing year. Since we stood at this festival, last year, our planet has carried our race once around the great sun, five hundred millions of miles, holding our homes and our world always within the reach of the radiant light. In all that long journey the earth has never been away from the touch of that transforming love. But each December asks the sun to look down upon a larger human race, greater cities, greater arts, greater sciences, richer fields, more blessed homes. Must the heart of man stand still? It, too, must hasten forward, and put millions of miles between itself and its cold or savage centuries. The scenes of barbarism must give place to the scenes of friendship. Five hundred friendly Indians are said to have been sent to persuade their warlike fellows to accept peace. Persuasion is better than guns. It is a higher art. The white man can not afford to be swift to shed blood. Persuasion is the art which has made all the orators who have lived, and beneath all the great books of the world lies the art of persuasion. Last week, when word came of the violent death of certain Indians, there came into this city an Indian who had graduated in Oxford, England, and who, a scholar of the highest type, is a near friend of many scholars in Oxford and London. He passed from the wild forest to the learning of Europe. No one talking

with this dark-visaged scholar will dare say a dead Indian is the only good one. The maxims of an army often differ widely from the maxims of a Christ; but this we know, that the maxims of Jesus will bloom in immortality when the world's military trappings shall all be forgotten dust.—SWING.

Christmas and the Feasting of the Thousands.

In the story of the feeding of the multitude, there was more food after the feast than there was in its beginning; for the feast began with what one boy had in a basket, but it took twelve boys and twelve baskets to carry away the fragments left on the tables and the grass. The explanation is given us in the statement that the Divine Lord presided at the out-door table, and had made starvation turn into a banquet. The story illustrates well the multiplication of beauty when a great religion and a great philosophy repose beneath it, for what was one basketful when the hungry ones began to eat becomes afterward more basketfuls than many hands can carry away from the blessed field. Christmas is the twelve baskets full found remaining from the first simple arts, and it should be an adequate explanation for us that a great Savior has passed over the banqueting ground.—SWING.

Thanksgiving and Christmas.

While Thanksgiving has its foundation on Plymouth Rock, Christmas rests upon the Rock of Ages.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity a Life.

Christian experience is not merely something that comes into a man's life when he becomes conscious of his sins; it is not merely a new series of duties he enters upon. It is coming into friendship with that great, noble Person in whom God is manifest to us; the giving of our lives so thoroughly to Him that we become like Him; our natures shaped upon His nature, till our life is His life and His life is our life. That is what it is to be a Christian. O Christians, remember this at the very beginning of our Christian life! Christianity and Christian experience is not the repenting of sin; it is not the doing of new duty. But it is the bringing of our life into conformity with the life in which God is manifest to us—the life of our Lord Jesus Christ. I climb a hill upon its darkened side. There is no sun that lights me but I know upon the other side there is light; and as I go I stumble over ugly roots that trip me up. The dark shades are around me, and I go stumbling on. That is not the real purpose of my climbing the mountain. The obstacles are the incidents. But now I am up to the top! There billows the sun before me, and I am illumined by his glory.

Now, that is just the way with Christians. It is not the experience of sin, it is not the conviction and watchedness of sin, that is the object of the Christian life. The soul humbled under its sins has only just reached the threshold of the new Christian experience. The

"The Christian Martyrs"—From the Painting by Dore.

you to understand this, my dear friends. I beg you to understand it, because this is what gives a glorious and triumphant tone to Christian experience. It is the recognition of the life of Jesus Christ as the pattern of the life into which we have to be shaped by our continued obedience to Him.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The Test of Christianity.

The final test of any religion is its inherent spiritual dynamic; the force of Christianity is the pledge of its success. It is not a school of morals, nor a system of speculation; it is an enthusiasm. This religion is Spring—Spring in the spiritual world—with the irresistible charm of the quickening wind and the bursting bud. It is a birth, as Jesus would say; a breath of God that makes all things new. Humanity does not need morals; it needs motives. It is sick of speculation; it longs for action. Men see their duty in every land and age with exasperating clearness. We know not how to do it.—JOHN WATSON [Ian MacLaren].

Christianity and Evolution.

The commonest thing that we hear said nowadays by young men is: "What about evolution? How am I to reconcile my religion, or any religion, with the doctrine of evolution?" That upsets more men than perhaps anything else at the present hour. How would you deal with it? I would say to a man that Christianity is the further evolution. I don't know any better definition than that. It is the further evolution—the higher evo-

lution. I don't start with him to attack evolution. I don't start with him to defend it. I destroy by fulfilling it. I take him at his own terms. He says evolution is that which pushes the man on from the simple to the complex—from the lower to the higher. Very well; that is what Christianity does. It pushes the man farther on. It takes him where nature has left him, and carries him on to heights which on the plan of nature he could never reach. That is evolution. "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." That is evolution. It is the development of the whole man in the highest directions—the drawing out of his spiritual being. Show an evolutionist that, and you have taken the wind out of his sails. "I came not to destroy." Don't destroy his doctrine—perhaps you can't—but fulfill it. Put a larger meaning into it.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

An Inner Kingdom.

Christianity is a fine inoculation, a transfusion of healthy blood into an anæmic or poisoned soul. No fever can attack a perfectly sound body; no fever of unrest can disturb a soul which has breathed the air or learned the ways of Christ. Men sigh for the wings of a dove that they may fly away and be at rest. But flying away will not help us. "The Kingdom of God is *within you.*" We aspire to the top to look for rest; it lies at the bottom. Water rests only when it gets to the lowest place. So do men. Hence, be lowly. The man who has no opinion of himself at all can never be hurt if others do not acknowledge him. Hence, be meek. He who is without expectation can not fret if nothing comes to him

It is self-evident that these things are so. The lowly man and the meek man are really above all other men—above all other things. They dominate the world because they do not care for it. The miser does not possess gold; gold possesses him. But the meek possess it. Said Christ: "The meek inherit the earth." They do not buy it; they do not conquer it; but they inherit it.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

The Real Strength of Christianity.

We ought to discern the real strength of Christianity and revive the ancient passion for Jesus. It is the distinction of our religion; it is the guaranty of its triumph. Faith may languish; creeds may be changed; churches may be dissolved; society may be shattered. But one can not imagine the time when Jesus will not be the fair image of perfection, or the circumstances wherein He will not be loved. He can never be superseded; He can never be exceeded. Religions will come and go, the passing shapes of an eternal instinct; but Jesus will remain the standard of the conscience and the satisfaction of the heart, whom all men seek, in whom all men will yet meet.—JOHN WATSON [Ian MacLaren].

A Christian Creed.

No church since the early centuries has had the courage to formulate an ethical creed, for even those bodies of Christians which have no written theological creeds, yet have implicit affirmations or denials of doctrine as their basis. Imagine a body of Christians who should

take their stand on the sermon of Jesus, and conceive their creed on His lines. Imagine how it would read: "I believe in the Fatherhood of God; I believe in the words of Jesus; I believe in the clean heart; I believe in the service of love; I believe in the unworldly life; I believe in the Beatitudes; I promise to trust God and follow Christ, to forgive my enemies and to seek after the righteousness of God." Could any form of words be more elevated, more persuasive, more alluring? Do they not thrill the heart and strengthen the conscience? Liberty of thought is allowed· liberty of sinning is alone denied. Who would refuse to sign this creed? They would come from the east and the west, and the north and the south, to its call; and even they who would hesitate to bind themselves to a crusade so arduous would admire it and long to be worthy. Does one say this is too ideal, too impractical, too Quixotic? That no church could stand and work on such a basis? For three too short years the Church of Christ had none else; and it was by holy living, and not by any metaphysical subtleties, the Primitive Church lived, and suffered, and conquered.—JOHN WATSON [Ian MacLaren].

What It Is to Be a Christian.

Look at the old saint, whose Christian life is almost over; whose beautiful days are drawing to their beautiful close; who just remembers the far-back time when he first became a disciple of the Master. What has made him what he is? I try to analyze it, and, when I get at the secret of it, it is that back there was a heavenly

vision made manifest to him. It became known to him that there was One who, being his Master by the very right of His birth, had asserted His mastership by the love He had shown him and by the death He had died for him; and as gradually his years slipped by, his life has been shaping itself upon the life of that great Master, till now he says, in the words that old Paul used: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." The perfection of his life, as it has been shaped by obedience upon the life of his Master!—PHILLIPS BROOKS

The Meaning of Christianity.

A Christian is the highest style of man.—POPE.

Human innocence is not to know evil; Christian saintliness is to know evil and good, and to prefer the good.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

It is a very lofty thing to be a Christian, for a Christian is a man who is restoring God's likeness to his character.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

The Scriptures give four names to Christians—*saints*, for their holiness; *believers*, for their faith; *brethren*, for their love; *disciples*, for their knowledge.—A. FULLER.

As a tree bringeth forth first leaves, then blossoms and then fruit, so a good Christian ought first to bring forth good thoughts, then good speeches and afterward a godly life, to the honor of God and the good of his children.—R. CAWDRAY.

Paul recognized the vision. He says he became obedient to it. My dear friends, that is the truth I want to take to myself, and have you take to yourselves: The truth that the government of this world is all by obedience; that it depends upon what a man obeys what a man is. Personal obedience is the Christian life; personal salvation by One who has done for us that which has not merely won the right to demand of us that we should obey Him, but has also shown us what He has done—how worthy He is of exacting our obedience. The vision, then, of the Christian life, it seems to me—that thing upon which the Christian fastens his eye and which he follows, and which leads him on through all the rich and beautiful ranges of Christian growth, the vision that first moves him—is Christ his Master, and his own life completely obedient to Christ. We ask ourselves again the question: "What is it to be a Christian?" We ask ourselves again the question: "How shall I become a Christian?" It is simply the new life that comes to a man when he has put himself in personal obedience to the Master; and in obedience to that Master there opens before him all the richness of the new life, and in this obedience man watches the character of Him whom he is obeying.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The Christian's Title.

My title is clear to all spiritual blessings, because God being my God in Jesus, all things are mine. Having His free grant of them in the word of promise, and trusting to His faithfulness, I have set out to walk with my divine Friend and Father, hoping to enjoy His loving presence

A Woman of the Soudan.
From a Photograph.

all the way to Heaven. I would not aim at getting any new title to His love, but to have new enjoyment. Every day I am seeking for more knowledge, and for more experience of His abundant love to me in His beloved Son, and for this end I would walk close with Him in His way; not to buy His love—it is inestimable; not to merit it—free grace and merit can not stand together; not that He may give it me for walking with Him, but that in walking with Him I may enjoy what He has already given me. His love is a free gift; I would by faith enjoy it in time, as I hope by sense to enjoy it in eternity. Whatever blessing, strength, victory or comfort I stand in need of, I look to the fullness which He has laid up in Jesus, and thence I receive it. I read my title in it, and I take possession of it, for nothing done in me or by me, now or at any other time, but only in or for the free grace of His Father and my Father.—ROMAINE ["Walk of Faith"].

Christianity in Heathen Lands.

If Christianity did nothing among all the myriads of that empire but relieve the physical suffering of women, the spirit of humanitarianism would obligate us to continue our missionary enterprises there. The first step in the education of a Chinese girl in a Christian school is not to teach her the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments or the Catechism; it is to unbind her feet. I doubt if those who have never seen the process of feet-binding can understand the monstrous cruelty of the operation. It begins in infancy and continues for years, daily subjecting its victims to pain that can only be ex-

pressed in tears. Christianity in China protests against that ancient barbarism, and Jesus Christ is saying to many a woman there just what He said to one He healed long, long ago: "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity."—CHARLES C. ALBERTSON.

Those who scoff may well be thankful that they live in the land where the Gospel has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of men who but for Christianity might long ago have eaten their carcasses, like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides, like the monsters of the French Revolution.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Is it not perfectly erroneous to speak of the failure of missions, when they started with a hundred and twenty despised Galileans, and when there are now at least 120,000,000 Protestants, and they have in their power almost all the wealth and almost all the resources of the world?—FARRAR.

The Bible is found in the languages of three-fourths of the people of the globe. As of old, it is running very swiftly. There is scarcely a ship that goes to the heathen world which does not carry reinforcements and supplies to the missionaries. In all hearts there is the instinct of victory.—MCLEAN.

All the shallow pretexts for our neglect and meager offerings and few laborers are shamed into silence when our opened eyes behold in the history of missions itself a "burning bush" whose every leaf and twig is aflame with the presence of Jehovah.—PIERSON.

In my opinion, Christian missions have done more real and lasting good than all other agencies combined. They have been the salt of the country and the true saviors of the empire.—Sir Rivers Thompson.

Every other faith in India is decaying. Christianity alone is beginning to run its course.—Sir Herbert Edwards.

Overcoming the World.

I believe that a great many Christians are overcome because they don't know what a terrible fight we have. Now, it is no sign because a man is a Christian that he is going to overcome the world, unless he resists temptation when it comes. Do not let any man think that all he has to do is to join the church. That will not save you. The question is, Are you overcoming the world, or is the world overcoming you? Are you more loving than you were five years ago? Are you more patient than you were five years ago? Are you more amiable? Have you more patience? If you haven't, the world is overcoming you, even if you are a church member. That epistle which Paul wrote to Titus says we are to be sound in patience, faith and charity. We have got Christians—a good many of them—who are good in spots, but mighty poor in other spots.—Moody.

Investing in Christianity.

Our King is coming! Surely, then, the best investment of money is in His treasury; the best expenditure of time and strength is in His service. We shall not wish to show Him large balances, nor selfish reserves of either

the one or the other; but we shall love to bring Him the lost ones found, the weary ones refreshed, the suffering ones comforted; for His name's sake.

Stand before Calvary's cross; see there what it cost to redeem our souls; and then hear Him say: "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?" Will you then make calculations? Will you say: "So much for Thee, blessed Jesus; so much for the world; so much for myself?" Can it be so in the full view of the love which gave Himself? —PENNYFATHER.

A True Philosophy.

Christianity as Christ taught it is the truest philosophy of life ever spoken. But let us be quite sure when we speak of Christianity that we mean Christ's Christianity. Other versions are either caricatures, or exaggerations, or misunderstandings, or short-sighted and surface readings. For the most part, their attainment is hopeless and the results wretched. But I care not who the person is, or through what vale of tears he has passed, or is about to pass, there is a new life for him along this path —HENRY DRUMMOND.

Belief in Jesus.

A Christian is a believer in Jesus. He believes that if he only throws his own lost and sinful soul on the Redeemer, there is in His sacrifice sufficient merit to cancel all his guilt, and in His heart sufficient love to undertake the keeping of his soul for all eternity. He believes that Jesus is a Savior. He believes that His heart is set on

A Portrait.

His people's holiness, and that it is only by making them new creatures—pure-minded, kind-hearted, unselfish, devout—that He can fit them for a home and a life like His own; that He can fit them for the occupations and enjoyments of Heaven. And, believing all this, he prays and labors after holiness.—JAMES HAMILTON.

The Security of Christianity.

The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality; in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart; in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect; in the consolation which it bears to the house of mourning; in the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave.—MACAULAY.

Condensed Comments.

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's eyes,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives!

GEORGE HOUGHTON.

The trees look cold and bare today as the wind passes by and finds no playmates in their leaves. Yet on every branch the winter leaves hold, folded in darkness, motionless in their compact sheaths, the radiant life of the summer foliage. They do not rebel against their destiny, but, in submission to law, await the light. Within their chambers the force of growth is being laid up; the color and play and light of a higher life are being wrought.

Spring comes; Wind, the fairy whose breath is love and life, touches with her lips the folded gates, their leaves fly open at the gracious call, and in a thousand forests Wonder and Joy awake to sing the green creation of each year. That is the Christian view of life and its sorrows. It awaits in patience for the certain Spring.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

There are many ways of teaching Christianity to children. But this is the most practical way of doing it: Tell them that there was One Man who, more than all else, lived on earth to make manifest this truth—that true life was duly watching and caring for others, forgetfulness of self in others, in our family, in our society, in our Nation, in mankind. If we can teach our children to do that, and to connect it and its solid pleasure with Him, there is no fear of their losing love and honor for Him in the clashing opinions of after life.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

A Christian man is higher and deeper and broader than other men are. He is more fully developed in all his capacities, both for joy and sorrow. Christ had in himself all the nobleness of man and all the gentleness of woman; He had vaster capacities of suffering than other men. Stoical indifference to pain is evidence of a coarse nature. To feel, and yet to do and dare, is to be truly noble.—R. S. MACARTHUR.

Our abiding belief is that just as the workmen in the tunnel of St. Gothard, working from either end, met at last to shake hands in the very central root of the mountain, so students of nature and students of Christianity

will yet join hands in the unity of reason and faith, in the heart of their deepest mysteries.—LEMUEL MOSS.

Christianity is an evolution, a growing revelation of God in the Old Testament Scriptures, a revelation consummated in Jesus Christ, a growing life—in church, in social order, in theological thought—beginning at Bethlehem, to be consummated at some far future; no one knows when or how.—LYMAN ABBOTT.

On the day of Pentecost Christianity faced the world, a new religion, without a history, without a priesthood, without a college, without a people, and without a patron. She had only her two sacraments and her tongue of fire. The latter was her sole instrument of aggression.—WILLIAM ARTHUR.

Simpler manners, purer lives, more self-denial, more earnest sympathy with the classes that lie below us—nothing short of that can lay the foundations of the Christianity which is to be hereafter, deep and broad.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

The distinction between Christianity and all other systems of religion consists largely in this, that in these other, men are found seeking after God, while Christianity is God seeking after man.—THOMAS ARNOLD.

There are many, in the Church as well as out of it, who need to learn that Christianity is neither a creed nor a ceremonial, but a life vitally connected with a living Christ.—JOSIAH STRONG.

Christianity has made martyrdom sublime and sorrow triumphant.—E. H. CHAPIN.

THE CHURCH.

Aggressiveness.

A healthy church kills error, and tears in pieces evil. Not so very long ago our nation tolerated slavery in our colonies. Philanthropists endeavored to destroy slavery; but when was it utterly abolished?

It was when Wilberforce roused the church of God, and when the church of God addressed herself to the conflict, then she tore the evil thing to pieces. I have been amused with what Wilberforce said the day after they passed the Act of Emancipation. He merrily said to a friend when it was all done: "Is there not something else we can abolish?" That was said playfully, but it shows the spirit of the church of God. She lives in conflict and victory; her mission is to destroy everything that is bad in the land. See the fierce devil of intemperance, how it devours men! Earnest men have been laboring against it, and they have done something for which we are grateful; but if ever intemperance is put down, it will be when the entire church of God shall arouse herself to protest against it. When the strong lion rises up the giant of drunkenness shall fall before him. "He shall not lie down until he eat of the prey, and drink the blood of the slain."—SPURGEON.

Sneering at the Church.

Only the ignorant and the low-minded sneer at the churches. To all others the mere act of worship, how-

St Peter's, Rome.—from a Photograph

ever imperfect and inadequate, is a sacred thing. Along this avenue of visible adoration of the unseen God all the highest and holiest have walked; forth from these shrines men and women have gone to all the glorious martyrdoms; out of this worship have come those restraining forces which have held back the baser passions, and those commanding aspirations which have led the march to civilization. It has never been enough that men should acknowledge God in the secret chambers of their own souls; the needs of the great world have demanded public declaration of faith and service, and the private adoration has sought for visible shrine and audible worship as surely and by as true a law of nature as the sap at the root of the tree seeks the revelation of itself in flowers and fruit.—LYMAN ABBOTT.

Power in the Church.

God deliver the Church from the paralyzing power of men

> "Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one."

The Church today has far too many men ready to put brakes on her progress—cautious men; cautious, very cautious—but far too few men of steam power, and when a church is, as we are told, on the down-grade, she not only needs brake-power to stop her, but still more steam power to pull her up again. We sadly need in the Church men to tell us what to do, and who go and do it. "I'm going to fish," said Peter; and in a time of paralysis, when men were eating out their hearts with fear and misery, not knowing what to do or where to turn, there

rang out this one voice, saying: "Let us do this." And they did it, and God Almighty met them.—McNeill.

Christ the Ruler of the Church.

Christ loves to dwell in a house which is built according to His own plans, and not according to the whims and fancies of men. The Church ought not to set up as her authority the decrees of men, either living or dead; her ruler is Christ. Associations formed otherwise than according to Scripture must fail in the long run. I wish Christians would believe this. Chillingworth said: "The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants." —Spurgeon.

A Church Without Zeal.

The worst thing that can be said of any Christian community is this: "Thou hast a name to live and art dead." "Thou art neither cold nor hot." Our Lord Jesus says: "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." A church without life and zeal makes Christ sick.—Spurgeon.

The Safety of the Church.

I am always afraid of having human rules in a church, and equally fearful of being governed by human precedents. I am afraid of power being vested in one, or two, or twenty men; the power must be in the Lord. That church which has God in the midst of it rules itself, and goes right without any other guidance but that which

comes of the Holy Spirit's working. Such a church keeps together without aiming at uniformity, and goes on to victory even though it makes no noise. That movement is right which is led by God, and that is sure to be all wrong which is led in the best possible way if God be absent. Organization is all very well, but I sometimes feel inclined to join with *Z*wingle in the battle when he said, "In the name of the Holy Trinity let all loose;" for when everybody is free, if God be present, everybody is bound to do the right. When each man moves according to the divine instinct in him there will be little need of regulations; all is order where God rules.—SPURGEON.

Church Unity.

Here are many candles uniting their brilliance. They all hang upon one support, and shine by the same light. May they not represent the church of Christ in its multiplicity, variety and unity? These candles are all supported upon one stem, they are all giving forth the same light; and yet they are of all manner of sorts, sizes and colors. A great way off they would seem to be but one light. They are many, and yet but one. I happened one evening to say that nobody could tell which was the "U. P.," and which was the Free Church, or which was the Wesleyan, or the Primitive, or the Salvation Army, or the Baptists, and so on; but one strong old Baptist assured me that the "Dips" gave the best light. Another said the Presbyterians were, on the whole, cast in the best mold; and a third thought the English Church was made of the truest wax. I told them that some of

the Baptists would be the better if they had another baptism. The Free Churches might be none the worse for being more established in the faith; and even the Methodists might improve their methods. The main question is possession of the one light and fire of God, the flame of divine truth. Those who shine by divine grace are all one in Christ Jesus.

What a glory will there be in the one church when all her members shine, and all are one! May such a day come quickly! Amen.—SPURGEON.

Condensed Comments.

What elements of power we wield! Truth unmixed with error, flashing as God's own lightning in its brightness, resistless if properly wielded, as that living flame! Oh, what agencies! The Holy Ghost standing and pleading with us to work so that He may help us—the very earth coming to the help of the Lord Jesus Christ! And yet I am painfully impressed that we are not wielding the elements of Christian achievement nearly up to their maximum.—T. M. EDDY.

Let the Church come to God in the strength of a perfect weakness, in the power of a felt helplessness and a child-like confidence; and then, either she has no strength and has no right to be, or she has a strength that is infinite. Then and thus will she stretch out the rod over the seas of difficulty which lie before her, and the waters shall divide, and she shall pass through and sing the song of deliverance.—MARK HOPKINS.

So, from generation to generation, the spiritual Church is rising upward toward its perfection; and, though one after another the workmen pass away, the fabric remains and the great Master Builder carries on the undertaking. Be it ours to build our portion in a solid and substantial manner, so that they who come after us may be at once thankful for our thoroughness and inspired by our example.—WM. M. TAYLOR.

How long must the Church live before it will learn that strength is won by action, and success by work; and that all this immeasurable feeling, without action and work, is a positive damage to it—that it is the procurer of spiritual obesity, gout and debility?—J. G. HOLLAND.

Persecution has not crushed the Church; power has not beaten it back; time has not abated its force; and, what is most wonderful of all, the abuses and treasons of its friends have not shaken its stability.—HORACE BUSHNELL.

The true safety of the Church is not a creed, not an enactment for expelling those who violate the creed; the presence of God alone can protect His people against the cunning assaults of their foes.—SPURGEON.

The Church may go through her dark ages, but Christ is with her in the midnight; she may pass through her fiery furnace, but Christ is in the midst of the flame with her.—SPURGEON.

Doubtless there are times when controversy becomes a necessary evil. But let us remember that it is an *evil.* —DEAN STANLEY.

THE CITY.

The Sorrows of the City.

Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying the Time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?

There, among the gloomy alleys, Progress halts on palsied feet;
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousands on the street.

There the master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread;
There a single, sordid attic holds the living and the dead.

There the smoldering fire of fever creeps across the rotten floor
And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

TENNYSON.

The City at Night.

That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to halls roofed-in and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like night-birds, are abroad; that hum, I say, like the sterto-

"The Crowded City"—From a Photograph of the Palais de Justice, Brussels.

rous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapors and putrefactions and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born, men are praying. On the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing. And around them all is the vast void, Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw; in obscure cellars Rouge-et-Noir languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard, hungry villains; while Councilors of State sit plotting and playing their high chess game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders; the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his pick-locks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the condemned cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and blood-shot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow; their gallows must even now be a-building. Upward of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal position, their heads all in night-caps and full of the most foolish dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid,

dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them —crammed-in like salted fish in their barrel or weltering like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others! Such work goes on under that smoke counterpane! But I sit above it all; I am alone with the stars.—CARLYLE.

The Whisky Ring in City Politics.

Great cities are likely to rule the American Republic. They will also ruin it, if they are governed by the whisky ring, as they have been in a majority of cases thus far in our history. The predominant political influence of the whisky ring in great and corrupt cities is incompatible with the success of American institutions, or with safety to life and property under universal suffrage in mismanaged municipalities.—JOSEPH COOK.

Condensed Comments.

The city is the strategic point of our modern life. We shall lose the battle for righteousness if we do not plant our batteries in the city, and man them with our best soldiers.—CHARLES C. ALBERTSON.

There Mammon holds high carnival in its gilded palaces while little children hunger, mothers grow faint for food and die, and strong men weep for want of work.—W. T. STEAD.

The city is the most difficult and perplexing problem of modern times.—FRANCIS LIEBER.

COMMON THINGS.

Prayer for Common Things.

Give me, dear Lord, Thy magic common things,
Which all can see, which all may share—
Sunlight and dewdrops, grass and stars and sea;
Nothing unique or new and nothing rare.

Just daisies, knap-weed, wind among the thorns,
Some clouds to cross the blue old sky above,
Rain, winter fires, a useful hand, a heart,
The common glory of a woman's love.

Then when my feet no longer tread old paths
(Keep them from fouling sweet things anywhere),
Write one old epitaph in grace-lit words
"Such things look fairer that he sojourned here."

ANONYMOUS.

The Common People.

I believe in the people—the average common sense and capacity of the millions—in government of, for and by the people. The most of the people mean right, and in the end they will do right.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Relief in Common Things.

Sometimes the troubled tide of all the past
Upon my spirit's trembling strand is rolled·
Years never mine—ages an hundredfold,
With all the weight those ages have amassed

Of human grief and wrong, are on me cast.
Within one sorcerous moment I grow old,
And blanch as one who scarce his way can hold
Upon a verge that takes some flood-tide vast.
Then comes relief through some dear common thing—
The voices of the children at their play,
The wind-wave through the bright meadows, moving fast;
The blue-bird's skyward call, on happy wing;
So the sweet present reassumes her sway;
So lapse the surges of the monstrous past.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

The Common Courtesies of Life.

What silences we keep, year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear!
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach—
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

ANONYMOUS.

Martyrs of Common Life.

In their midst I saw
Some who appeared more radiant than the rest,
And asked what meant their bright pre-eminence
In glory. Oriel answered: "These are they
Of whom the Church so often sings—
Some of the martyrs' noble army. These
For Christ gave up their bodies to be burned,

Or bowed their necks unto the murderous sword;
Or, though their names appear not on the scroll
Of martyrologists, laid down their life—
Not less a martyrdom in Jesus' eyes—
For His dear brethren's sake, watching the couch
Of loathsome sickness or of slow decay,
Or visiting the captive in his cell,
Or struggling with a burden not their own
Until their very life-strings wore away.
These, too, are martyrs, brother."

BICKERSTETH.

CONSCIENCE.

God Revealed in Conscience.

I claim it to be the fact of experience (if you doubt, will you try the scientific method of experiment on this subject?) that whenever we submit utterly, affectionately, irreversibly, to the best we know—that is, to the Innermost Holiest of Conscience—at that instant, and never before, there flashes through us, with quick, splendid, interior, unexpected illumination, a Power not ourselves. The image of the star or a representation of the sun is found within the chambers of the poor, feeble instrument. You can not have that inner witness until you have that exterior and interior conformity to Conscience; but whoever has these will know by the inner light that God is with him in a sense utterly unknown before.—JOSEPH COOK.

Remorse.

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
  Is like the scorpion girt by fire;
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close;
Till, inly searched by thousand throes,
  And maddening in her ire,
One, and a sole relief she knows.
The sting she nourished for her foes—
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain—
She darts into her desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse has riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for Heaven;
Darkness above, despair beneath—
Around it flame, within it death.

BYRON.

Hardening Conscience.

The first film of ice is scarcely perceptible. Keep the water stirring, and you will prevent the ice from hardening it. But once it film over and remain so, it thickens over the surface, and it thickens still. At last it is so solid that a wagon might be drawn over the frozen water. So with our conscience. It films over gradually and at last it becomes hard, unfeeling; and then it can bear a weight of iniquity.—BISHOP SIMPSON.

CONSECRATION.

Self-Surrender.

Nothing is clearer than the fact that the Christian gets power from God in exact proportion to the extent of his self-surrender. The reason of this is obvious. It comes to pass by the action of a necessary law. In the human body the privation of any one of the senses intensifies the power of those that remain. If, for example, the sight is lost, the touch and taste become more acute It is exactly so among the three factors of our life—body, soul and spirit. Whatever any one surrenders is carried over to the credit of the others, and inures to their strength. "As the outward man perisheth, the inward man is renewed day by day."—A. J. GORDON.

How to Make Life Admirable.

The heart given to our Father; the hand given to our brother; the life given to both—truly this makes life admirable.—J G. HOLLAND.

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CONTENTMENT.

Better Things.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles, a hundredfold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.

ALEXANDER SMART.

Divine Contentment.

How often is divine contentment the quickest road to that which otherwise you may struggle for and not obtain! Let go, and you get. Grasp, and you lose. Fill your soul with yearning, and struggling, and striving, and go about with your brows knitted and saying, "Oh, life is a weariness to me, for that which I desire, its crown and flower, never comes to me," and it will not

come. But come away from that yearning and striving, and take the other plan and say: "Well, God knoweth best, and if it is to be it will come to me; and if it is not to be, I have Him. See what I have. May I rest more upon what I have than upon what I have not." Then you will grow strong and brave in the midst of seeming desolation, and you will be able to say with the apostle—a man who had to be looked after, or he might have perished for lack of earthly supplies—"I have all and abound; and I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."—McNEILL.

Condensed Comments.

The hungry sea
Hath need of all the stars to make it bright.
A stream's content with one.

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN

Fretting most of us call a minor fault and not a vice; but there is no vice except drunkenness which can so utterly destroy the happiness of a home.—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Contentment is natural wealth; luxury is artificial poverty.—SOCRATES.

A contented mind is a continual feast.—THE BIBLE.

COURAGE.

To Victis.

I sing the hymn of the conquered who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died, o'erwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hope burned in ashes away;
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them—unpitied, unheeded, alone—
With death swooping down o'er their failure and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who have won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet,

Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the
field of defeat,
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen, and wound-
ed and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-
knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper: "They
only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the
demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that
the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—
if need be, to die."

Speak, history! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy
long annals and say
Are they those whom the world called victors, who won
the success of a day?
The martyrs of Nero? The Spartans who fell at Ther-
mopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates?
Pilate or Christ?

W. W. STORY.

Courage in Adversity.

When loss of property and loss of repute are come, when the severance of friendships has come, when the future is overcast with disappointment and hopes are shattered, and we know nothing of what is to come ex-

cept simply this, that we know God's will must be done, and try to do what is pleasing in His sight, and leave all to Him, the endurance which then reveals itself is the masterful power of the human will. Men trained in the experience can not be frightened nor disheartened by troubles, however great.—R. S. STORRS.

Nerve Thy Spirit.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown; yet faint thou not,
Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.
Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshipers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The Art of Life.

The great art of life, so far as I have been able to observe, consists in fortitude and perseverance. I have rarely seen that a man who conscientiously devoted himself to the studies and duties of any profession, and did not omit to take fair and honorable opportunities of offering himself to notice when such presented themselves, has not at length got forward. The mischance of those

who fall behind, though flung upon fortune, more frequently arises from want of skill and perseverance. Life, young friends, is like a game at cards. Our hands are alternately good or bad, and the whole seems, at first glance, to depend on mere chance. But it is not so, for in the long run the skill of the player predominates over the casualties of the game. Therefore, do not be discouraged with the prospect before you, but ply your studies hard, and qualify yourselves to receive fortune when she comes your way.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Strengthened by Defeat.

But noble souls, through dust or heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And, conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

LONGFELLOW.

The Development of Courage.

A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something. He has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more to his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes,

and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. As long as all that is said is against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies.—EMERSON.

Condensed Comments.

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

If there be one thing upon earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man—a man who dares look the devil in the face and tell him he is the devil.—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

We pluck at roses and encounter thorns;
Clutch at life's thorns, and fill our hands with roses.

ANNA K THEOINE GREEN.

Courage is a love of the morally beautiful more than life.—PLATO.

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THE CROSS.

THE CROSS.

The Cross the Cause of Faith.

The cross, which is the object of faith, is also, by the power of the Holy Spirit, the cause of it. Sit down and watch the dying Savior till faith springs up spontaneously in your heart. There is no place like Calvary for creating confidence. The air of that sacred hill brings health to trembling faith. Many a watcher there has said:

"While I view Thee—wounded, grieving,
Breathless on the cursed tree—
Lord, I feel my heart believing
That Thou suffer'dst thus for me."

—SPURGEON.

The Cross the Cure for Trouble.

What is the cure for all this social chaos, domestic trouble, secret pain—this wrong-doing as between kings and subjects, fathers and children, man and man? The one cure is the cross of Christ. Have I not preached that with some consistency ever since you knew me? Have I ever given a second prescription for this malady of the world? If I ever have, allow me now to tear it up—publicly tear it up—so that nobody can ever patch it together so as to make one word of it through all time. The prescription I will give is given to me. The prescription by which I would abide according to the exhortation of Scripture—the prescription which I would preach to all mankind—is this: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from sin."—JOSEPH PARKER.

The Meaning of the Cross.

Far westward, where the venerable mountains rise as if to greet the stars, the traveler sees a solemn sign in snow—it is the Holy Cross. The sailor in summer seas looks up at night and beholds in the heavens the Southern Cross. In cathedral shades, where prayers echo through the aisles and sweet child-voices chant anthems half divine, the worshiper adores the Roman Cross. There is a lovely flower in whose heart the hand of God has set the Passion Cross. The Knights of the Middle Ages bore on their blazoned banners the Red Cross. And we may behold them all, and even wear upon our breasts the Cross in gold or pearl; but not until we clasp hands in brotherhood of sorrow have we seen the real sign of the cross—not until we feel the pain, the joy, of loving sacrifice—do we know the deepest meaning of the Cross of Christ.—CHARLES C. ALBERTSON.

Christ with Us Means the Cross for Us.

When God breaks up your plans, and throws you to the very ground, and breaks all the threads in the loom which you are weaving, and says to you, "Begin again," is there any Christ for you at that point of your overthrow? Can you go forth unto your Savior marking that place in His life where He was overthrown, identifying it in some way with your own overthrow? Can you stand rejoicing with Christ at that very point of humiliation and crucifixion? Christ may be followed in two ways—victorious, and in disgrace and ignominy; and we are called to follow, first, not Christ as He is set forth in all

Mountain of the Holy Cross Colorado.—From a Photograph.

the royalty of philosophy and reason, but a Christ humiliated, a Christ despised; a Christ hated, a Christ crucified. Before we stand with Christ upon Olivet we must stand with Him upon Calvary—must walk with Him thither.—BEECHER.

The Three Crosses.

The Cross! Poets have sung its praise; sculptors have attempted to commemorate it in marble; martyrs have clung to it in fire; and Christians, dying quietly in their beds, have leaned their heads against it. May all our souls embrace it with an ecstacy of affection! Lay hold of that cross, O dying sinner! Everything else will fail you. Without a strong grip of that you perish. Put your hand on that, and you are safe, though the world swing from beneath your feet. Oh, that I might engrave on your souls ineffaceably the three crosses, and that if in your waking moments you will not heed, then that in your dream tonight you might see on the hill back of Jerusalem the three spectacles—the right-hand cross, showing unbelief and dying without Christ; the left-hand cross, showing what it is to be pardoned; while the central cross pours upon your soul the sunburst of Heaven as it says: "By all these wounds I plead for thy heart. I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Rivers can not quench it. The floods can not drown it."—TALMAGE.

DEATH.

Via Solitaria.

Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own.
O friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

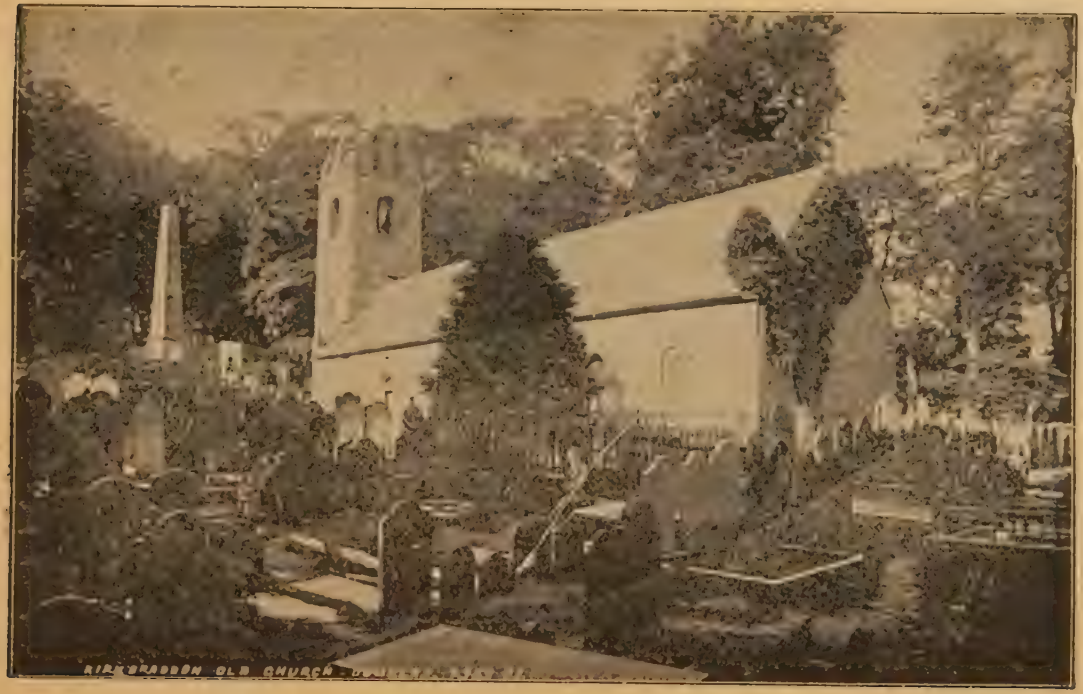
No more for me yon lake rejoices,
Though wooed by loving airs of June;
O birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm-tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day;

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;
Ye can not greet those cordial eyes.
They gaze on others fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,
And therefore life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.



An Old Churchyard on the Isle of Man.—From a Photograph.

I live, O lost one, for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait until, with glad thanksgiving,
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveler stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands—

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating;
Beyond the shadow of the tomb,
On yonder shore, a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder fields are children playing,
And there—O vision of delight!—
I see a child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing its treasures one by one,
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest
The parted—one.

O. M. CONOVER.

The Dignity of Death.

Here lies a common man. His horny hands,
Crossed meekly as a maid's upon his breast,
Show marks of toil, and by his general dress
You judge him to have been an artisan.
Doubtless, could all his life be written out,
The story would not thrill nor start a tear;
He worked, laughed, loved and suffered in his time,
And now rests peacefully with upturned face,
Whose look belies all struggles in the past.
A homely tale; yet, trust me, I have seen
The greatest of the earth go stately by,
While shouting multitudes beset the way,
With less of awe. The gap between a king
And me, a nameless gazer in the crowd,
Seemed not so wide as that which stretches now
Betwixt us two—this dead one and myself.
Untitled, dumb and deedless, yet he is
Transfigured by a touch from out the skies
Until he wears, with all-unconscious grace,
The strange and sudden dignity of death.

RICHARD E. BURTON.

The Christian View of Death.

My friends, I hope you do not call that death. That is an autumnal sunset. That is a crystalline river pouring into a crystal sea. That is the solo of human life overpowered by the Hallelujah chorus. That is a queen's coronation. That is Heaven. That is the way my father

stood at eighty-two, seeing my mother depart at seventy-nine. Perhaps, so your father and mother went. I wonder if we will die as well.—TALMAGE.

Two.

I dreamed I saw two angels, hand in hand;
And very like they were, and very fair.
One wore about his head a golden band;
A thorn-wreath crowned the other's matted hair.

The one was fair and tall, and white of brow;
A radiant spirit smile of wondrous grace
Shed, like an inner altar-lamp, a glow
Upon his beautiful uplifted face.

The other's face, like marble-carved Grief,
Had placid brows laid whitely o'er with pain,
With lips that never knew a smile's relief,
And eyes like violets long drenched in rain.

Then spake the fair, sweet one and gently said:
"Between us—Life and Death—choose thou thy lot.
By him thou lovest best thou shalt be led;
Choose thou between us, soul, and fear thou not."

I pondered long. "O Life!" at last I cried,
"Perchance 't were wiser Death to choose; and yet
My soul with thee were better satisfied."
The angel's radiant face smiled swift regret.

Within his brother's hand he placed my hand.
"Thou didst mistake," he said, in underbreath,

"And, choosing life, didst fail to understand;
He with the thorns is life, and I am Death."

LAURA SPENCER PORTER.

Sweet Is the Thought.

Sweet is the thought that some day
I shall rest.
Some day the good, glad sun will rise
Above the crest
Of billowed hill in ocean skies,
The world to bless,
But it will greet my tired eyes
At rest—sweet rest.

Sweet is the thought that some night
I shall sleep.
Some night the sorrowing stars will rise
And peep
From out the mother skirt of nightly skies—
But I shall weep
Not back within their answering eyes,
For I shall sleep.

JOHN MOORE.

Within Sight of the River.

I am coming to that stage of my pilgrimage that is within sight of the River of Death, and I feel that now I must have all in readiness day and night for the messenger of the King. I have sometimes in my sleep strange perceptions of a vivid spiritual life near to and with

Christ and multitudes of holy ones, and the joy of it is like no other joy; it can not be told in the language of the world.' What I have, then, I know with absolute certainty; yet it is so unlike and above anything we conceive of in this world that it is difficult to put it into words. The inconceivable loveliness of Christ! It seems that about Him there is a sphere where the enthusiasm of love is the calm habit of the soul, that without words, without the necessity of demonstrations of affection, heart beats to heart, soul answers soul; we respond to the infinite love, and we feel His answer in us, and there is no need of words.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

One Less.

One less at home!
The charmed circle broken; a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place;
But, cleansed and saved and perfected by grace,
One more in Heaven!

One less at home!
One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore
One farewell word unspoken; on the shore
Where parting comes not, one soul landed more—
One more in Heaven!

One less at home!
A sense of loss that meets us at the gate;
Within, a place unfilled and desolate;
And far away, our coming to wait
One more in Heaven!

One less at home!
Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would rise
And wrap our footsteps round and dim our eyes;
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies—
One more in Heaven!

One more at home!
This is not home, where, cramped in earthly mold
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold;
But there, where face to face we shall behold,
Is Home and Heaven!

One less on earth,
Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share.
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear
At home in Heaven!

One more in Heaven!
Another thought to brighten cloudy days;
Another theme for thankfulness and praise;
Another link on high our souls to raise
To home and Heaven!

One more at home!
That home where separation can not be;
That home whence none is missed eternally!
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee,
At home in Heaven!

S. G. Stock.

Mourn Not the Dead.

Mourn not the dead who calmly lie
By God's own hand composed to rest·
For, hark! A voice from yonder sky
Proclaims them blest—supremely blest.
With them the toil and strife are o'er;
Their labors end, their sorrows cease;
For they have gained the blissful shore
Where dwells serene eternal peace.

Mourn not the dead, though like the flower
Just opening to the morning ray,
Nipped by disease's cruel power,
They fell from love's embrace away.
Where breathes no chill or tainted air,
Where falls no darkness of the tomb,
They prove the loving Savior's care
And blossom in immortal bloom.

Mourn not the dead whose lives declare
That they have nobly borne their part,
For victory's golden crown they wear,
Reserved for every faithful heart;
They rest with glory wrapped around,
Immortals on the scroll of fame:
Their works their praises shall resound,
Their name—an everlasting name.

Drop the warm tear—for Jesus wept;
Sorrow shall find relief in tears.
But let no secret grief be kept

To waste the soul through nameless years.
They rest in hope; their hallowed dust
Is watched, and from the grave shall rise;
Earth shall restore her sacred trust,
Made all immortal for the skies.

J. [illegible]

Dying Thoughts.

And in my dying hour,
When riches, fame and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
That all must drink at last,
Oh, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds
Have sprung up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste is Heaven!
And though no grassy mound
Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps!—that those
Whom I have striven to bless—
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless—
May stand around my grave
With the poor prisoner and the poorer slave,
And breathe an humble prayer
That they may die like him whose bones are moldering there.

—JOHN PIERPONT.

"God's Acre."

Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's Acre lies,
Go angels walking to and fro, singing their lullabies.
Their radiant wings are folded and their eyes are bended low,
As they sing among the beds wherein the flowers delight to grow.
Sleep! Oh, sleep! The shepherd guardeth his sheep.
Fast speedeth the night away; soon cometh the glorious day.
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may. Sleep! Oh, sleep!

The flowers within God's Acre see that fair and wondrous sight,
And hear the angels singing to the sleepers through the night.
And, lo! throughout the hours of day these gentle flowers prolong
The music of the angels in that tender slumber song.

Sleep! Oh, sleep! The shepherd loveth his sheep.
He that guardeth His flock the best
Foldeth them into His loving breast.
So sleep ye now and take your rest.
Sleep! Oh, sleep!

From angels and from flowers the years have learned this soothing song,
And with its heavenly music speed the days and nights along;

So through all time, whose flight the shepherd's vigils
glorify,
God's Acre slumbereth in the peace of that sweet lullaby.

EUGENE FIELD.

Condensed Comments.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, for their works follow with them.—THE BIBLE

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given.
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in His Heaven.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CHRIST AND ST. PETER.
From the Painting by Plockhorst.

DOUBT.

Thomas, the Doubter.

Thomas really wanted to believe, and he swung now into the region of faith with great celerity and with splendid emphasis. Perhaps, while I have been speaking you have been saying: "Ah, yes; how like I am to Thomas!" I beg your pardon. Wait a little; wait a little. You are not simply a Thomas, my dear friend, because you say: "Well, if I could see Him just as He was, and if I could put my hand into the prints of the nails, then I would believe. Yes, I am much like Thomas." That is not the sign of being Thomas. Thomas was not always sitting in petulance and heaviness, asking for these evidences. We are not Thomases unless we can ring out like a triple peal of bells from an old steeple: "My Lord and my God!"

"Hallelujah! 'Tis done!
I believe in God's Son!
I am saved by the blood
Of the Crucified One!"

Let me hear our emphatic testimony of simple faith in Christ before I will allow you to say, or allow myself to say, that we are Thomases. Let me feel your pulse, as we can feel Thomas' pulse here. You see that he swung round splendidly, and he came up out of the darkness all the brighter for having been for a time down there. So with you and me. Even these eclipses shall be for our benefit if we come out of them, if we allow the Lord to

shine in upon us, and if we come back to the simplicity of faith in His name.—McNeill.

How to Deal with the Doubter.

Turn away from the reason, and go into the man's moral life. I don't mean go into his moral life and see if the man is living in conscious sin, which is the great blunder of the eyes. I am speaking now of honest doubt. Open a new door into the practical side of man's nature. Entreat him not to postpone life and his life's usefulness until he has settled the problems of the universe. Tell him those problems will never all be settled; that his life will be done before he has begun to settle them; and ask him what he is doing with his life meantime. Charge him with wasting his life and his usefulness, and invite him to deal with the moral and practical difficulties of the world, and leave the intellectual difficulties as he goes along. To spend time upon these is proving the less important before the more important; and, as the French say, "The good is the enemy of the best." It is a good thing to think; it is a better thing to work; it is a better thing to do good. And you have him there, you see. He can not get beyond that. You have to tell him, in fact, that there are two organs of knowledge—the one, reason; the other, obedience. And now tell him, as he has tried the first and found the little in it, just for a moment or two to join you in trying the second. And when he asks whom he is to obey, you tell him there is but One, and lead him to the great historical figure who calls all men to Him; the one perfect life—the one Savior

of mankind—the one Light of the world. Ask him to begin to obey Christ; and, doing His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

Absurd Doubts.

A Christian once, in doubt and discouragement, considered the darkness which overspread her soul as a proof that she was finally cast away. She stumbled over molehills when she should have been removing mountains. To an old minister who was trying to comfort her, with impassioned emphasis she said: "Oh, I'm *dead*, *dead*—twice *dead* and plucked up by the roots!" After a pause, he replied: "Well, sitting in my study the other day, I heard a sudden scream: 'John's in the well! John's fallen into the well!' Before I could reach the spot, I heard the sad, mournful cry: 'John's dead! Poor little Johnny's dead!' Bending over the curb, I called out: 'John, are you dead?' The lad replied: 'Yes, grandfather; I'm dead.' I was glad to hear it from his own mouth."

Many doubts are so absurd that the only way to combat them is by gentle ridicule.—SPURGEON.

Looking to Jesus.

"When he saw the wind boisterous." It is a pity that we should ever get so keen-sighted as to see the wind. That is getting far too sharp on the temporal side of things. We ought to be blind to the wind. We ought to be deaf to its noise, and deaf to the roaring of the wave. If we would glorify God, and if we would show what

faith is in its essence, substance and outcomes, we must go on as we began, "looking unto Jesus, the author and the finisher of our faith." But when he saw the winds, he gave up faith. As somebody says, he began to be sensible that it was after three o'clock in the morning, and a rather wild morning at that; and down he went quicker than I can take time to explain it. You have to forget all about what o'clock it is. You have to forget all about this nineteenth century. You have to forget all about your surroundings, if you would know God, and do His work, and serve the hour. There has to be a splendid inconsiderateness.—McNeill.

Better Trust.

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth,
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

Frances A. Kemble.

Doubt and Darkness.

The sun is always there in the heavens—not only to-day, but in those past days "when the leaf was stamped in clay, and the rotting woodlands dripped." He was there in the heavens then. These clouds and fogs are

born of earth, and they do not in the slightest degree affect the fact that the sun in his splendor hangs up yonder. So with the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord is gracious. Blessed be our Rock. These fogs, these doubts, these mists, are born of earth and time and sin. If they must occasionally pass across our spirits, let us never allow them to cause us to say: "My God hath forgotten me; my way is hidden from the Lord." Let us never come to this, that because it is night with us, therefore the sun has dropped out of the sky. These mists do come to us, and they may last for eight days, and they may last for longer; but, as surely as the Lord lives, sunshine shall return. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—McNEILL.

The Definition of Doubt.

All religious truths are doubtable. There is no absolute proof of any one of them. Even that fundamental truth—the existence of a God—no man can prove by reason. The ordinary proof for the existence of God involves an assumption, argument in a circle, or a contradiction. The impression of God is kept up by experience; not by logic. And hence, when the experimental religion of a man, of a community or of a nation wanes, religion wanes Their idea of God grows indistinct, and that man, community or nation becomes infidel. Bear in mind, then, that all religious truths are doubtable—even those which we hold most strongly.

What does this brief account of the origin of doubt teach us? It teaches us great intellectual humility. It

teaches us sympathy and toleration with all men who venture upon the ocean of truth to find out a path through it for themselves. Do you sometimes feel yourself thinking unkind things about your fellow-students who have intellectual difficulty? I know how hard it is always to feel sympathy and toleration for them; but we must address ourselves to that most carefully and most religiously. If my brother is short-sighted I must not abuse him or speak against him. I must pity him, and if possible try to improve his sight or to make things which he is to look at so bright that he can not help seeing.

Christ never failed to distinguish between doubt and unbelief. Doubt is *can't believe;* unbelief is *won't believe.* Doubt is honesty; unbelief is obstinacy. Doubt is looking for light; unbelief is content with darkness. Loving darkness rather than light—that is what Christ attacked, and attacked unsparingly. But for the intellectual questioning of Thomas, Philip, Nicodemus and the many others who came to Him to have their great problems solved, He was respectful, generous and tolerant.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

The Experience of a Doubter.

I had a letter, not long ago, from a lady, evidently a person of great intelligence and culture, and I rather think that she is known in the literary world as an authoress. She tells me that she has suffered very severely because of this. When she came to the faith of Jesus Christ, with all her vivacity and all her great powers of

deep and serious thinking on the problems of life and destiny, she found the simple-minded Wesleyans no congenial companions, and she withdrew herself from those simple-minded people who

"Felt like singing all the time,"

and who shouted "Hallelujah" rather too much for her inclination, to knit her brows over some question or religious problem. She withdrew herself to more dangerous society. As she said in her letter:

"Undeniably goats are more clever and amusing than sheep. I left the company of the sheep and went in among the goats, and I have suffered for it. The more I revealed to my new companions my faith in Jesus Christ, the more they trampled upon me and butted me with their horns."

At last she humbled herself to come back again among those who, with all our differences, dear friends, are of our kith and kin. We are of the same flesh and the same blood if we have at all in our hearts the faith and fear of Jesus. So you, dear Thomases, do not sit apart. You need us, and we need you. Remember, you are not an independent unit called Thomas; you are one of the twelve.—McNeill.

Eclipse of Faith.

I do not know how it was with your newspapers, but I remember that about a year ago, in connection with the eclipse of the moon, my newspaper in Scotland published a time-table of the eclipse. I was told to the second of the most nicely balanced chronometer when the

dark shadow would first impinge upon the bright surface of the moon. I was told in the same definite way, to minutes and seconds, how the shadow would spread; when, precisely, the shadow would be half; when, precisely, the eclipse would be total; when, again, the eclipse would lift, would slide off, and would finally disappear, and the moon would walk in silver splendor through the heavens. So with these eclipses of our faith. Make God your Astronomer Royal, and then you may be sure of this: They are timed; they are calculated; and certainly they will lift and disappear, for He is the perpetually recurring Sun, and sooner or later He will shine in

> "Look to the light; all will be right.
> Morning is ever the daughter of night.
> All that was black will be all that is bright."
>
> —McNeill.

Unbelief Stupid.

Let me repeat what I have repeated from this pulpit till it is almost wearisome. Unbelief out there in the world and out there in books—a spirit of doubting—is mightily praised, and gets a great deal of attention to itself. But here in the Bible it is always a stupidity—always an unreasonable thing, with nothing to say for itself when the Lord questions it. You do not find Peter saying: "Wherefore did I doubt, blessed Master?"

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

No; he did not think of it. He said nothing. Doubt has nothing to say for itself. Oh, let us come back to

unquestioning faith! Peter walking on the sea to come to Jesus—that is the type. That is the picture for the individual believer and for the whole Church. That is where we should be, and Christ says to us, as He said to him: "Come." And He says to us also, as He said to him: "Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—McNeill.

Condensed Comments.

Intellectually, the difficulties of unbelief are as great as those of belief; while, morally, the argument is wholly on the side of belief.—Arnold.

Skepticism is like the measles—very dangerous if it is driven in; comparatively harmless if it is allowed to come out.—Lyman Abbott.

DUTY.

"Thou Must"—"I Can."

So close is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low "Thou must,"
The youth replies: "I can."

EMERSON.

The Royal Road.

The way of duty is often rugged, but it is always royal. It is the king's highway. It is the way to promotion and power. It gives dignity to life from the moment we take our first step in it. O royalty of youth! Walk in the way of duty—the way of Christian duty, manly and womanly duty, patriotic duty. It is the way to your coronation.—CHARLES C. ALBERTSON.

The Man of Duty.

The true hero is the great, wise man of duty—he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God—he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is no so brilliant war as a war with wrong, no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.—HORACE BUSHNELL.

There's Heaven in It.

We turn our sad, reluctant gaze
  Upon the path of duty;
Its barren, uninviting ways
  Are void of bloom and beauty.
Yet in that road, though dark and cold
  It seems as we begin it,
As we press on—lo! we behold
  There's Heaven in it.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Condensed Comments.

Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day lay this precept well to heart: "Do the *duty* which lieth nearest to thee," which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Go to your duty, every man, and trust yourself to Christ; for He will give you all supply just as fast as you need it. You will have just as much power as you believe you can have. Be a Christian; throw yourself upon God's work; and get the ability you want in it.—HORACE BUSHNELL.

Duty is duty; conscience is conscience; right is right, and wrong is wrong—whatever sized type they may be printed in. "Large" and "Small" are not words for the vocabulary of conscience.—ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

When any duty is to be done, it is fortunate for you if you feel like doing it; but, if you do not feel like it, that is no reason for not doing it.—W. GLADDEN.

No simplest duty is forgot,
Life has no dim and lonely spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Happiness is not the end of duty; it is a constituent of it. It is in it and of it; not an equivalent, but an element.—HENRY GILES.

The doing of things from duty is but a stage on the road to the kingdom of truth and love.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

There is no evil which we can not face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Ability involves responsibility. Power to its last particle is duty.—ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight.—GEORGE HERBERT.

Beloved, thou doest a faithful work in whatsoever thou doest.—ST. JOHN.

—:^:—

EARNESTNESS.

Earnestness in Speech.

The main business is to have plenty of heart. I have noticed that speakers produce an effect upon their audiences rather in proportion to their hearts than their heads. I was present at a meeting where a truly solid and instructive speaker succeeded in mesmerizing us all, so that in another half minute we should all have been asleep. His talk was as good as gold, and as heavy. He was followed by a gentleman who was "all there," what there was of him. He was so energetic that he broke a chair, and made us all draw in our feet, for fear he should come down upon our corns. How the folk woke up! The galleries cheered him to the echo. I do not know what it was all about, and did not know at the time; but it was very wonderful. An express at sixty miles an hour is nothing to that orator. He swept past us like—well, like nothing at all. He meant it, and we felt that he deserved to be cheered for such zealous intentions. He was all ablaze, and we were willing for a season to rejoice in his light.—SPURGEON.

Earnestness in Saving Life.

I once heard of a vessel that was wrecked, and there were not life-boats enough to take all that were on the vessel, and some who were left there to perish in the water went swimming around the life-boats. One poor fellow swam up to a boat and seized it with his left hand. A man in the boat drew his sword and cut off the hand.

The man was terribly in earnest to save his life, and he swam up a second time and reached out his right hand, and they cut off his right hand. He did not give up. He was terribly in earnest to save his life. Everything else was forgotten, and he swam up again and seized hold of the boat with his teeth. This touched those men's hearts; they had compassion, and they took him out of the jaws of death, out of a watery grave, and he was saved because he was in earnest. He was saved because he sought with all his strength and all his mind. And so, my friends, when you and I want salvation above everything else, then we will get it, and not before.—MOODY.

Earnestness in Religion.

A certain degree of publicity in a spiritual quickening of the Church is inevitable. It is but natural. Other great awakenings work in the same way. We do not denounce the ardor of a political campaign as the hysteria of sick folk. We do not call the rush to the gold mines of California and the Black Hills cant. Why, then, judge by a different law the great awakenings of men to the relations of eternity? The Black Hills, with all their golden treasures, will one day burn to cinders in volcanic fire. The souls of the men now crowding there will then be still living somewhere, undying as God is. Where? That is the question the Church tries to answer in a great revival. On one occasion Edmund Burke came upon the hustings to contest a seat in Parliament before an excited assembly. The people had come together with preparations for bonfires and illuminations and proces-

sions moving to the sound of drum and fife. When he had just mounted the platform the news came that his opponent, who was to have met him there that morning, had been found dead in his bed. Both Burke and his hearers were so overwhelmed by that momentary opening of the eternal world to their dim vision that he could not speak and they were in no mood to hear. He only lifted his voice for one solemn moment, and exclaimed: "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue! Was that cant? Yet a revival of religion is no other than just that awakening to the reality of eternal things and a permanent setting of the current of popular thought in that channel. — ARTHUR PHELPS.

Earnestness a Thunderbolt.

It is a principle of war that when you can use the thunderbolt you must prefer it to the cannon. Earnestness is the thunderbolt. — NAPOLEON.

EDUCATION.

The Diffusion of Education.

Education, to accomplish the ends of good government, should be universally diffused. Open the doors of the school-house to all the children of the land. Let no man have the excuse of poverty for not educating his own offspring. Place the means of education within his reach, and if they remain in ignorance, be it his own reproach. If one object of the expenditure of revenue be protection

against crime, you could not devise a better or cheaper means of obtaining it. Other nations spend their money in providing means for its detection and punishment, but it is for the principles of our government to provide for its never occurring. The one acts by coercion, the other by prevention. On the diffusion of education among the people rest the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions.—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Not a Matter of Books Alone.

Education is not confined to books alone. The world, with its thousand interests and occupations, is a great school. But the recorded experience and wisdom of others may be of the greatest aid and benefit to us. We can look about us today and see many who have brought the light of that intelligence which has been the guiding star of others to bear upon their own paths, and by its aid have achieved an enviable position among men. Honor lies in doing *well* whatever we find to do; and the world estimates a man's abilities in accordance with his success in whatever business or profession he may engage.—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Practical Education.

A good, practical education, including a good trade, is a better outfit for a youth than a grand estate with the drawback of an empty mind. Many parents have slaved and pinched to leave their children rich, when half the sum thus lavished would have profited them far more had it been devoted to the cultivation of their minds, the en-

largement of their capacity to think, observe and work. The one structure that no neighborhood can afford to do without is the school-house.—HORACE GREELEY.

The Beginning of Education.

Therefore, if any young man has embarked his life in the pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event. Let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.—CHARLES LAMB.

—:o:—

ENGLAND.

The Greatness of England.

In the course of seven centuries the wretched and degraded race have become the greatest and most highly civilized people that ever the world saw; have spread their dominion over every quarter of the globe; have scattered the seeds of mighty empires and republics over vast continents of which no dim intimation had ever reached Ptolemy or Strabo; have created a maritime power which would annihilate in a quarter of an hour the navies of Tyre, Athens, Carthage, Venice and Genoa together; have carried the science of healing, the means of locomotion and correspondence, every mechanical art, every manufacture, everything that promotes the convenience of life, to a perfection which our ancestors would have thought magical; have produced a literature which may boast of works not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us; have discovered the laws which regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies; have speculated with exquisite subtilty on the operations of the human mind; have been the acknowledged leaders of the human race in the career of political improvement.—MACAULAY.

Shakespeare's England.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,

Where Shakespeare Sleeps—Holy Trinity, Stratford.—From a Photograph.

Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happy lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England

SHAKESPEARE.

Relation of England to America.

It will take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage toward us, or even passably to conceal them. She can not help confounding the people with the country, and regarding us as lusty juveniles. She has a conviction that whatever good there is in us is wholly English, when the truth is that we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism. She is especially condescending just now, and lavishes sugar-plums on us, as if we had not outgrown them. I am no believer in sudden conversions, especially in sudden conversions to a favorable opinion of people who have just proved you to be mistaken in judgment and therefore unwise in policy. I never blamed her for not wishing well to democracy. How should she? The only sure way of bringing about a healthy relation between the two countries is for Englishmen to clear their minds of the notion that we are always to be treated as a kind of inferior and deported Englishman, whose nature they perfectly understand, and whose back they accordingly stroke the wrong way of the fur with amaz-

ing perseverance. Let them learn to treat us naturally on our merits as human beings, as they would a German or a Frenchman, and not as if we were a kind of counterfeit Briton whose crime appeared in every shade of difference, and before long there would come that right feeling which we naturally call a good understanding. The common blood, und still more the common language, are fatal instruments of misapprehension. Let them give up *trying* to understand us, still more thinking that they do, and acting in various absurd ways as the necessary consequence; for they will never arrive at that devoutly-to-be-wished consummation till they learn to look at us as we are, and not as they suppose us to be. Dear old long-estranged mother-in-law, it is a great many years since we parted. Since 1660, when you married again, you have been a step-mother to us. Put on your spectacles, dear madam. Yes, we *have* grown and changed likewise. You would not let us darken your doors, if you could help it. We know that perfectly well. But pray, when we look to be treated as men, don't shake that rattle in our faces, nor talk baby to us any longer.—LOWELL.

America and England.

It has always been my desire to see all jealousy between England and the United States abated and all sores healed up. Together, they are more powerful for the spread of commerce and civilization than all others combined, and can do more to remove the cause of wars, by creating mutual interests that would be so much disturbed by war, than all other nations.—U. S. GRANT.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.—From a Photograph.

The English Puritans.

Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before Heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when Heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed His will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.—MACAULAY.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

A Tragedy.

Act the first of the tragedy: A plain but beautiful home. Enter the newly-married pair. Enter simplicity of manner and behavior. Enter as much happiness as is ever found in one home.

Act the second: Discontent with the humble home. Enter envy. Enter jealousy. Enter desire for display.

Act the third: Enlargement of expenses. Enter all the queenly dressmakers. Enter the French milliners.

Act the fourth: The tip-top of society. Enter princes and princesses of New York life. Enter magnificent plate and equipage. Enter everything splendid.

Act the fifth and last, winding up the scene: Enter the assignee. Enter the sheriff. Enter the creditors. Enter humiliation. Enter the wrath of God. Enter the contempt of society. Enter death. Now, let the silk curtain drop on the stage. The farce is ended and the lights are out.

Will you forgive me if I say, in tersest shape possible, that some of the men in this country have to forge, perjure and swindle to pay for their wives' dresses? I will say it, whether you forgive me or not.—TALMAGE.

Fashion.

The first peal of thunder that shook Sinai declared: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." So you will have to choose between the goddess of fashion and the Christian God. There are a great many seats in

Heaven, and they are all easy seats, but there is not one seat for the devotee of costume. Heaven is for meek and quiet spirits. Heaven is for those who think more of their souls than of their bodies.—TALMAGE.

Wastefulness.

The only excuse we can think of for some dressy women is that they think themselves very ugly. What deformity must exist if it needs ten thousand a year to cover it! If these persons accurately gauge their lack of personal charms they must be suffering under a fearful measure of uncomeliness. Why, ten or twenty families could be reared in comparative comfort upon the amount that expended in wastefulness; and as matters go with the agricultural laborers in many of the shires, forty of the families owned by Hodge and his companions, including all the father Hodges and their wives, could be decently provided for upon ten thousand a year. It will not bear thinking of. Yet many women professing godliness are shockingly extravagant, and can never be happy till their heads are tricked out with strange gear and their bodies with fashionable millinery. They little think how much they degrade themselves and grieve the Spirit of God.—SPURGEON.

FAITH.

Faith and Salvation.

Be satisfied to have a faith that can hold in its hand this one truth: "While we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." He laid down His life for men while as yet they were not believing in Him, nor were able to believe in Him. He died for men —not as believers, but as sinners. He came to make these sinners into believers and saints; but when He died for them He viewed them as utterly without strength. If you hold to the truth that Christ died for the ungodly, and believe it, your faith will save you, and you may go in peace. If you will trust your soul with Jesus, who died for the ungodly, even though you can not believe all things, nor move mountains, nor do any other wonderful works, yet you are saved. It is not great faith, but true faith, that saves; and the salvation lies, not in the faith but in the Christ in whom faith trusts. Faith as a grain of mustard seed will bring salvation. It is not the measure of faith, but the sincerity of faith, which is the point to be considered. Surely a man can believe what he knows to be true; and as you know Jesus to be true, you, my friend, can believe in Him.—SPURGEON.

The Faith of a Mariner.

Look at the faith of the master mariner! I have often wondered at it. He looses his cable—he steams away from the land. For days, weeks, or even months, he sees neither sail nor shore; yet on he goes day and night

PRAYER.
From the Painting by Dvorak.

without fear, till one morning he finds himself exactly opposite to the desired haven toward which he has been steering. How has he found his way over the trackless deep? He has trusted in his compass, his nautical almanac, his glass and the heavenly bodies; and, obeying their guidance, without sighting land, he has steered so accurately that he has not to change a point to enter into port. It is a wonderful thing—that sailing or steaming without sight. Spiritually it is a blessed thing to leave altogether the shores of sight and feeling, and to say "Good-bye" to inward feelings, cheering providences, signs, tokens, and so forth. It is glorious to be far out on the ocean of divine love, believing in God, and steering for Heaven straight away by the direction of the Word of God.—SPURGEON.

Faith in Trial.

At the battle of Crecy, where Edward, the Black Prince, then a youth of eighteen years of age, led the van, the king, his father, drew up a strong party on a rising ground, and there beheld the conflict in readiness to send relief when it should be wanted. The young prince being sharply charged and in some danger, sent to his father for succor; and as the king delayed to send it, another messenger was sent to crave immediate assistance. To him the king replied: "Go, tell my son that I am not so inexperienced a commander as not to know when succor is wanted, nor so careless a father as not to send it." He intended the honor of the day should be his son's, and therefore let him with courage stand to it, assured

that help should be had when it might conduce most to his renown. God draws forth His servants to fight in the spiritual warfare, where they are engaged, not only against the strongholds of carnal reason and the exalted imaginations of their own hearts, but also in the pitched field against Satan and his wicked instruments. But they, poor hearts, when the charge is sharp, are ready to despond and cry with Peter: "Save, Lord; we perish." God is too watchful to overlook their exigencies, and too much a Father to neglect their succor. If help, however, be delayed, it is that the victory may be more glorious by the difficulty of overcoming.—SPURGEON.

Peter's Faith.

When you see Peter climbing down out of that boat as one has said, with the storm-light on his face and the spray in his hair, you get just one glimpse of what Peter by the grace of God, was always meant to be, and what you and I, by the grace of God, were always meant to be—a people filled with such a vision of the eternal Christ of God that all things seen and temporal fall away from us and utterly lose their power to hamper or discourage us; a people in whom faith is sublimed to its highest reach and its loftiest and most noble exercise.

Walking on the water was impossible; but Peter did it so far. "When Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus." He did it; that is the puzzle of the commentators. It was not a commentator he was going to, or he would have said: "Stay where you are, you fanatic! Stay where you are." No, he was going to Jesus; and Jesus said: "Come! Come!

Come!" He is always glad to see faith come and lay hold of Him.

"When Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid, and began to sink, and cried: 'Lord, save me!'" What marred this beautiful story was that the commentators' spirit got into the poor fellow. After beginning so well he began to get cautious. After beginning at such a sublime height of faith, he feared and came down to the poor, pitiful level of a Kantian philosopher, subject to the categories of space and time. He began in the spirit, and he ended in the flesh. He became carnal, and walked as a man—or, rather, he sank as a man.—McNeill.

Faith the Way of Salvation.

I bless God again that the way of salvation is by faith, because *it is a way open to the most unlearned.* What fine theology we get nowadays! Deep thinking they call it. The men go down so deep into their subjects, and so stir the mud at the bottom, that you can not see them and they can not see themselves. I apprehend that teachers of a certain school do not themselves know what they are talking about. Now, if salvation were only to be learned by reading through huge folios, what would become of the multitudes of poor souls in Bow, Bethnal Green and Seven Dials? If the Gospel had consisted of a mass of learning, how could the unlearned be saved? But now we can go to each one of them and say: "Jesus died."

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee."

—SPURGEON.

Napoleon's Faith.

"I know men, and I tell you that Jesus is not a man The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which originated a train of words and actions unknown before. Jesus is not a philosopher, for His proofs are miracles, and from the first His disciples adored Him. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and myself founded empires; but on what foundation did we rest the creatures of our genius? Upon force. But Jesus Christ founded an empire upon love; and at this hour millions of men would die for Him. I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and is still existing over the whole earth!" Then, turning to Gen. Bertrand, the emperor added: "If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong in appointing you a general."

Constant Faith.

Avoid, as dangerous, the impression that an unsettled faith or cherished dalliance with one's religious convictions is a sign of intellectual courage or strength. Unbelief is quite as often cowardly as it is brave. It hesitates

often because its "dare not" waits upon its "would." Nothing can possibly be more injurious to the intellect than a prolonged hesitation to face questions of this sort, and to settle them in a manly spirit. Nothing can be more unmanly than to play hide-and-seek with arguments for and against the most important verities, or more servile than to wait for new revelations from some idolized leader of opinion. Nothing can be worse for the heart of the scholar than the withdrawal from the heavens of the living God and the banishment from the earth of the Christ who blessed and redeemed it; for when God and Christ depart from the faith of the thinker, his tenderness for man, his hope for man, his faith in man and his patience with man are likely to follow sooner or later. Even his sensibility to culture will become less and less refined or less and less satisfying. Nothing can be worse for the conscience than that the magnetic presence of God should cease to enforce its often feeble and vacillating commands. Nothing can be more harmful to the life of a man of intellectual consistency than that faith should wholly die out of it and cease to be the spring of its activities, its joys and hopes. And as for the community, one shudders with not unreasonable horror at the very thought of what will come if the atheistic theories with which the thinker of these days beguiles his readers or amuses himself are once put in practice by the men of labor and of action. The least we can say is that what seems as harmless as the summer lightning when manipulated in the brilliant experiments of the teacher may rend and consume the social structure which the faith of generations has reared.—PRESIDENT PORTER.

Faith at Jericho.

On the seventh day they compassed the city seven times; and, as surely as God had spoken the word, the deed was done. He kept them from ventilating their doubts. He compelled them to look to Him and to trust in Him. He poured contempt on all their wisdom and all their strength, so that their unbelief just withered away at the root and died out in their hearts, because it had nothing to feed upon.

And God Almighty rose, and swelled more and more on their view day by day, until at last, I almost think, those men themselves physically swelled and grew bigger. God had come to them and filled them, so that at last, when Joshua did unmuzzle them and say: "Shout, for the Lord has given you the city!" from those thousands of pent-up hearts there went forward a great wave which, as the original suggests, carried the walls with it on the upgoing. The walls fell down under it. Under what? Under that shout. There was so much of Almighty God in it, as well as of the pent-up enthusiasm of men, that nothing could resist it. It swept clean to Heaven, and carried everything with it on the way. And that is faith in God, from the beginning to the end. I wish I had the tongues of men and angels to plead with this audience gathered here today. If the spirit of this did fall upon you and me, we could go out and yet shake London's Damnation to its center.—McNeill.

What Is Faith?

What is faith? In one great essential aspect of it—and I grant that it is a many-sided thing, and that the atonement may have many sides, but the human side is very crisp and sharp and clear, and this thing called faith in one great essential aspect of it is—what? It is a simple, literal bowing of the soul in abject obedience. That is why you are so long in coming to it. What does faith mean? It is bowing and bending, and saying in the depth of your heart: "Yes; amen." Have you said that? You are not saved until you have. You and I and every soul of us standing before the Cross of Christ and the Passover Lamb who hangs thereon must say, with our whole heart bowing in the simplicity of the meek obedience of faith: "For me—yes." And, again, it comes out, contrariwise, that the very essence of unbelief now is—and the great day will bring that out in the gleaming lightnings that fly round about the judgment-seat—the essence of unbelief is not a want of understanding, but a want of obedience. There is a moral taint in unbelief. I say bluntly I believe that, at bottom, unbelief is a stupidity intellectually and a crime morally. It comes not from the bigness of intellect, but from an intellect warped and twisted and stunted and biased from the very beginning.

Oh, for the obedience of faith, my brethren! If you are not a believer, I know that I may be rude and boisterous, and I may be setting you against me. Well, forgive me! I do not mean that; but I do want to do my best to bring down your soul—to bring down heady and

high-minded thoughts to the obedience of Christ. Oh, that we may be brought down to simple faith and child-like trust! There is no salvation otherwise. Simply obey.—McNeill.

The Character of Faith.

Faith is common, natural, reasonable, sublime. You put it to its highest power, its loftiest use, when it is turned to trust God in the word that He has spoken and in the love that He has displayed on Calvary.—McNeill.

The Centurion's Faith.

Suddenly one day, when you are going along and feeling yourself so lonely in the midst of thousands, there falls upon your ear a voice—some broad Scotch or (what to me is both unspellable and unpronounceable) Welsh—something of home, and fatherland, and motherland. At once your whole face lights up, and bells begin to ring in your soul, and you nearly fling your arms around that man's neck, because his tones and his words brought to you thoughts and visions of home. Well, Christ knows all that. O men and women! What a lonely world this must have been to the holy Son of God! How desolate! No wonder that sometimes, even after a hard day's work, He refused, maybe, to stay with people, and climbed away up some lonely mountain side to get as near home and God and holiness as possible, and as far out of the sin, strangeness and unfriendliness. And what happened to Him was, but in far greater measure, just what I have tried to describe as happening to yourself in this strange,

"FAITH."
From the Painting by G. Max.

lonely and unfriendly world. When that centurion spoke those words of splendid faith it was as if the angel Gabriel stood at His side. It was as if a door opened in Heaven, and a burst of Heaven's sunlight flooded Him, and a gust of Heaven's matchless music filled His sad and lonely soul. He heard the language and tone of Heaven. Not Gabriel at the throne could have paid a more splendid tribute to the essential Godhead and divinity of that Man of Nazareth than did the centurion of Rome It was grand. And the Son of God could not keep back His glad surprise. "I tell you," said Christ, "I have not found so great faith—no, not in Israel."—McNeill.

Faith and Conceit.

If we had more faith we should have less conceit of ourselves, and we should be grander, bigger, broader-browed and warmer-hearted men, both for God and our fellows, than unfortunately we are. A shriveling, narrowing, withering thing is unbelief. I know that it is mightily praised out yonder in the world. As I said here in our evangelistic meetings more than once, unbelief is mightily praised in excellent prose, and still more excellent poetry; but it never looks well in the Bible. It always looks here to be a blear-eyed, dull, stupid kind of thing; and faith in God always looks grand—something more than mortal and more than human. And it is the same still. Do not blush, dear friend, for the sixth of Joshua. If you blush be this your shame, that this faith in God, this sublime faith of these men of old, seems to be so far beyond you. Ah, those were big men. Little men could not have done this. I can imagine a small

breed of Israelites—men far too like ourselves—who on the first day's round would have given vent to what we call "the rationalizing spirit," and they would have said to their fellows: "Now, really, being Israelites has led us along some strange paths, but I will draw the line at this. As intelligent, sensible men, what mortal connection can there be between our walking round the walls with all this horn-blowing and tooting and the down-coming of these walls?" And do not the rationalists seem to have a deal to say for themselves? But when I put it that way, you see how stupid it would have been, judged by the after results. Always let us believe that faith in God is splendidly intelligent. Yes, and I think it was partly to stop the rationalistic spirit that Joshua issued this item of his plan of campaign.—McNeill.

Trust.

Faith has specially to believe in Him who is the sum and substance of all this revelation, even Jesus Christ, who became God in human flesh that He might redeem our fallen nature from all the evils of sin, and raise it to eternal felicity. We believe *in* Christ, *on* Christ and *upon* Christ; accepting Him because of the record which God has given to us concerning His Son—that He is the propitiation for our sins. We accept God's unspeakable gift, and receive Jesus as our all in all.

If I wanted to describe saving faith in one word, I should say that it is *trust*. It is so believing God and so believing in Christ that we trust ourselves and our eternal destinies in the hands of a reconciled God.—Spurgeon.

Give Faith a New Direction.

Take that faith, that confidence which you are exercising in brother man and sister woman every day—it is the very cement of society; society would tumble into chaos without it—take that faith of yours *and give it a new direction.* Give it an operation, which it never had before. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Trust for yourself His precious blood. Put out thy own hand and take in thy own share of His atoning work for thyself. See to that—I do not care how young you be; you have lived too long, if this thing has yet to be done—see that it is done where you sit, and as you sit. Take this faith of thine, and exercise it toward the atoning Savior dying on the Cross to blot out thy sin, and introduce thee to God's favor, which is life, and to His loving kindness, which is better than life. Is it done? Here is the crisis of this meeting. Here it is, old man, aged woman, men and women in mid-life, and you who are just in life's young march. With one hand I lift up before you the slain Lamb; and oh, that God, with overmastering grasp, by means of the other hand would plant you before the Cross, and let you see the situation. Saved, are you? How? How? Where? Only by personal trust in Him who there is dying—the Lamb of God. Oh, let us see to it! I wish I had the tongue of men and of angels to put it as it ought to be put; but if I am not putting it aright, see to it, my brothers, my sisters, that you do the thing. See that it is done. *Whether you are quite sure about it or not,* the best way is to take the bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood, and strike it on

lintel and the two side posts. Act thy part. Trust thou. —SPURGEON.

The Open Road.

The road of good works is blocked up by our past sins, and it is sure to be further blocked up by future sins; we ought, therefore, to rejoice that God has commended to us the open road of faith.—SPURGEON.

The Ear of Faith.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell—
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences, whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith, and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow and ever-enduring power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

WORDSWORTH.

The Loss of Faith.

It is at this moment, just as you are awakening to the conviction that you must have a theory and are asking yourselves what it is, that in almost the last words of counsel and friendship which I shall speak to you, I have endeavored to indicate the place which intelligent and earnest Christian faith should hold in your theory of manhood and of action. It would not be strange if, in these days of flippant dogmatism in philosophy and of bohemian conceit in literature, the faith of some of you was unsettled, and the high and fervent enthusiasm of some who believe were lowered. Of one thing be assured—that no calamity can befall a scholar so serious as the loss of personal faith in the living God and the Christ who has inspired all that we most value in the sentiment of modern literature and modern life. If a man must struggle with modern doubt, let him struggle alone and with a manly and earnest spirit, as a drowning man struggles for a firm standing place. Avoid, as the breath of the pestilence, the sneering or the confident assumption that faith in eternal and sacred verity—nay, rather, in living personal supernatural revelations—must give way before the severer light of modern thinking, and with it must go the cheerful hope of an immortal life. The assertion is false. While modern thinking in narrow fields may shut up some of its devotees to conclusions as positive as they are narrow, it more certainly than ever, when presented in a liberal spirit, opens the mind to vistas of thought in every direction, which lead the soul to a personal God who is personally interested in man.—PRESIDENT PORTER.

Condensed Comments.

When I was converted, twenty years ago, I felt a faith in God; but five years after I had a hundred times more faith, and five years ago I had more than ever, because I became better acquainted with Him. I have read up the Word, and I see that the Lord has done so and so, and then I have turned to where He has promised to perform it, and when I see this I have reason to believe in Him.—MOODY.

When I learn to go with the same confidence to the Bank of Glory, in the name of Christ, that I can go to the bank in your city in the name of one of your millionaires, then I have things that I ask of God.—BISHOP SIMPSON.

The trial of faith is like the testing of gold in a furnace, but with one important difference—gold, though the purest of metals, is not increased in the furnace; but faith, by being tried, "groweth exceedingly."—BOWES.

You have seen a chain in two pieces, and a link connecting them that looks like the letter S. Faith is that link. On the one side it takes hold of the Savior; on the other it takes hold of the sinner.—THOMAS JONES.

I believe there is no man in the world so constituted but he can believe in God's word. He simply tells you to believe in Him, and He will save you.—MOODY.

It is not belief *about* Christ, but personal trust *in* the Christ of God, that saves the soul.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

Love is the crowning grace in Heaven, but faith is the conquering grace upon earth.—THOMAS WATSON.

Now, faith is the assurance of things hoped for—the proving of things unseen.—ST. PAUL.

You must mix some uncertainty with faith, if you would have faith be.—ROBERT BROWNING.

God will honor our faith.—MOODY.

FAME.

Love and Fame.

I looked for Fame,
And Love came
Fluttering by,
And paused awhile
With bated wings to sigh;
But still I looked for Fame,
And Love fled by.

Fame came at last,
When hope was almost sped;
Fame came at last,
When youth and joy had fled,
And then I looked for Love—
But Love was dead.

W. T. MARSHALL.

Condensed Comments.

Fame may be compared to a scold; the best way to silence her is to let her alone, and she will at last be out of breath blowing her own trumpet.—ANDREW FULLER.

It is better to live forever in the grateful memory of one true heart than to float for a little hour on the highest crest of fame.—CHARLES C. ALBERTSON.

In the Temple of Fame there is always a niche to be found for rich dunces, importunate scoundrels, or successful butchers of the race.—ZIMMERMAN.

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.—SOCRATES.

FAMILY.

A United Family.

How strong it makes a family when all the sisters and brothers stand together! And what an awful wreck when they disintegrate, quarreling about a father's will and making the surrogate's office horrible with their wrangle! Better that, when you were little children in the nursery, with your play-house mallets you had accidentally killed each other while fighting across the cradle than that, having come to the age of maturity and having in your veins and arteries the blood of the same father and mother, you fight each other across the parental grave in the cemetery.

Of all the families of the earth that ever stood together, perhaps the most conspicuous is the family of the

Rothschilds. As Mayer Anselm Rothschild was about to die in 1812, he gathered about him his children—Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles and James—and made them promise they always would be united on 'Change. Obeying that injunction, they have been the mightiest commercial power on earth, and at the raising or lowering of their scepter nations have risen or fallen. This instance illustrates how much on a large scale, and for selfish purposes, a united family may achieve. But suppose that, instead of a magnitude of dollars as the object, it be doing good and making salutary impression and raising this sunken world—how much more ennobling! Sister, you do your part. Brother, do your part.—TALMAGE.

The Sovereignty of the Family.

There are several sovereignties in this country: First, the sovereignty of the American people; second, the sovereignty nearest to us all—the sovereignty of the family—the absolute right of each family to control its affairs in accordance with the conscience and convictions of duty of the heads of the family. I have no doubt the American people will always tenderly regard their household sovereignty; and, however households may differ in their views and convictions (as to meat and drink), I believe that those differences will be respected. Each household, by following its own convictions and holding itself responsible to God, will, I think, be respected by the American people.—GARFIELD.

A Legacy to the World.

A man can not leave a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.—THOMAS SCOTT.

FAREWELL.

The Serious Word.

The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another.—BIBLE.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine. How canst thou tell
How far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his feet
Ere the tomorrow come? Men have been known
To lightly turn the corner of the street,
And days have grown
To months, and months to lagging years,
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting at best is underlaid with tears—
With tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time or distance, clasp with pressure true
The hand of him that goeth forth. Unseen,
Fate goeth too.
Yea, find thou always time to say
Some earnest words between the idle talk,

Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk.

ANONYMOUS.

The Long Farewell.

We are ever taking leave of something that will not come back again. We let go, with a pang, portion after portion of our existence. However dreary we may have felt life to be here, yet when that hour comes—the winding up of all things, the last rush of darkness on our spirits, the hour of that sudden wrench from all we have ever known or loved, the long farewell to sun, moon, stars and light—brother men! I ask you this day, and I ask myself, humbly and fearfully, *what* will then be finished? When it is finished, *what* will it be? Will it be the butterfly existence of pleasure, the mere life of science, a life of uninterrupted sin and selfish gratification? Or will it be: "Father, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do"?—F. W. ROBERTSON.

Condensed Comments.

Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. It may be that you will not meet again in life.—RICHTER.

What is sadder in our reflection, and yet what more frequent, than our unconscious farewells!—GEORGE ELIOT.

Christians never see one another for the last time.—CHARLES C. ALBERTSON.

FASHION.

Idolatry.

Men are as much the idolators of fashion as women, but they sacrifice on a different part of the altar. With men the fashion goes to cigars, club-rooms, yachting parties and wine suppers. In the United States the men chew up and smoke $100,000,000 worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion. In London, not long ago, a man died who started in life with $750,000; but he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy for the palate—sometimes one plate of food costing him $300 or $400. He ate up his whole fortune, and had only one guinea left. With that he bought a woodcock, and had it dressed in the very best style. Then he ate it, and after allowing two hours for digestion he walked out on Westminster bridge and threw himself into the Thames—doing on a large scale what you and I have often seen done on a small scale.

But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of simplicity. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would sashes and trains three and a half yards long do in a stock market? And yet men are the disciples of custom just as much as women. Some of them wear boots so tight that they can hardly walk in the paths of righteousness; and there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, going through

the streets in great stripes of color like animated checkerboards.—TALMAGE.

Fashionable Dressing.

There are clerks in stores and banks on limited salaries who, in the vain attempt to keep the wardrobe of their families as showy as other folks' wardrobes, are dying of muffs, diamonds, camel's-hair shawls and high hats. They have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine suppers. They die before their time, and their families expect the ministers to preach about them as though they were the victims of early piety. After a high-class funeral, with silver handles at the sides of the coffin of extraordinary brightness, it will be found that the undertaker is cheated out of his legitimate expenses. Do not send to me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that. I would blurt out the whole truth, and tell that he was strangled to death by his wife's ribbons. The country is *dressed to death.*—TALMAGE.

Fashion Versus Benevolence.

Give up this idolatry of fashion or give up Heaven. What would you do standing beside the Countess of Huntingdon, whose joy it was to build chapels for the poor; or with that Christian woman of Boston, who fed fifteen hundred children of the street at Fanueil Hall, one New Year's Day, giving out as a sort of doxology at the end of the meeting a pair of shoes to each of them; or those Dorcases of modern society who have consecrated their needles to the Lord, and who will get eternal reward for every stitch they take?—TALMAGE.

The Fashion of Nature.

When I see the apple orchards of the Spring and the pageantry of the Autumn's forests, I come to the conclusion that if Nature ever does join the Church, while she may be a Quaker in the silence of her worship, she will never be a Quaker in the style of her dress. Why the notches of a fern leaf or the stamen of a water lily? Why, when the day departs, does it let the folding doors of Heaven remain open so long, when they might close so quickly? One Summer morning I saw an army of a million spears, each one adorned with a diamond of the first water. I mean the grass with the dew on it.

When the prodigal came home his father not only put a coat on his back, but jewelry on his hand. Christ wore a beard. Paul, the bachelor apostle, not afflicted with any sentimentality, admired the arrangement of a woman's hair when he said in his epistle: "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory unto her." There will be fashion in Heaven, as on earth; but it will be a different kind of fashion. It will decide the color of the dress; and the population of that country, by a beautiful law, will wear white.—TALMAGE.

FATE.

The Strangeness of Fate.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;

And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side that, should one turn
Ever so little space to right or left,
They needs must stand, acknowledged, face to face;
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and that is fate!

SUSAN M. SPAULDING.

FORGIVENESS.

Asking Forgiveness.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: Having rebuked one of his children, and having found later that he had been misinformed concerning the child's doings, he gathered all his family together in the evening of the same day, and said: "Now, I have one explanation to make,

and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points—what are the weak points, if I may call them so—of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. —TALMAGE.

The Forgiveness of God.

If you, dear friend, feel that you are spiritually sick, the Physician has come into the world for you. If you are altogether undone by reason of your sin, you are the very person aimed at in the plan of salvation. I say the Lord of Love had just such as you are in His eye when He arranged the system of grace. Suppose a man of generous spirit were to resolve to forgive all those who were indebted to him; it is clear that this can only apply to those really in his debt. One person owes him £1,000 and another owes him £50. Each one has but to have his bill receipted, and the liability is wiped out. But the most generous person can not forgive the debts of those who do not owe him anything. It is out of the power of Omnipotence to forgive where there is no sin. Pardon, therefore, can not be for you who have no sin. Pardon must be for the guilty. Forgiveness must be for the sinful. It were absurd to talk of forgiving those who do not need forgiveness—pardoning those who have never offended.—SPURGEON.

FREEDOM.

True Freedom.

Is True Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! True Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Spiritual Freedom.

(Composed in Prison.)

A little bird I am,
  Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
  To Him who placed me there—
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Naught have I else to do.
I sing the whole day long,
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love—sweet love—inspires them all.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I can not fly.
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart 's at liberty.
My prison walls can not control
The flight, the freedom, of the soul.

Oh, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom, of the mind.

MADAME GUYON.

FRIENDSHIP.

The Power of Friendship.

There is no power in this world like friendship. There is nothing, as you look upon your life, that has shaped you, made you what you are today, so completely as the friendships in which you have been living from your boyhood up. Now, Christianity seems to be simply the perfection of this power of friendship. It seems to be simply the opening of the sky so we can see that, above every other friendship, above everything that shapes our lives, there is the power of God made manifest in Jesus Christ, so that he who passes his life in utter and entire obedience to that of the Great Master enters into the character of that Master more and more.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The Spiritual Character of True Friendship.

All friendship, all love, human and Divine, is spiritual. So that it is no difficulty, in reflecting the character of Christ, that we have never been in visible contact with Him. He does not appeal to the eye. He appeals to the soul, and is not reflected from the body, but from the soul. The thing you love in a friend is not the thing you see. I knew of a very beautiful character—one of the loveliest which had ever bloomed on this earth. It was the character of a young girl. She always wore about her neck a little locket, but nobody was allowed to open it. None of her companions ever knew what it contained, until one day she was laid down with a danger-

ous illness, when one of them was granted permission to look into the locket. She saw written there: "*Whom having not seen I love.*" That was the secret of her beautiful life. She had been changed into the same image.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

A New Friendship.

Suppose a new friendship enters into your life. If the man or woman is worth anything to you, they ought to be worth a great deal. They ought to advance and quicken your development as you theirs. They ought to make you more complex, more sympathetic with the great Mankind. One knows—he is a poor person who does not—how delightful the first rush of feeling is, when as yet we only hope we have found another friend, another soul which can touch ours. Old things become new; it is like dew upon a thirsty meadow. Fresh faculties are developed; a fresh eagerness seizes on the old. The dull places of the spirit suffer an enchantment. Music—"sounds which give delight and hurt not"—plays about the path of life. We look forward to exploring a new soul as men who have found a new continent.—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

False Friends of Christ.

An apostate is like a leper. As a rule, none are more bitter enemies of the Cross than those who once professed to be followers of Jesus. He who can turn away from Christ is not a fit companion for any honest man. There are many abroad nowadays who have thrown off

religion as easily as a plowman puts off his jacket. It will be a terrible day for them when the heavens are on fire above them and the world is ablaze under their feet. If a man calls himself my friend, and leaves the ways of God, then his way and mine are different. He who is no friend to the good cause is no friend of mine.—SPURGEON.

Friendship with an Angry Man.

Make no friends with an angry man. As well make a bed of stinging nettles or wear a viper for a necklace. Perhaps the fellow is just now very fond of you; but beware of him, for he who barks at others today without a cause will one day howl at you for nothing. Don't offer him a kennel down your yard unless he will let you chain him up.—SPURGEON.

GAMBLING.

Is Gambling Wrong?

Gambling is the staking of property upon mere hazard. The only difference between it and stealing is that in gambling the loser chooses to risk the loss of his property Gambling stands in the same relation to stealing that dueling does to murder, the victim in each case taking the chance of becoming the victor. And just as dueling is murder, so gambling is stealing. The means employed or the methods adopted—you may call them what you please; they may be what you will—may in-

clude not only card-playing and the dealing in pool, policy shop or lottery tickets, but also betting, raffling and dealing in stocks and real estate when there is no real purchase made or delivery given, and the giving away of prizes for the first answers, or the first discovery of faces published in newspaper advertisements. But, be the means and methods what you will, call them by what names you please, if you propose to get property upon any hazard you propose to get it by gambling; and the man who, upon any hazard, wins property is morally a thief and guilty of stealing. He who loses is an accessory to the crime. Now, in face of this view of the subject, the question seems almost needless: Is gambling wrong?—J E. STARR.

Arguments Against Gambling.

Listen to a conversation about gambling; and, where reprobation is expressed, note the grounds of the reprobation. That it tends toward the ruin of the gambler; that it risks the welfare of family and friends; that it alienates from business and leads into bad company—these, and such as these, are the reasons given for condemning the practice. Rarely is there any recognition of the fundamental reason. Rarely is gambling condemned because it is a kind of action by which pleasure is obtained at the cost of pain to another. The normal obtainment of gratification, or of the money which purchases gratification, implies, first, that there has been put forth equivalent effort of a kind which, in some way, furthers the general good; second, that those from whom

the money is obtained get, directly or indirectly, equivalent satisfaction. But in gambling the opposite happens. Benefit received does not imply effort put forth, and the happiness of the winner involves the misery of the loser. This kind of action is, therefore, essentially anti-social. It sears the sympathies, cultivates a hard egoism, and so produces a general deterioration of character and conduct.—HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

The Deceitfulness of Gambling.

When the Inquisition House, at Madrid, was destroyed by order of Napoleon the commanding officer found an image of a beautiful virgin. The workmanship was most perfect, its proportions were correct, and beauty rested on each chiseled feature. This image was an instrument of torture. The victim was commanded to go up and embrace the virgin, and as he placed his lips against the cold lips of the marble a spring was touched, an internal machine was set in motion and the arms of the virgin, filled with sharp daggers, arose and encircled the poor sufferer, and, cutting into his flesh, mangled him in a most horrible manner and destroyed his life. Gambling is such an image. It looks well at a distance, but it is armed with knives which will cut—not only the body, but the soul. Fly from the gambler's house, as from the door of death. Fly from the gambler himself. He will strive to ruin thee. Poison is in his heart and falsehood on his tongue. He seeks thy ruin.—D. C. EDDY.

GENTLENESS.

Gentleness to Animals.

Thus the new ideas about the rights of dumb brutes, the rights of children, the rights of the heathen myriads, must be repeated and repeated until they shall become a mode of modern thought. As men can learn a new language until at last they think in it and dream in it, and speak it as unconsciously as they breathe, so an age can gradually move into a doctrine of benevolence which shall be with it always and reach out toward all the forms of life. Men and women will be kindness incarnate because they will not know anything else than love and equity. Few persons can remember when certain principles and emotions came to their own hearts. How can one find the day and the hour, when the truth was coming for years? As the cultivated mind loves the Spring time more at forty than it does at twenty, and loves music more in life's close than in life's morning, so the great truths of Church and State and duty and happiness spend many years in getting fully into the soul. In youth kindness is intermittent; in middle life it becomes perennial.—SWING.

The Might of Gentleness.

Even power itself hath not one-half the might of gentleness.—LEIGH HUNT.

GIVING.

Ostentatious Giving.

It is easy for you to make a big show in Church registers of collection. It costs you nothing. But it must be estimated, as Ambrose put it long ago, not in the light of what is given so much as in the light of what remains behind. We must say that: we must honestly say that we must say all that and not a syllable less than that. "Many that were rich cast in much." But there was this drawback: It was a time of grinding; it was a time of robbing the poor; a time of hardness; a time of oppression and injustice. Many were the rich men who, like the Pharisee, would rob widows' houses and grind the faces of the poor, and then seek to muzzle inconvenient criticism by giving ostentatiously and largely to the Temple, where it was seen and known and recorded. Just as we have men today, engaged in that traffic which, perhaps more than any other agency, blights the body and soul of thousands and thousands, and fills the land with woe. Yet they come ostentatiously and give—say, £30,000 to endow a cathedral—and expect that God's servants will be so impressed and so depressed by them and the greatness of their gift that we shall not dare to criticize nor ask: "Is the money clean or unclean? How did you come by it?" Time was—and the Church was poor then—when to such givers, coming with ill-gotten wealth and coming in such a tone and spirit, Christ's representatives would have said: "Thy money perish with thee!" Go and pay the widow for her hus-

band, who was killed by your drink. Go and feed and clothe the orphans whom you have made orphans by your utter selfishness. Do not say I am too severe. You can not whitewash the drink traffic any more than you can perfume a dung-hill. It is of the devil, beyond any power to express; and the closer you come to it, and the more you see of its evil, the plainer this becomes. And then we are not to criticize, but we are to be so impressed with the many that are casting in much that we are to be muzzled, and say nothing. Ah, no! Be fair. Be as fair as you like—be as fair as Christ—and you will be as severe as Christ.—McNeill.

Giving All.

In the case of the widow *there was nothing left.* You are not to look at me, and I am not to look at you; but each alone, each man and woman, is to look upward before God. And, remembering Him and His offering, let every soul give with the keen but kindly eyes of Christ reading us to our bottom thought. That is the thing. Sometimes one hears this expression: "I will give my mite." Will you? Well, we shall have a big collection today if you do. I advise the deacons to take the bag, and to take their hats in their hands along with it; for the bag will not suffice. There will be an overflow. How often we use these words with a kind of mock modesty! "I will give my mite." Why, my friends, the mite is the mighty thing. The mite is *all.*—McNeill.

Giving One's Self.

What am I? What am I before God, but just two mites—a body and a soul?—mere mites as regards His great infinitude. How happy I would be if I could give unreservedly my two mites to God, according to His right in them and claim upon them, and not according to mine! How sure might I be that He would graciously receive them, and how infinitely happy should I be in that acceptation!—Bishop Hall.

Giving to God.

Giving, after all, is to God. Remember the woman who broke the alabaster box of ointment, and was criticized. They said: "It is wasted. You can not afford it. It should have been otherwise laid out." But Christ justified her, and said: "She has discerned *Me*; she has discerned the Lord's body; she did it for Me, for Myself; and wherever My Gospel is preached there shall this also that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her."—McNeill.

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GLORY.

Glory Which Awaits the Soul.

We shall not always be as we are today—contracted and hampered because of our little knowledge and our slender faculties and dull perceptions. Our ignorance and prejudice shall vanish. What a man will become we can scarcely tell when he is remade in the image of God, and made like unto our divine Lord, who is "the first-born among many brethren." Here we are but in embryo. Our minds are but the seeds, or the bulbs, out of which shall come the flower and glory of a nobler manhood. Your body is to be developed into something infinitely brighter and better than the bodies of men here below; and as for the soul, we can not guess to what an elevation it shall be raised in Christ Jesus. There is room for the largest expectation here, as we conjecture what will be the full accomplishment of the vast intent of eternal love, an intent which has involved the sacrifice of the only-begotten Son of God. That can be no mean design which has been carried on at the expense of the best which Heaven itself possessed.—SPURGEON.

The Glory of Heaven.

We are told that "eye hath not seen, neither hath ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Yet the eye has seen wonderful things. There are sunrises and sunsets, Alpine glories and ocean marvels which,

once seen, cling to our memories throughout life; yet even when Nature is at her best she can not give us an idea of the supernatural glory which God has prepared for His people. The ear has heard sweet harmonies. Have we not enjoyed music which has thrilled us? Have we not listened to speech which has seemed to make our hearts dance within us? And yet no melody of harp nor charm of oratory can ever raise us to a conception of the glory which God hath laid up for them that love Him. As for the heart of man, what strange things have entered it! Men have exhibited fair fictions, woven in the loom of fancy, which have made the eyes to sparkle with their beauty and brightness; imagination has reveled and rioted in its own fantastic creations, roaming among islands of silver and mountains of gold, or swimming in seas of wine and rivers of milk; but imagination has never been able to open the gate of pearl which shuts in the city of our God. No, it hath not yet entered the heart of man.—SPURGEON.

The Glory of the Resurrection.

The body is to be changed. What alteration will it undergo? It will be rendered perfect. The body of a child will be fully developed, and the dwarf will attain to full stature. The blind shall not be sightless in Heaven, neither shall the lame be halt, nor shall the palsied tremble. The deaf shall hear, and the dumb shall sing God's praises. We shall carry none of our deficiencies or infirmities to Heaven. As good Mr. Ready-to-Halt did not carry his crutches there, neither shall any of us need a

staff to lean upon. There we shall not know an aching brow, a weak knee or a failing eye. "The inhabitant shall no more say: 'I am sick.'" And it shall be an impassive body—a body that will be incapable of any kind of suffering. No palpitating heart, no sinking spirit, no aching limbs, no lethargic soul shall worry us there. No, we shall be perfectly delivered from every evil of that kind. Moreover, it shall be an immortal body. Our risen bodies shall not be capable of decay, much less of death. There are no graves in Glory. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for their bodies shall rise never to know death and corruption a second time. No smell or taint of corruption shall remain upon those whom Jesus shall call from the tomb. The risen body shall be greatly increased in power. It is "sown in weakness," says the Scripture; but it is "raised in power." I suppose there will be a wonderful agility about our renovated frame. Probably it will be able to move as swiftly as the lightning flash—for so do angels pass from place to place—and we shall in this, as in many things else, be as the angels of God. Anyhow, it will be a "glorious body,' and it will be "raised in glory." So the whole of our manhood shall participate of that wonderful depth of bliss which is summed up in the word "glory."—SPURGEON.

The Glory of God's Presence.

In Heaven *we shall dwell in the immediate presence of God.* We shall dwell with Him in nearest and dearest fellowship. All the felicity of the Most High will be

"L'Angelus."—From the Painting by Millet.

our felicity. The blessedness of the triune Jehovah shall be our blessedness for ever and ever. Did you notice that our text says: "He hath called us unto *His* glory"? This outshines everything. The glory which the saints will have is the same glory which God possesses, and such as He alone can bestow.—SPURGEON.

GOD.

God a Person.

In our highest moments we instinctively speak of a Someone—not merely of a Somewhat. Richter says that when a child first witnesses a thunder-storm, or when the greatest objects of Nature—such as the Alps, the Himalayas or the ocean—come before the mind for the first time, then is the moment in which to speak of God; for the sublime everywhere awakens the thought, not merely of a Somewhat, but of a Someone behind it. Not a Somewhat merely, but a Someone walks on Niagara's watery rim. The farther up you ascend the Alps, if your thoughts are awake, the nearer you come to anticipated communion, not only with Somewhat but with Someone higher than the Alps or than the visible heavens that are to be rolled away. There are in the midnights on the ocean voices that the waves do not utter. I have paced to and fro on the deck of a steamer midway between England and America, and remembered that Greenland was on the north and Africa and the Tropic Islands on the south, in the resounding, seething dark, and my home

behind me, and the mother isle before me. Lying on the deck and looking into the topgallants and watching them sway to and fro among the constellations, and listening to the roll of the great deep, I have given myself, I hope, some opportunity to study the voices of Nature there; but I assure you that my experience has been like that of every other traveler in the moments when the sublimities of the sea and the stars have spoken loudest. A Somewhat and a Someone greater than they spoke louder yet. The most audible word uttered in that midnight in the center of the Atlantic was not concerning Africa, America, England or the tumbling icebergs of the North, but of the Someone who holds all the immensities and the eternities in His palm as the small dust of the balance.—JOSEPH COOK.

God's Highest Glory.

Salvation is God's highest glory. He is glorified in every dewdrop that twinkles to the morning sun. He is magnified in every wood flower that blossoms in the copse, although it live to blush unseen and waste its sweetness in the forest air. God is glorified in every bird that warbles on the spray; in every lamb that skips the mead. Do not the fishes in the sea praise Him? From the tiny minnow to the huge leviathan, do not all creatures that swim the water bless and praise His name? Do not all created things extol Him? Is there aught beneath the sky, save man, that does not glorify God? Do not the stars exalt Him, when they write His name upon the azure of Heaven in their golden letters? Do not the

lightnings adore Him when they flash His brightness in arrows of light, piercing the midnight darkness? Do not thunders extol Him when they roll like drums in the march of the God of armies? Do not all things exalt Him, from the least even to the greatest? But sing—sing, O Universe! Till thou hast exhausted thyself, thou canst not afford a song so sweet as the "Song of Incarnation." Though Creation may be a majestic organ of praise, it can not reach the compass of the golden canticle—Incarnation! There is more in that than in creation, more melody in Jesus in the manger than there is in worlds on worlds rolling their grandeur round the throne of the Most High.—SPURGEON.

The Glory of God.

The Glory of God! How shall I describe it? I must set before you a strange Scriptural picture. Mordecai must be made glorious for his fidelity to his king, and singular is the honor which his monarch ordains for him. This was the royal order: "Let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head; and let this apparel and horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honor, and bring him on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him: 'Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor.'" Can you not imagine the surprise of the Jew when robe and ring were put upon him, and when he

found himself placed upon the king's horse? This may serve as a figure of that which will happen to us; we shall be glorified with the glory of God. The best robe, the best of Heaven's array, shall be appointed unto us, and we shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.—SPURGEON.

The Great Problem.

No one need turn away from the idea of a God because the thought seems hopeless in its vastness and many-sided mystery, for there is no other thought which promises any smoother way for logic or any more peace for the heart. We can not escape the problem contained in man and the world. Man and the world are both here. —SWING.

God Great by What He Gives.

God is great not only in what He has, but in what He gives away. He owns all the colors, but they are poured out upon the world for us. The clouds catch some, the rainbow some, the flowers some, the human cheek some tint; but they are all for us as well as the Creator. God owns the sun, but what does He do with the extra sunbeams? Ask our world on this day of Spring. Ask all the human beings who live on this planet. Ask the birds and the dumb animals, and they will say that the sunbeams are for God and us. The sea is His and ours. The midnight sky is for Him and us. We need not the old times to come back and create more love of gold, but we pray for the days to come when human goodness and beauty will be, like God's colors and light, poured out for all in great profusion.—SWING.

God Not Dead.

At one time I was sorely vexed and tried by my own sinfulness, by the wickedness of the world, and by the dangers which beset the Church. One morning I saw my wife dressed in mourning. Surprised, I asked her who had died. She replied: "Do you not know? God in Heaven is dead." I said to her: "How can you talk such nonsense, Katie? How can God die? He is immortal, and will live through all eternity." "Is that really true?" she asked. "Of course," I said, still not perceiving what she was aiming at; "how can you doubt it? As surely as there is a God in Heaven, so sure is it that He can never die." "And yet," she said, "though you do not doubt that, you are still so hopeless and discouraged." Then I observed what a wise woman my wife was, and mastered my sadness.—MARTIN LUTHER.

God Dismissed from Human Thought.

It would be an alarming experiment if the King of Kings were to be dismissed from the minds of the people of this country, for the notion of such an infinite Being is the ideal by which society measures not only its duties, but also its greatness and its hopes. The Deity is the storehouse in which humanity treasures up all its best thoughts. The storehouse can never become full; for, however wise and kind society may become, the name of God opens to receive all the human conceptions of good. This God has always beckoned man on and on. Whether Moses, Daniel, Isaiah, Plato or Paul lifted the eye to

Heaven, each saw a Being far beyond the knowledge o' goodness of self. Wonderful treasurer of our world! He casts away our dross and retains all our gold! His angels bear man up, lest he dash his foot against a stone. Cities have fallen. Their ruins adorn and solemnize the old East. The temples have fallen where the Jewish and Greek statesmen began their speeches with prayer, but the God whom they worshiped gathered up all their moral beauties and bore them onward toward the Christian period without loss.—SWING.

Why Not Accept God?

Why not most cordially espouse the assumption of a Deity? The greatness of such a Being is no hindrance to faith, for the universe does not teach anything else than greatness. Having seen the ocean in peace and in storm, having seen the sun and moon encompass our earth as marvelous lamps, having learned that the sun has been flinging out light and heat for millions of years, having learned that there are millions of such suns, perceiving that man is a mind that can study such a universe and can trace, measure and weigh these distant orbs, the heart need not expect the God of such a scene to pass alone in the likeness of a man or a bird, or even an angel with wings. How can the mind turn from a half-hour of thought in astronomy, in whose heavens are seen gigantic worlds whirling in space like insects in a sunbeam; orbs a million miles in diameter and lighting up systems as an electric lamp lights up a little library or bedchamber; orbs in the light of which a moral and shining

form of life can read a book at the distance of 95,000,000 miles from the lamp? How turn from globes which run 50,000 or 100,000 miles an hour, and yet carry gently the trembling dewdrop and the waking or sleeping forms of life; orbs which perhaps support a human race on their bosom, and never change their speed a second in a thousand years? How turn from these things and expect God to be anything like the ruler of a city or a sacred cow of the East or the sacred reptiles of old Egypt? It is necessary that the Creator of such a stupendous scene should transcend all thought and move before man a perpetual depth and height wholly immeasurable.—SWING.

God Beyond Philosophy.

In its sublimest research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure. None can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

G. R. DERZHAVIN.

God Unchanging.

When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of Nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of Art, and seen that they would not

stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we were fleeting as they—we can look to the throne of God. Change and decay have never reached that. The waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has ever remained unshaken. The waves of another eternity are rushing toward it; but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.—F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

A Scientist's Idea of God.

When I consider the multitude of associated forces which are diffused through Nature—when I think of that calm balancing of their energies which enables those most powerful in themselves, most destructive to the world's creatures and economy, to dwell associated together and be made subservient to the wants of creation—I rise from the contemplation more than ever impressed with the wisdom, the beneficence and grandeur, beyond our language to express, of the Great Disposer of us all.—FARADAY.

The Nature of God.

A little child has never gone out of its native village. Its father has been a sailor. The child says to him: "Father, what is the ocean?" "Oh, my child," says the father, "the ocean—why, suppose that little brook there were to widen, and widen, and widen, till it reached away beyond that hill; and then suppose it were to widen, and widen, and widen, till it reached away beyond the mountain; and then suppose it were to reach farther and

farther till you could not see the banks of it. That would be the ocean." "What, father! As big as that?" "Oh, my child, it is a thousand times bigger than that." "Well, father, what is a storm on the ocean?" The father takes a pail of water, and sets it down, and oscillates it until the waves roll from side to side, and then he says: "That is it, on a small scale, my child. It gives only a hint of what a storm on the ocean is." The child will have a very limited conception, I take it, of such a storm from what he sees in the pail. But every drop of that water in the pail is like the water of the ocean; and every one of its waves, in its curves, its motions, its laws, represents the most gigantic waves of the sea.

Thus the lowest experiences in human nature—of love, of pity, of fidelity and of truth, small in us—are of the same essential quality as they are in God. They are vaster in God; they are in Him inconceivable in magnitude, in intensity, in fruitfulness and in beauty. But we have the root-notion; and it is not an unfair interpretation which our imagination gives.—BEECHER.

God the All-Good.

God the Lover; God the All-good; God that will not by any means clear the guilty; God that would save them every one; God that will use pain and joy alike in dealing with those whom He loves, to make them His children—this is the God whom I worship and against whom you sin. This is the God toward whom I call you to repent. Repent of an unfilial life. Repent of selfishness over against such bounty. Repent of all that is low and

base and disobedient as against the Father who waits for you in the heavenly land. I call you to the service of this God—magnificent in glory, transcendent in beauty, but, most of all, glorious because long-suffering, abundant in mercy, "forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin." To this God I call you. In Him trust. Live by Him here. Die in the faith of Him. Rise toward him. Rejoice with Him forever and forever.—BEECHER.

God's Love in Nature.

There's not a flower that decks the vale,
  There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
  There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
  There's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use or beauty shows
  True love to us, and love undying.

GERALD GRIFFIN

The Skeptic.

Did the skeptic ever contemplate the landscape at the close of the year, when seeds and grains and fruits have ripened, and stalks have withered, and leaves have fallen, and Winter has forced her icy curb even into the roaring jaws of Niagara and sheeted half a continent in her glittering shroud, and all this teeming vegetation and organized life are locked in cold and marble obstructions, and after week upon week and month upon month have swept with sleet and chilly rain and howling storm over

the earth, and riveted their crystal bolts upon the door of Nature's sepulcher—when the sun at length begins to wheel in higher circles through the sky, and softer winds to breathe over melting snows—did he ever behold the long-hidden earth at length appear, and soon the timid grass peep forth; and anon the autumnal wheat begin to paint the field, and velvet leaflets to burst from purple buds, throughout the reviving forest, and then the mellow soil to open its fruitful bosom to every grain and seed dropped from the planter's hand—buried but to spring up again clothed with a new and mysterious being; then, as more fervid suns inflame the air and softer showers distill from the clouds and gentler dews string their pearls on twig and tendril, did he ever watch the ripening grain and fruit, pendent from stalk and vine and tree; the meadow, the field, the pasture, the grove, each after his kind arrayed in myriad-tinted garments, instinct with circulating life; seven millions of counted leaves on a single tree, each of which is a system whose exquisite complication puts to shame the shrewdest cunning of the human hand; every planted seed and grain, which had been loaned to the earth, compounding its pious usury thirty, sixty, a hundred fold—all harmoniously adapted to the sustenance of living Nature, the bread of a hungry world; here a tilled corn-field, whose yellow blades are nodding with the food of man; there an unplanted wilderness, the great Farm, where He "who hears the raven's cry" has cultivated with His own hand His merciful crop of berries, nuts, acorns and seeds, for the humbler families of animated Nature; the solemn elephant, the browsing deer, the wild pigeon whose flutter-

ing caravan darkens the sky, the merry squirrel which bounds from branch to branch in the joy of his little life —has he seen all this? Does he see it every year and month and day? Does he live, move, breathe and think in this atmosphere of wonder—himself the greatest wonder of all, whose smallest fiber and faintest pulsation are as much a mystery as the blazing glories of Orion's belt? And does he still maintain that a miracle is contrary to experience? If he has, and if he does, then let him go, in the name of Heaven, and say that it is contrary to experience that the august Power which turns the clods of the earth into the daily bread of a thousand millions of souls could feed five thousand in the wilderness.—EDWARD EVERETT.

The Patience of God.

Once, looking from a window on a land
That lay in silence underneath the sun—
A land of broad, green meadows, through which poured
Two rivers, slowly widening to the sea—
Thus as I looked, I know not how nor whence,
Was borne into my expectant soul
That thought, late learned by anxious-witted man,
The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.

R. W. GILDER.

There Is a God.

There is a God! The herbs of the valley and the cedars of the mountain bless Him. The insect sports in His beam. The bird sings Him in the foliage. The

thunder proclaims Him in the heavens. The ocean declares His immensity. Man alone has said: "There is no God." Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects in Nature. Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day and all the seasons of the year—a morning of Spring and a morning of Autumn, a night bespangled with stars and a night darkened by clouds, meadows enameled with flowers, forests hoary with snow, fields gilded by the tints of Autumn—then alone will you have a just conception of the universe.—CHATEAUBRIAND.

A Test.

A little boy came to his father and laid his hand upon his knee, looking up wistfully. "Do you want a penny, child?" The sweet face glowed, and the answer came: "No, papa; only you." So it is with the child of God. He does not want the good things of the world one-millionth part so much as he wants to know his Father's love. This is a true test for each of us, and by it we may know whether we are really in the faith.—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Herbert Spencer Not an Atheist.

Herbert Spencer, who is to our century what Francis Bacon was to the sixteenth, repudiates over and over again the charge of materialism. He has recently said: "It is impossible to give more emphatic denial or to assign more conclusive proof than I have repeatedly done in rebutting this charge. My antagonists must continue

to vilify me as they please. I can not prevent it. Practically they say it is convenient to call you a materialist, and you shall be a materialist whether you like it or not."

Perhaps these are the strongest utterances against the flood-tide of that crude opinion which would rule out of the universe the power behind all other powers whom we call God. It should cause us to be thankful and take courage that one whose intellect has come nearer than almost any other to encircling the mighty realm of thought thus far attained by man deems himself wounded and slandered by the intimation that he has not seen and felt the power of that endless life from which all our lives have sprung.—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Revelations of God.

Life, love, joy! What are these in their tale to the spirit, as Spring sends them flowing into our hearts? They are a revelation of the Being of God. Its first attribute is infinite life. In this world of decay and death, where sorrow, apathy and dullness play so large a part, it is unspeakable comfort to know that there is above us and in our God an eager, unwearied, universal life. Nothing in Spring gives me so much joy as that thought. It is God's life that is moving everywhere, breathing in the sunlight, in the blossom, flowing in the running water, growing in the corn, singing in the birds, glittering in the dew that nourishes the grass—the inexhaustible fountain of God's life that makes the world in the rushing of its stream.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Condensed Comments.

For all that God in mercy sends—
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk—
For every thing give thanks.

ELLEN ISABELLE TUPPER.

He who breathes forth this steady desire after God's holiness is upright, reconciled and humble; he is truly in peace of conscience, even when most full of sacred contrition. He has no infinite standard of goodness; for, although what he dimly imagines as perfection is only a limited idea of his own mind, it is both above what he has yet reached and rises the moment he seems about to reach it. This state of things is the exact reverse of self-righteousness, which is stagnation.—F. W. NEWMAN.

Be not afraid of those trials which God may see fit to send upon thee. It is with the wind and the storm of tribulation that God, in the garner of the soul, separates the true wheat from the chaff. Always remember, therefore, that God comes to thee in thy sorrows as really as in thy joys. He lays low and He builds up. Thou wilt find thyself far from perfection if thou dost not find God in everything.—MOLINOS.

Let Diotrephes say: "It is good for me to have the pre-eminence." Let Judas say: "It is good for me to bear the bag." Let Demas say: "It is good for me to embrace the present world." But do thou, O my soul,

say with David: "It is good for me to draw near to God."—BISHOP ARROWSMITH.

Resemblance to God results from our intimacy with Him. We soon assume the manners of those with whom we are familiar, especially if we love and revere them. Upon this principle, the more we have to do with God the more we shall grow into His likeness and "be followers of Him as dear children."—JAY.

You have only to open your eyes to see the handwriting of God upon every object. The shading of the flower, the song of the bird, the form of the tree, the breath of the air, the tint of the sky, the green of the grass—all are thoughts of God, and are designed to help you think of Him.—DANIEL MARCH.

The German poet, Hoffman, pitifully said with his last breath: "We must then think of God also." Happy is he who early determines not to put God among the "alsos," but to make Him the keystone of the arch.—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Every event in this world is a syllable breaking from the lips of God. Every epoch in affairs is a completed sentence of His thought; and the great stream of human history is God's endless revelation of Himself.—REV. J. H. ECOB.

No man in the world should be so happy as the man of God. It is one continual source of gladness. He can look up and say: "God is my Father, Christ is my Savior, and the Church is my mother."—MOODY.

God is Love. It is God's true name. Why not, indeed, teach the children to say when asked: "Who made you?" "Love, the Father." "Who redeems you?" "Love, the Son." "Who sanctifies you?" "Love, the Holy Ghost."—G. GILFILLAN.

God is a sun shining with perpetual splendor, and not like the ruler of the day, who is sometimes eclipsed and at other times clouded, now retires from us and then returns, according to the revolution of the year.—JOHN DICK.

"I Am" is the name of God; and it imports that in His existence the distinctions of past, present and to come have no place.—JOHN DICK.

All things in the natural world symbolize God; yet none of them speak of Him but in broken and imperfect words.—BEECHER.

Belief in the existence of God has been almost universal among men.—J. P. BOYCE.

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THE GOSPEL.

Gladstone's Idea.

Talk about the questions of the day! There is but one question, and that is the Gospel. It can, and will, correct everything needing correction. All men at the head of great movements are Christian men. During the many years I was in the Cabinet I was brought into association with sixty master minds, and all but five of them were Christians. My only hope for the world is in bringing the human mind into contact with Divine revelation.—GLADSTONE.

The Gospel for the People.

Then, on this interpretation of the Gospel, what a grand religion ours must be for working people—and we are all workers—especially those who are waiting and toiling and making little or nothing by it, except getting wet and weary and disappointed! In these days, when the word "unemployed" is continually in our ears and the dismal thing perpetually in front of us, what a splendid religion is the religion of Jesus Christ! What a difference it makes between the unemployed man who believes in Christ and the unemployed man who has no such belief! According to Cotter Morison, this religion is all for the other world, and not for this. Therefore, he says, let us give it up. But if this miracle is true, that objection is overwhelmingly answered. These two unemployed men are not alike. *Toto Cœlo*—by the

whole Heaven they differ from each other. Don't tell me that the unemployed man who believes in Him who sits enthroned above the stars and the unemployed man who trusts Him not are the same. They are not the same. The feet of both are in the gutter, but the head of one is in Heaven, though his feet be trampling the London mud. That, surely, is a mighty difference. Both alike must go around to the shops, yards and offices, seeking for work; but he who loves the Lord, before he starts on his weary journey, goes down upon his knees before the Man upon the shore, even Him at whose girdle hang all keys of shops, yards and offices. To Him he prays: "Lord, Thou hast done the great thing for me. Thou hast died for me. Thou hast given me a kingdom and a crown. Wilt Thou see me lack a covering and a crust?" Such a man can not be unemployed. He is glorifying God, and verily he shall be fed.

"His dwelling mid the strength of rocks
Shall ever stand secure;
His Father shall provide his bread;
His water shall be sure."

—McNeill.

What Is the Gospel?

If you stop on your step, if you listen, if you humble yourself, if you admit that your wisdom is only foolishness, if you admit that the light which is in you is turned to darkness (and oh, how dense is that darkness!), the Gospel changes its tone. First of all, it is solemn, it is warning, it is keen, it is cutting, and it is humbling; and then it says: "Now, do not despair. My voice was

somewhat harsh; so was my speech toward you. But it was meant for good. I wanted to show you that I was in earnest. Therefore, I spoke of repentance; therefore, I spoke of judgment; therefore, I spoke of danger; therefore, I spoke of hell everlasting. It was not because I loved to flout you and to rub you the wrong way. It was because I know what is at the terminus of the road along which you are going—the sea across which you are sailing. Therefore, I spoke so firmly, almost fiercely, as I did." But now that you listen, now that you humble yourself, what is the Gospel? It is really good news; it is glad tidings. As it was then, so it is this bright June day. The Gospel is June for gladness—June for bursting life and renewed vigor and energy. The Gospel may be likened to a man standing forth on the deck of a ship. The winds have raged around it all night, and the sea has dashed against it; the timbers are strained and leaking; the sails have been blown from the ropes; the masts are crashing and falling; death is imminent in its most terrifying form. The Gospel is a man standing in the midst of the huddled wretches on that wind-swept and sea-swept deck, and saying: "Sirs, be of good cheer. There shall be no loss; not a hair of your head shall perish. Be of good comfort, for I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me. I exhort you to be of good cheer. There shall be no loss of life among you, but only of the ship."—McNeill.

GRATITUDE.

What Gratitude Will Do for Us.

No companion can be better for us than gratitude in the darkness—gratitude to God, gratitude to man.

Gratitude will heal the worst evil of darkness—the angry bitterness which, continued and cherished, corrupts and hardens the heart; and no need is deeper, no blessing is greater in great pain and sorrow of soul, than a cure for that. . . . Evil is in that constant looking back with sorrow as if all life was in the past, which so often marks the days of darkness.

It is not memory of, and gratitude for, joy and good and love. It is memory of, and wild regret for, lost joy and lost good and lost love; constant hopeless loitering around the graves of the past; bitter crying for the dead. Cast off regrets; let the dead bury their dead. Stand forth free of the past, and girt for action while still in the gloom. Look forward, waiting for the dawn, alert and ready. Tomorrow the way may open; the call may come; the sunlight break upon your life.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Touching Gratitude.

There is a very touching little story told of a poor woman with two children, who had not a bed for them to lie upon and scarcely any clothes to cover them. In the depth of winter they were nearly frozen, and the mother took the door of a cellar off the hinges and set it up before the corner where they crouched down to sleep.

that some of the draft and cold might be kept from them. One of the children whispered to her, when she complained of how badly off they were: "Mother, what do those dear little children do who have no cellar door to put up in front of them?" Even there, you see, the little heart found cause for thankfulness.—SPURGEON.

Punishment of Ingratitude.

When I consider how the goodness of God is abused and perverted by the greatest part of mankind, I can not but be of his mind who said: "The greatest miracle in the world is God's patience and bounty to an ungrateful world." Oh, what would God not do for His creatures, if thankful, Who thus heaps the coals of His mercies upon the heads of His enemies? But think not, sinners, that you will escape thus. God's mill goes slow, but it grinds small. The more admirable His patience and bounty now are, the more dreadful and insupportable will be that fury which ariseth out of His abused goodness. Nothing is blunter than iron; yet, when sharpened, it hath an edge that will cut mortally. Nothing is smoother than the sea; yet, when stirred into a tempest, nothing rageth more. Nothing is so sweet as the patience and goodness of God, and nothing so terrible as His wrath, when it takes fire.—GURNALL.

HAPPINESS.

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to let that Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow, hour by hour,
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him—that is all.
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall;
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things;
All we can not understand;
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing;
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all, and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best—
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Happiness Makes Us Better.

Mankind are always better for having been once happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them so, twenty years hence, through the memory of it. Childhood, passed with a mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a coloring of calm pleasure, and, even in extreme old age, is the last remembrance that time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier through life for having once made an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time among a pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure; and it is more probably the recollection of their past joys that contributes to render the aged so inattentive to the scenes passing around them, and carries them back to a world that is past and scenes that can never be again restored.—SYDNEY SMITH.

The Way to Be Happy.

A hermit there was, and he lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy, folks said, he had got;
As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell,
And when I came there, the old hermit said: "Well,
Young man, by your looks you want something, I see;
Now tell me the business that brings you to me."

"The way to be happy, folks say, you have got;
And wishing to learn it, I've come to your grot.
Now, I beg and entreat, if you have such a plan,

That you write it me down, as plain as you can."
Upon which the old hermit, he went to his pen,
And brought me this note when he came back again:

"'Tis being and doing and having that make
All the pleasures and pains of which mankind partake;
To be what God pleases, to do a man's best,
And to have a good heart, is the way to be blest."

BYRON.

The Reflection of Happiness.

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of Heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror, transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

HEALTH.

Take Care of Your Health.

Let me utter one practical word: Take care of your health. There have been men who by wise attention to this point might have risen to any eminence—might have made great discoveries, written great poems, commanded armies or ruled states, but who by unwise neglect of this point have come to nothing. Imagine Hercules as oars man in a rotten boat. What can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft? Take care, then, of the timbers of your boat, and avoid

all practices likely to introduce either wet or dry rot among them. And this is not to be accomplished by desultory or intermittent efforts of the will, but by the formation of *habits*. The will, no doubt, has sometimes to put forth its strength in order to strangle or crush the special temptation. But the formation of right habits is essential to your permanent security. They diminish your chance of falling when assailed, and they augment your chance of recovery when overthrown.—TYNDALL.

Condensed Comments.

Take a walk to refresh yourself with the open air, which, inspired fresh, doth exceedingly recreate the lungs, heart and vital spirits.—HARVEY.

You will never live to my age without you keep yourself in breath with exercise.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The health of a community is almost an unfailing index of its morals.—MARTINEAU.

Health is the soul that animates all the enjoyments of life.—SIR W. TEMPLE.

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THE HEREAFTER.

The Continuity of Life.

The continuity of life lifts the shadow also from another mystery—the lives that have been cut off in their prime. When one is richly endowed and carefully trained, and has come to the zenith of his power, his sudden removal seems a reflection on the economy of God's Kingdom. Why call this man to the choir celestial when he is so much needed in active service? According to Jesus, he has not sunk into inaction, so much subtracted from the forces of righteousness. He has gone where the fetters of this body of humiliation and embarrassment of adverse circumstances shall be no longer felt.

We must not think of him as withdrawn from the field. We must imagine him as in the van of battle. We must follow him, our friend, with hope and a high heart.—JOHN WATSON (Ian Maclaren).

The Two Mysteries.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain;
This dread to take our daily way and walk in it again.
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wander still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day,
Should ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, oh! how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say, these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought:
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may tell you naught.
We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death;
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent;
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known! But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

This Life and That.

This life is the childhood of which yonder life is the manhood. As the childhood is, so shall the manhood be. We are making Heaven now. By building into ourselves principles, by creating in our souls holy tastes, we are rearing the walls of jasper and paving the streets of gold and beautifying the eternal mansions. I believe Heaven to be just this: A new setting of the principles we are mastering and working into our personalities and embodying in our works and characters here and now. By doing well our fragmentary duties day by day we are getting ready to sing the new song of Heaven.

This story is told in connection with a celebrated musician who had a large number of pupils: It was his purpose at the end of a specified time to give a grand concert, at which his favorite pupil was to be made the conspicuous figure. There was one among the others to whom was given fragmentary work. No part of his instruction seemed to have the least connection with any other part. It was dull work, but he practiced upon the dull fragments and fought discouragement. He did his best and forced the whole man into the work. When the day of celebration came he was chosen as the favorite pupil. He felt that he did not know a single complete piece of music. Tremblingly he took his place at the instrument, but when the score which he was to play was placed before him he throbbed and thrilled with delight to find that the completed work was made up of the fragments which he had mastered, and which were now perfectly arranged. This gave him courage, and so he

performed in such a way as deservedly to win the plaudits of the great audience. We are like that musician. When we go hence we shall find that the fragmentary Christian earth-life, with its principles and its loves and its Christ spirit, is that out of which Heaven is made. Heaven is the holy life of earth glorified and perfectly arranged and grandly transfigured.—DAVID GREGG.

"Satisfied."

When I shall wake on that fair morn of morns,
After whose dawning never night returns,
And with whose glory day eternal burns,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall see Thy glory face to face,
When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child embrace,
When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of grace,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall meet with those whom I have loved,
Clasp in my arms the long-removed,
And find how faithful Thou hast proved,
I shall be satisfied.

When this vile body shall arise again,
Purged by Thy power from every taint and stain,
Delivered from all weakness and all pain,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall gaze upon the face of Him
Who for me died, with eye no longer dim,

And praise Him in the everlasting hymn,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall call to mind the long, long past,
With clouds and storms and shadows overcast,
And know that I am saved and blessed at last,
I shall be satisfied.

When every enemy shall disappear,
The unbelief, the darkness and the fear;
When Thou shalt smooth the brow and wipe the tear,
I shall be satisfied.

When every vanity shall pass away,
And all be real, all without decay,
In that sweet dawning of the cloudless day,
I shall be satisfied.

H. BONAR.

Our Home.

At our best estate we are only pilgrims and strangers here. "Heaven is our home." Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in holiday times to gather their children home again! But I have noticed that there is almost always a son or a daughter absent—absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our Heavenly Father will be when He gets all His children home with Him in Heaven! And how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after

long separation! Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only through a glass darkly; now it is face to face—corruption, incorruption; mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of Death, while they passed through dry-shod.

Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion! These do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggle, and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow, no crying, no tears, no death. But home, sweet home—home, beautiful home! Home everlasting, home with each other, home with God!—TALMAGE.

Condensed Comments.

And shall they rise, all these? Will there be a trumpet blast so shrill that none of them may refuse to hear it, and the soul, re-entering its shrine of eminent or common clay, pass upward to the judgment? "Many and mighty, but all hushed," shall they submit with us to the judgment of the last assize? And in that world is it true that gold is not the currency, and that rank is not hereditary, and that there is only one name that is honored? Then, if this is the end of all men, let the living lay it to heart. Solemn and thoughtful, let us

search for an assured refuge; childlike and earnest, let us confide in the one accepted Name. Let us realize the tender and infinite nearness of God our Father, through Jesus our Surety and Friend.—Wm. M. Punshon.

After all, there is a weariness that can not be prevented. It will come on. The work brings it on. The cross brings it on. Sometimes the very walk with God brings it on, for the flesh is weak; and at such moments we hear softer and sweeter than it ever floated in the wondrous air of Mendelssohn, "O rest in the Lord," for it has the sound of an immortal requiem: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they *rest* from their labors."—James Hamilton.

No wearisome days, no sorrowful nights; no hunger or thirst; no anxiety or fears; no envies, no jealousies, no breaches of friendship, no sad separations, no distrusts or forebodings, no self-reproaches; no enmities, no bitter regrets, no tears, no heart-aches. "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."—Bishop R. S. Foster.

Death must obliterate all memories and affections and ideas and laws, or the awakening in the next world will be amid the welcomes and loves and raptures of those who left us with tearful farewells and with dying promises that they would wait to welcome us when we should arrive. And so they do. Not sorrowfully, not anxiously, but lovingly, they wait to bid us welcome.—Bishop R. S. Foster.

After the fever of life—after wearinesses, sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and failing, struggling and succeeding—after all the changes and chances of this troubled and unhealthy state, at length comes death—at length the white throne of God—at length the beatific vision.—J. H. NEWMAN.

HEAVEN.

Rest.

Heavenly joys shall be like the tree of life in the New Jerusalem, which brings forth twelve manner of fruits, and yields its fruit every month. Robert Hall used to cry: "Oh, for the everlasting rest!" But Wilberforce would sigh to dwell in unbroken love. Hall was a man who suffered; he longed for rest. Wilberforce was a man of amiable spirit, loving society and fellowship; he longed for love. Hall shall have his rest, and Wilberforce shall have his love. There are joys at God's right hand, suitable for the spiritual tastes of all those who shall come thither. The heavenly manna tastes to every man's peculiar liking.—SPURGEON.

Elijah's Translation.

There *is* a Heaven; there is an appointed end to every true and faithful servant of God. You do not tumble into the grave, and that is the last of you. My brother, my sister, living for Christ in this great Babylon of London—have no doubt it. You will see Him; you will

stand in His presence. There *is* a Heaven; there is a terminus to this earthly pilgrimage, and it is bright and grand and glorious, sure and certain. Do not lose sight of it. Do not forget it for a single instant. Elijah went *up*. Listen to that, O Ahab! Listen to that, thou cursing Jezebel! Elijah! Thou hast lost him for ever! "Thou didst swear, and say his life should be as the life of thy priests, whom he slew." See how empty thy curse is. "Elijah went up by a whirlwind into Heaven." What infinite contempt God has poured upon all Elijah's enemies! And He will do the same with mine for me. We are going up, my believing friends. We are sore held down just now, but we are none the less destined to rise. Elijah went up. Then the old proverb is true: "Threatened folk live long." Indeed they do. Threatened Christians are going to live for ever.

I wish we could believe it. I think I see Elijah going up into Heaven. What a welcome he gets from the angels that line the golden streets! Elijah sweeping right up to the presence of his God and King, to receive the welcome: "Well done!" Oh, what an inspiring sight for a servant of Christ today—Elijah going at a bound clean above the world, the flesh and the devil, into his rest and his reward!—McNeill.

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HEROISM.

The Inspiration of Great Names.

There must have been some hours in your life when your heart has thrilled with a genuine inspiration, and when, sitting alone in the stillness of your room, you have pored over the page that has told you of the great names that have made humanity immortal—men and women who have carried its sorrows and its hopes upon their hearts—who have illumined its low places with the beauty of their lives, and who, as they moved onward and upward, printing their footsteps in blood on the stony steps, have left behind them the luster of a nobility that can never pale, and have filled the busy air through which they passed with the fragrance of a heroism that can never die. And at such moments, when all the house has been hushed in its midnight stillness, and you have dropped your book, feeling your nature all aglow with the great thoughts that have been kindled within you, surely, then, you have longed to be like those nobler beings and to follow their radiant footsteps. Cling to that longing, my young brother; cling to it and follow it as well; for, sooner or later, this love of goodness, this reverence for nobleness, this aspiration after unselfishness, will bring you into the presence of One who is the best, the divinest, the most unselfish of all.—H. C. POTTER.

Obscure Martyrs.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

They have no place in storied page;
No rest in marble shrine.
They are past and gone with a perished age;
They died and "made no sign."
But work that shall find its wages yet,
And deeds that their God did not forget,
Done for their love divine—
These were their mourners, and these shall be
The crowns of their immortality.

Oh, seek them not where sleep the dead.
Ye shall not find their trace.
No graven stone is at their head;
No green grass hides their face.
But sad and unseen is their silent grave—
It may be the sand or the deep sea wave,
Or a lonely desert place;
For they needed no prayers and no mourning bell.
They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,
And dried sad eyes till theirs lost sight;
We shall know at last by a certain token
How they fought and fell in the fight.
Salt tears of sorrow unbeheld,
Passionate cries unchronicled,
And silent strifes for the right—

Angels shall count them, and the earth shall sigh
That she left her best children to battle and die.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Who Is Great?

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; that somehow, true and just
His plans work out for mortals. Not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp. Better with love, a crust,
Than living in dishonor, envies not
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor even murmurs at his humbler lot;
But with a smile and words of hope gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The Mighty Spirit.

Notice the explanation of Samson's strength. How much of the New Testament lies in the Old! "The Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him." My brother, that is gloriously true today. Aye, *the only hope* for a clean heart and a pure life in London is the Spirit of Christ Jesus coming mightily upon us. And let us bless God for it, that in this awful and rugged crisis of our souls there is something always nearer to us than the spring of a tiger—and that is, the spring of the ever-watching Spirit of God. There is One nearer to you than the precipice, even when it yawns at your very feet. There is always a way of escape, a door opened, or a strong Deliverer—greater on your behalf than all those raging beasts that can be against you—the Spirit of the Lord.

See how Heaven and earth are mingled in that conflict. In order to tell this story completely, you have to bring in the supernatural. "The Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him."—McNeill.

Operations of the Spirit.

What is the doctrine of the Holy Spirit? It is the doctrine of the interworking of the Spirit of God upon the souls of men. I have no philosophy about it. All I say is this: God knows what is the secret way in which mind reaches mind; I do not; you do not. I do not

know why words on my tongue wake up thoughts corresponding to those words in you. I do not know why the soul of man, like a complex instrument of wondrous scope, is played upon by my words, so that there are waked up in it notes along the whole scale of being. I do not understand why these things are so; but, unquestionably, they are so. I do not know how the mother pours her affection on the child's heart; but she does. Two stars never shone into each other as two loving souls shine into each other. I know it is so; but I do not know why it is so. I do not know how soul touches soul, how thought touches thought, or how feeling touches feeling; but I know it does.—BEECHER.

Necessity of the Spirit.

What are our souls without His grace? As dead as the branch in which the sap circulates not. What is our Church without Him? As parched and barren as the fields without Heaven's dew and rain. Where is the hope of the world's conversion, or of the salvation of dearly loved ones, out of Christ? If the Spirit of God come not to our aid, our eyes may fail with looking for these much-valued blessings.—LEWIS.

Names of the Spirit.

Breath of the Almighty, Comforter, Eternal Spirit, Free Spirit, God, Good Spirit, Holy Spirit, Holy Spirit of God, Holy Spirit of Promise, the Lord, Power of the Highest, the Spirit, Spirit of the Lord God, Spirit of the Lord, Spirit of God, Spirit of the Father, Spirit of

Christ, Spirit of the Son, Spirit of Life, Spirit of Grace, Spirit of Prophecy, Spirit of Adoption, Spirit of Wisdom, Spirit of Counsel, Spirit of Might, Spirit of Understanding, Spirit of Knowledge, Spirit of the Fear of the Lord, Spirit of Truth, Spirit of Holiness, Spirit of Revelation, Spirit of the Judgment, Spirit of Burning, Spirit of Glory, Seven Spirits of God, Voice of the Lord.

Reliability of the Spirit.

There have been many, like infants, destroyed by elixirs given to lull them to sleep. Many have been ruined by the cry of "Peace! Peace!" when there is no peace; hearing gentle things when they ought to be stirred to the quick. Cleopatra's asp was brought in a basket of flowers; and men's ruin very often lurks in fair and sweet speeches. But the Holy Ghost's comfort is safe, and you may rest on it. Let Him speak the word, and there is a reality about it. Let Him give the cup of consolation, and you may drink it to the bottom, for in its depths there are no dregs—nothing to intoxicate or ruin. It is all safe.—SPURGEON.

Silencing the Spirit.

In times when vile men held the high places of the land, a roll of drums was employed to drown the martyr's voice, lest the testimony of truth from the scaffold should reach the ears of the people—an illustration of how men deal with their own consciences and seek to put to silence the truth-telling voice of the Holy Spirit.—ARNOT.

Office of the Spirit.

To unconverted persons, a great part of the Bible resembles a letter written in cipher. The blessed Spirit's office is to act as God's decipherer, by letting His people into the secret of celestial experience, as the key and clew to those sweet mysteries of grace which were before as a garden shut up, or as a fountain sealed, or as a book written in an unknown character.—TOPLADY.

Condensed Comments.

When the Spirit came to Moses, the plagues came upon Egypt, and he had power to destroy men's lives; when the Spirit came upon Elijah, fire came down from Heaven; when the Spirit came upon Gideon, no man could stand before him; and when the Spirit came upon Joshua, he moved around the city of Jericho, and the whole city fell into his hands. But when the Spirit came upon the Son of Man, He gave His life; He healed the broken-hearted.—MOODY.

Have not some of you heard a sermon in which you were offered as a sinner to the Lord Jesus Christ, and your conscience was troubled? You went away, but you came back again, and the Spirit of God came upon you again and again, and you were troubled. Haven't you passed through that experience? Don't you remember something like that happening to you? That was the Son of God seeking for your soul.—MOODY.

As the Spirit of Holiness, He imparts a pure taste; as the Spirit of Glory, He throws a radiance over the char-

acter; as the Spirit of Life, He revives religion; as the Spirit of Truth, He gives transparency to the conduct; as the Spirit of Prayer, He melts the soul into devotion; and as the Spirit of Grace, He covers the face of the earth with the works of faith and labors of love.—DR. JENKYN.

As the window is the proper medium to let the light of the sun into our apartments, so the understanding is the proper medium for conveying the Spirit's influence to the soul.—A. CLARKE.

The work of spiritual religion is entirely the work of the Holy Ghost. It is as much beyond our reach naturally as the stars in the firmament.—R. HILL.

As clean water washeth and maketh clean our bodies, so the Spirit of God maketh our hearts and souls clean in the sight of God.—CAWDRAY.

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HOME.

A Blessed Home.

Blessed is that home by which for a whole life-time they have been gathering, until every figure in the carpet, every panel of the door and every casement of the window has a chirography of its own, speaking out something about father or mother, or son or daughter, or friend who was with us awhile. What a sacred place it becomes when one can say: "In that room such a one was born; in that bed such a one died; in that chair I sat on the night I heard such a one had received a great public honor; by that stool my child knelt for her last evening prayer; here I sat to greet my son as he came back from the sea voyage; that was father's cane; that was mother's rocking chair!" What a joyful and pathetic congress of reminiscences!—TALMAGE.

What Makes a Home.

What makes a home? Four walls of polished stone?
Or brick and mortar laid with nicest care?
Nay! Prison walls are made without as fair.
Within—look not within—corruption there
With ignorance and sin defiles the air.

What makes a home? 'Twere better far to roam
Unhoused than have a part in dainty halls,
Where rarest gems of art adorn the walls,
If there's no hearth-fire bright for poorest poor
Who linger in the night without the door.

What makes a home? 'Tis where the weary come
And lay their burdens down, assured of rest.
'Tis where we learn to know our dearest best;
Where little children play, blessing and blest—
Though walls of coarsest clay enwarp the nest.

FANNY S. REEDER.

Love at Home.

A small library of well-selected books in his home has saved many a youth from wandering into the baleful ways of the prodigal son. Where paternal strictness and severity would have bred nothing but dislike and a fixed resolve to abscond at the first opportunity, good books and pleasant surroundings have weaned many a youth from his first wild impulse to go to sea or cross the continent, and made him a docile, contented, obedient and happy lingerer by the parental fireside. In a family, however rich or poor, no other good is so cheap or so precious as thoughtful, watchful love.—HORACE GREELEY.

The Memory of Home.

As the fish already surrounded in the long, wide net swim out to sea, thinking they can go as far as they please, and with gay toss of silvery scale they defy the sportsman on the beach, and after a while the fishermen begin to draw in the net, hand over hand and hand over hand, and it is a long while before the captured fins begin to feel the net, and then they dart this way and that, hoping to get out, but find themselves approaching the

shore, and are brought up to the very feet of the captors —so the memory of an early home sometimes seems to relax and let men out farther and farther from God, and farther and farther from shore—five years, ten years, twenty years, thirty years. But some day they find an irresistible mesh drawing them back, and they are compelled to retreat from their prodigality and wandering; and though they make desperate efforts to escape the impression, and try to dive deeper down in sin, after a while they are brought clear back and held upon the Rock of Ages.—TALMAGE.

The World of Home.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The door-sill of the dwelling house is the foundation of Church and State. A man never gets higher than his own garret nor lower than his own cellar. In other words, domestic life overarches and undergirds all other life. The highest House of Congress is the domestic circle; the rocking chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantel-piece.—TALMAGE.

A Happy Home.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the caress you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearthstone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. O ye who promised to love each other at the altar, how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.—TALMAGE.

The Grandest of All Institutions.

It is doleful living where the wife, instead of reverencing her husband, is always wrangling and railing at him. It must be a good thing when such women are hoarse, and it is a pity that they have not as many blisters on their tongues as they have teeth in their jaws. God save us all from wives who are angels in the streets, saints in the church, and devils at home! I have never tasted of such bitter herbs, but I pity from my very heart those who have this diet every day of their lives.

Show me a loving husband, a worthy wife and good

children, and no pair of horses that ever flew along the road could take me in a year where I could see a more pleasing sight. Home is the grandest of all institutions. Talk about Parliament! Give me a quiet little parlor. Boast about voting and the Reform Bill if you like, but I go in for weeding the little garden and teaching the children their hymns. Franchise may be a very good thing, but I should a good deal sooner get the freehold of my cottage, if I could find the money to buy it. Magna Charta I don't know much about, but if it means a quiet home for everybody, three cheers for it.—SPURGEON.

Christ in the Home.

First, last and all the time, have Christ in your home. Julius Cæsar calmed the fears of an affrighted boatman, who was rowing him in a stream, by saying: "So long as Cæsar is with you in the same boat, no harm can happen." And whatever storm of adversity or bereavement or poverty may strike your home, all is well as long as you have Christ the King on board. Make your home so far-reaching in its influence that down to the last moment of your children's life you may hold them with a heavenly charm. At seventy-six years of age the Demosthenes of the American Senate lay dying at Washington—I mean Henry Clay of Kentucky. His pastor sat at his bedside, and "the old man eloquent," after a long and exciting public life, trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic, was back again in the scenes of his boyhood, and he kept saying in his dream, over and over again:

"My mother! Mother! Mother!" May the parental influence we exert be not only potential but holy, and so the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in Heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather, grandmother, grandchild and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say, in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

"One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

—TALMAGE.

Going Home.

My horse invariably comes home in less time than he makes the journey out. He pulls the carriage with a hearty good-will when his face is toward home. Should not I also both suffer and labor the more joyously because my way lies toward Heaven and I am on pilgrimage to my Father's house, my soul's dear home and resting place?—SPURGEON.

The Absent Husband.

If the husband spends the most of his nights away from home, of choice and not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the cashier. If the

wife throws the cares of the household in the servant's lap, and then spends five nights of the week at the opera or theater, she may clothe her children with satins and laces and ribbons that would confound a French milliner, but they are orphans.—TALMAGE.

The Word Home.

That word *home* always sounds like poetry to me. It rings like a peal of bells at a wedding, only more soft and sweet, and it chimes deeper into the ears of my heart. It does not matter whether it means thatched cottage or manor house, home is home, be it ever so homely, and there is no place on earth like it. Green grow the house-leek on the roof for ever, and let the moss flourish on the thatch! Sweetly the sparrows chirrup and the swallows twitter around the chosen spot which is my joy and rest.—SPURGEON.

Kindness at Home.

Husbands should try to make home happy and holy. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest—a bad man who makes his home wretched. Our house ought to be a little church, with "Holiness to the Lord" over the door; but it ought never to be a prison, where there is plenty of rule and order, but little love and no pleasure. Married life is not all sugar, but grace in the heart will keep away most of the sours. Godliness and love can make a man, like a bird in a hedge, sing among thorns and briers, and set others a-singing too. It should be the

"THE KNITTING LESSON"

husband's pleasure to please his wife, and the wife's care to care for her husband. He is kind to himself who is kind to his wife.—SPURGEON.

One's Own Home.

Every bird loves its own nest. The owl thinks the old ruins the fairest spot under the moon, and the fox is of the opinion that his hole in the hill is remarkably cozy. When my master's nag knows that his head is toward home he wants no whip, but thinks it best to put on all steam; and I am always of the same mind, for the way home, to me, is the best bit of road in the country. I like to see the smoke out of my own chimney better than the fire on another man's hearth. There is something so beautiful in the way in which it curls up among the trees. —SPURGEON.

The Home and the State.

The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the State. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough political principle to make the State adhere. "No home" means the Goths and Vandals—means the Nomads of Asia—means the Numidians of Africa, changing from place to place, according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those Babels of iniquity which would over-tower and destroy the home! The same storm that upsets the ship in which the family sails will sink the frigate of the Constitution. Jails and penitentiaries and armies and navies are not our best de-

fense. The door of the home is the very best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling houses are the grandest monuments of safety and triumph. No home—no republic.—TALMAGE.

In the Morning.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come back at night!
And hearts have been broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,

But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
Ah, brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

MARGARET SANGSTER.

Prize Answers to the Question: "What Is Home?"

"A world of strife shut out—a world of love shut in."

"Home is the blossom of which Heaven is the fruit."

"The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity."

"The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world."

"Where you are treated best and grumble most."

"A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances."—THE PRESBYTERIAN.

Our Sphere.

Our home and our society are to us what the world is to a great man—the sphere we may fill with work that can not die. The statesman molds a people into order

and progress—partly by the force of character, partly by great measures. We are the statesmen of our little world. Every day father and mother stamp their character upon their children's lives, mold their manners, conscience and future by the measures with which they direct the household.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Condensed Comments.

The pleasant converse of the fireside, the simple songs of home, the words of encouragement as I bend over my school tasks, the kiss as I lie down to rest, the patient bearing with the freaks of my restless nature, the gentle counsels mingled with reproofs and approvals, the sympathy that meets and assuages every sorrow and sweetens every little success—all these return to me amid the responsibilities which press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in Heaven and, straying, had lost my way.—J. G. HOLLAND.

A Christian home! What a power it is to the child when he is far away in the cold, tempting world, and voices of sin are filling his ears, and his feet stand on slippery places!—A. E. KITTREDGE:

There is no happiness, there is no misery, like that growing out of the dispositions which consecrate or desecrate a home.—E. H. CHAPIN.

HOPE.

Song of Hope.

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
What are you weaving—
Labor and sorrow?
Look to your looms again;
Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles
Prepared by the Master.
Life 's in the loom!
Room for it—room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
Lighten the labor
And sweeten the sorrow.
Now while the shuttles fly
Faster and faster,
Up and be at it—
At work with the Master!
He stands at your loom!
Room for Him—room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
Look at your fabric
Of labor and sorrow.
Seamy and dark

With despair and disaster.
Turn it—and, lo!
The design of the Master!
The Lord 's at the loom!
Room for Him—room!

MARY A. LATHBURY.

Spero.

As dawns the morn o'er hills of haze,
As flowers follow winter snow,
As strength returns to him whose days
Grew long beneath the feebling blow
Of fever's slow-consuming pain,
As sunshine follows after rain—
So surely comes the brighter time,
The warmer love, the holier heart,
The calmer season, friendlier clime,
The wiser mind, the better part!
When ancient wickedness shall cease
And warriors learn the arts of peace,
Each morn beholds some progress made;
Each noontide sees a broader sky;
Each twilight sees some error fade;
Each evening, some deception die.

CHARLES C. ALBERTSON

Tomorrow.

High hopes that burned like stars sublime
Go down the heavens of freedom,
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need them.
But never sit we down and say:
"There 's nothing left but sorrow."
We walk the wilderness today—
The Promised Land tomorrow.

Our birds of song are silent now;
There are no flowers blooming.
But life beats in the frozen bough,
And freedom's spring is coming.
And freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good barque, aground today,
Shall float again tomorrow.

Our hearts brood o'er the past; our eyes
With smiling futures glisten.
Lo! now its dawn bursts up the sky!
Lean out your souls and listen!
The earth rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with our sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom today
Brings victory tomorrow.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward.

We climb, like corals, grave by grave;
  Yet beat a pathway sunward.
We 're beaten back in many a fray,
  Yet newer strength we borrow;
And where our vanguard rests today
  Our rear shall rest tomorrow.

Through all the long, dark night of years
  The people's cry ascended;
The earth was wet with blood and tears
  Ere the meek sufferings ended.
The few shall not for ever sway,
  The many toil in sorrow.
The bars of hell are strong today,
  But Christ shall reign tomorrow.

Then youth, flame earnest, still aspire
  With energies immortal;
To many a haven of desire
  Your yearning opes a portal.
And though age wearies by the way,
  And hearts break in the furrow,
We sow the golden grain today—
  The harvest comes tomorrow.

GERALD MASSEY.

By and By.

Down the stream where the tide is clearer,
  Farther on where the shores are fair,
Are the gracious forms we would fain be nearer,

The names we breathe in the voice of prayer.
Be the voyage long, they will be the dearer
When after a while we shall greet them there,
Farther on, where the tide is clearer,
Down the stream where the shores are fair.

By and by when the sun is shining,
After a while when the skies are blue,
When the clouds unfold their silver lining
And the peaceful isles drift into view,
We shall free our tongues from dull repining,
And our hearts with the joys of youth renew,
After a while when the sun is shining—
By and by when the skies are blue.

NIXON WATERMAN.

New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Every morn is a world made new.
You, who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are passed over;
The tasks are done, and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing that night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight—

With glad days and sad days and bad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine and sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we can not recall them;
Can not find and can not atone.
God in His mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own—
Today is ours, and today alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly;
Here is the spent earth all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning!
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Old and New.

Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,

Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier store;
God's love and blessing then and there,
And now, and here, and everywhere.

WHITTIER.

The World Growing Better.

The hours are growing shorter for the millions who are toiling,
And the homes are growing better for the millions yet to be;
And the poor shall learn the lesson, how that waste and sin are spoiling
The fairest and the finest of a grand humanity.

It is coming! It is coming! And men's thoughts are growing deeper.
They are giving of their millions as they never gave before;
They are learning the New Gospel—man must be his brother's keeper,
And right, not might, shall triumph, and the selfish rule no more.

—SARAH K. BOLTON.

Condensed Comments.

Too subtle for complaint, subdued for tears,
The grief which makes that chastened face so pale
And thins the air those patient lips inhale;
Yet that meek grief some holy solace hears,
A far-off hope the enduring spirit cheers,
For "Heaven has promised peace, though all the world should fail."

FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS.

Hast thou that hope which fainting doth pursue?
No saint but hath pursued and hath been faint.
Bid love wake hope, for both thy steps shall speed—
Still faint yet still pursuing, O thou saint!

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

There is no blast, howe'er so fierce it blows,
Across wild moorlands leaguered fast by snows,
That does not bear the presage of a time
The thrush will carol in the heart of June.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

HUMILITY.

The Way to Heaven.

Christ comes in where there is humility. Along this humility, this flatness, this prostration of soul, as along a broad, sweeping avenue, the King of Glory rides in triumph into the human soul. Are we prostrate before Him? Has it come to this at last, that all our quibblings and all our questionings are silenced, and we are standing before the mighty Savior—never mightier, perhaps, than when here He stood clothed in His meekness and

in all His gracious condescension? Oh, has it come to this, that we have lain down before Him and said: "I am not worthy"? "To this man will I look: To him that is humble and of a contrite heart, and who trembleth at My word." If you want a short road to Heaven, that is the road—lie down. That is why some of us are so long coming at salvation--because it needs humility. My brother, let the man who loves your soul as you do not love it yourself tell you the truth right to your face. It is because humility precedes salvation that, in the case of some of us, salvation is so indefinitely postponed. The pride of hell is in some hearts before me now. May Christ overcome it while we preach.—McNeill.

The Roman Centurion.

The grand thing about this man, proud Roman though we might call him, was his humility. "I am not worthy," and he went down, and down, and down, in tone and speech. "I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof. Speak the word only." Toss a coin to this poor beggar out of your abundance, and it will be received most thankfully. Do not be deflected from your course to come to poor creatures like me and my slave. "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." Oh, for the tongues of men and angels! Oh, for the power of God Himself, with one great swoop to bring from the pedestal of their pride, their headiness, their high-mindedness and damnable indifference, men and women here, and humble them at the blessed feet of the Son of God! No wonder that the man got his blessing

as quickly as the Almighty Savior could send it. I knew that—I was going to say—before I read it. I knew before I came to the end what would happen to that man, who stands "with bated breath and whispering humbleness" before Jesus and says: "I am not worthy. Oh, I am so far off!"—McNeill.

IMMORTALITY.

The Immortality of Influence.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air do seem to fleet;
We count them ever past,
But they shall last.
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear. —Keble.

"The First Easter Dawn."—From the Painting by Thompson.

Another Chance.

Around us on every side are cramped, hindered, still-born lives—merchants who should have been painters, clerks who should have been poets, laborers who should have been philosophers. Their talent is known to a few friends; they die, and the talent is buried in their coffin. Jesus says no! It has at last been sown for the harvest. It will come into the open and blossom in another land. These also are being trained—trained by waiting. They are the reserve of the race, kept behind the hill till God requires it. They will get their chance; they will come into their kingdom—

> "Where the days bury their golden suns
> In the dear, hopeful West."

—JOHN WATSON [Ian MacLaren].

An Easter Flower.

We buried underneath the snow, one day
In early Winter, the beloved clay
Of one our hearts had held in tender love.
We wiped away our tears, and looked above
To Him whose life and death assure
The deathless life of all the good and pure.

* * * * * * *

Today, I visited the "City of the Dead."
The April sun was warming overhead,
And just beside the grassy little mound
There peeped a flower, half-opened, from the ground.

Tomorrow it shall bloom, and we may see
God's silent pledge of Immortality.

CHARLES C. ALBERTSON.

Premonitions of Immortality.

Are there not times in every man's life when there flashes on him a feeling—nay, more, an absolute conviction—that this soul is but a spark belonging to some upper fire; and that so much as we draw near by effort, by resolve, by intensity of endeavor, to that upper fire—by so much we draw nearer to our home, and mate ourselves with angels? Is there not a ringing desire in many minds to seize hold of what floats above us in the universe of thought, and drag down what shreds we can, to scatter to the world? Is it not belonging to greatness to catch lightning, from the plains where lightning lives, and curb it for the handling of men?—DONALD G. MITCHELL.

Condensed Comments.

The truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter
And the heavy burden lighter
And the Dawn Immortal brighter
Every year. —ALBERT PIKE.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

INFLUENCE.

The Influence of Carlyle and Emerson.

Man is not all intellect. If he were so, science would, I believe, be his proper nutriment. But he feels as well as thinks. He is receptive of the sublime and the beautiful as well as of the true. Indeed, I believe that even the intellectual action of a complete man is, consciously or unconsciously, sustained by an under-current of the emotions. It is vain, I think, to attempt to separate moral and emotional nature from intellectual nature. Let a man but observe himself, and he will, if I mistake not, find that in nine cases out of ten moral or immoral considerations, as the case may be, are the motive force which pushes his intellect into action. The reading of the works of two men, neither of them imbued with the spirit of modern science—neither of them, indeed, friendly to that spirit—has placed me here today. These men are the English Carlyle and the American Emerson. I never should have gone through Analytical Geometry and the Calculus had it not been for those men. I never should have become a physical investigator, and hence without them I should not have been here today. They told me what I ought to do in a way that caused me to do it, and all my consequent intellectual action is to be traced to this purely moral source.—TYNDALL.

Spiritual Influence.

When a lecturer on electricity wants to show an example of a human body surcharged with his fire, he places a person on a stool with glass legs. The glass serves to isolate him from the earth, because it will not conduct the fire—the electric fluid. Were it not for this, however much might be poured into his frame, it would be carried away by the earth; but, when thus isolated from it, he retains all that enters him. You see no fire, you hear no fire; but you are told that it is pouring into him. Presently you are challenged to the proof—asked to come near, and hold your hand close to his person. When you do so, a spark of fire shoots out toward you.

If thou, then, wouldst have thy soul surcharged with the fire of God, so that those who come near thee shall feel some mysterious influence proceeding out from thee, thou must draw nigh to the source of that fire, to the throne of God and of the Lamb, and shut thyself out from the world—that cold world which so swiftly steals our fire away. Enter into thy closet and shut thy door, and there, isolated "before the throne," await the baptism. Then the fire shall fill thee; and, when thou comest forth, holy power will attend thee, and thou shalt labor, not in thine own strength, but with demonstration of the Spirit, and with power.—W. ARTHUR.

The Influence of a Book.

A Puritan tract, old and torn, was lent by a poor man to Baxter's father. It was called "Bunny's Resolutions."

Through reading this little book, Richard Baxter, afterward the great preacher of Kidderminster, received a real change of heart. Baxter wrote "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," which was blessed to the conversion of Doddridge. He wrote "The Rise and Progress," which was the means of the conversion of Leigh Richmond, and he wrote his "Dairyman's Daughter," which has been translated into more than fifty languages, and has led to the conversion of thousands of souls. How many of these converted ones have in their turn written books and tracts which have charmed others to Jesus, eternity alone will reveal. We can never see the issues of our acts. We may strike a match, and from that little flame a street may be lighted.

Give a light to your next-door neighbor, and you may be taking the nearest way to instruct the twentieth century, or to send the Gospel to Chinese Tartary, or to overthrow the popular science fetish of the hour. A spark from your kitchen candle may, in its natural progression from one to another, light the last generation of men. So the word of the hour may be the light of the age, by which men may come in multitudes to see their Savior and Lord. Let thy light shine, and what will come of it thou shalt see hereafter.—SPURGEON.

The Power of Influence.

The stone flung from my careless hand into the lake splashed down into the depths of the flowing water; and that was all. No—it was not all. Look at those concentric rings, rolling their tiny ripples among the sedgy

reeds, dipping the overhanging boughs of yonder willow and producing an influence, slight but conscious, to the very shore of the lake itself. That hasty word, that word of pride or scorn, flung from my lips in casual company, produces a momentary depression; and that is all. No—it is not all. It deepened that man's disgust at godliness; it sharpened the edge of that man's sarcasm; it shamed that half-converted one out of his penitent misgivings; and it produced an influence, slight but eternal, on the destiny of an immortal life. Oh, it is a terrible power that I have—this power of influence; and it clings to me. I can not shake it off. It is born within me; it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. It speaks; it walks; it moves. It is powerful in every look of my eye, in every word of my lips, in every act of my life. I can not live to myself. I must either be a light to illumine, or a tempest to destroy. I must either be an Abel, who by his immortal righteousness, being dead, yet speaketh; or an Achan, the saddest continuance of whose otherwise forgotten name is the fact that man perishes not alone in his iniquity. O brethren, this necessary element of power belongs to you all! Your sphere may be contracted; your influence may be small; but a sphere and influence you have.—W. M. PUNSHON.

Condensed Comments.

Simply to be in this world is to exert an influence—an influence, too, compared to which mere language and persuasion are feeble.—HORACE BUSHNELL.

"Forgotten." A Story Without Words.

The righteous is a guide to his neighbor; but the way of the wicked causeth them to err.—SOLOMON.

No man is what he would have been if Luther had not lived.—FROUDE.

INTEMPERANCE.

A Graphic Picture.

The depopulating pestilence that walketh at noonday, the carnage of cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring from a parent trunk, and stretch abroad its populous limbs, like a flowering tree, covered with green and healthy foliage. I have seen the unnatural decay beginning upon the yet tender leaf, and gnawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, and the scathed and ruined shaft stood desolate and alone, until the winds and rains of many a sorrow laid that, too, in the dust.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

The Price of a Drink.

"Give me a drink! I will give you my hard earnings for it. Give me drink! I will pay for it. I will give you more than that. I married a wife; I took her from her girlhood's home, and promised to love her and cherish her, and protect her. Ah! Ah! And I have driven her out to work for me, and I have stolen her wages, and

I have brought them to you. Give me a drink and I will give you them. More yet. I have snatched the bit of bread from the white lips of my famished child. I will give you that if you will give me a drink. More yet. I will give—I will give you my hopes of Heaven—body and soul. I will barter jewels worth all the kingdoms of the earth—for what will a man give in exchange for his soul?—for a dram. Give it me!"—J. B. GOUGH.

Effects of Intemperance.

Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment; it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity. Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and show them in the most odious colors, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca, that drunkenness does not produce but discover faults. Common experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments.—ADDISON.

Trophies of Intemperance.

Like the skulls which a savage carries at his girdle or sets up on poles in his palace yard, and tells the traveler what a mighty warrior this or the other was till his ax or arrow laid him low; so of all the sins, intemperance is

the one which, reaped from the ranks of British genius, boasts the most crowded row of ghastly trophies. To say nothing of the many sorely wounded, among the actually slain in numbers are the musician and the artist, the philosopher and the poet, the physician and the lawyer, the statesman and the judge.—J. HAMILTON.

Condensed Comments.

It is remarkable that all the diseases from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation; and gradually to increase, if the cause be continued, till the family becomes extinct.—DR. E. DARWIN.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and an irregular life do as manifestly kill themselves as do those who hang, poison or drown themselves.—SHERLOCK.

Intemperance is a hydra with a hundred heads. She never stalks abroad unaccompanied with impurity, anger and the most infamous profligacies.—CHRYSOSTOM.

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IRELAND.

Irish Sentiment.

If the majority of the people of Ireland had their will and had the power, they would unmoor the island from its fastenings in the deep, and move it at least two thousand miles to the west.—JOHN BRIGHT.

Landlordism.

Ireland is the Gethsemane of Europe. In it there are more undeserved poverty and sinless crime than in any other land on the face of the globe. England will give you reasons for it as plentiful as the tigers in the Indian jungle. She says it is because the inhabitants are Catholics; because they are lawless; because they are indolent; because they are drunken; and because they are extravagant. If you ask me for a reason, I answer in one word—Landlordism! The trouble has its origin in the robbery of a race for the benefit of a class.—JAMES REDPATH.

How to Treat Ireland.

I would have the Irish government regulated by Irish notions and Irish prejudices; and I firmly believe, according to an Irish expression, that the more she is under Irish government, the more she will be bound to English interests.—FOX.

JEALOUSY.

Avoid Jealousy.

Let there be no room in all your house for jealousy—either to sit or to stand. *It is a leprous abomination.* Your brother's success, O sisters, is your success! His victories will be your victories. While Moses, the brother, led the vocal music after the crossing of the Red Sea, Miriam, the sister, with two glittering sheets of brass uplifted and glistening in the sun, led the instrumental music, clapping the cymbals till the last frighted neigh of pursuing cavalry horse was smothered in the water, and the last Egyptian helmet went under.—TALMAGE.

Love Without Jealousy.

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare. But jealousy may exist without love, and this is common. For jealousy can feed on that which is bitter, no less than on that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride as often as by affection.—COLTON.

Jealousy a Poison.

Jealousy may be compared to Indian arrows, so envenomed, that if they prick the skin it is very dangerous; but if they draw blood, it is irrevocably deadly. The first motions that arise from this root of bitterness have their evil effects; but where the disease progresses, it poisons all our comforts, and throws us headlong into the most tragical resolutions.—WANLEY.

THE JEWS.

A Hopeful Outlook.

I have reason to believe that many Jews have long since learned to look with love and reverence on Him whom their fathers rejected; nay, more, that many of them, convinced by the irrefragable logic of history, have openly acknowledged that He was indeed their promised Messiah, although they still regret the belief in His divinity. We may humbly believe that the day is fast approaching when He whom the Jews crucified, and whose divine revelations the Christians have so often disgraced, will break down the middle wall of partition between them, and make both races one in religion, in heart and in life. Semite and Aryan, Jew and Gentile, united to bless and to evangelize the world.—F. W. FARRAR.

The Hebrew Race.

You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe was organized and is principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolize the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of spiritual Christianity, and who

is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the history of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place; a modest and learned man. He was Wehl, then unknown but since become the first Arabic scholar of the day and the author of "The Life of Mohammed." As to the German professors of this race, their name is legion. I think there are more than ten at Berlin alone.—DISRAELI.

Jerusalem.

The inhabitants of the earthquake lands pass many an hour of tremulous apprehension. The earth seems about to become false under foot. The sea seems about to rise in a tidal wave. When some heavy sound comes in the night strong men rise from their pillow to watch and listen. Thus the Jewish race watched and trembled and fought. Between revolts and invasions the years of peace were few. The wealth of Jerusalem made it a grand prize in a world where soldiers were only organized banditti. Against it all armies flung their forces all along from Shishak of Egypt to Cyrus of Persia. "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold." The Chaldeans plundered and burned the Temple. War, civil or defensive, came in successive waves for a thousand years, but these were not years enough to exhaust the patriotism and the power of the statesmen. They arose again

and again in their majestic, divine politics, and as often lifted up the people by offering them the picture of a potentate angry or a potentate pleased, the picture of a country ruined or a Jerusalem the joy and beauty of the whole world.—SWING.

JOY.

The Source of Joy.

There is only one source of rest in the midst of pain. It is the doing of duty. There is only one source of joy in the midst of pain. It is more than the doing of duty. It is the doing of love.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Joy in Heaven.

It is a fancy of Swedenborg, with a good philosophy in it, that in Heaven the oldest angels are the youngest. All life there is toward youth. One reason must be that all life there is cheerful and joyous. If the people in Heaven still fretted, complained, got discouraged and went about with heavy hearts and long faces, cheerless and despondent, as so many Heaven-bound pilgrims do here, they would get very old by the time they had been a few millenniums in Heaven. But being always of good cheer, they keep always young, growing ever toward youth. Even here on the earth, too, the same secret holds true, that abounding cheerfulness keeps one young in spite of advancing years. Thus cheerfulness carries

its reward and blessing in itself. It is its own benediction. It weaves its own garment of beauty. It builds its own home of glory.—J. R. MILLER.

Joy Reasonable.

Now I say, and distinctively as a Christian teacher, that joy is reasonable and becoming and necessary and unspeakably helpful. Reasonable, for it is one of the perfections of God; and man, being made in the image of God, may be expected to resemble Him in it. We observe it in a thousand things. The song of the birds, the mirth of children, the instinct of humor, the cheek dimpling into a smile, the soul's glee expressing itself in laughter—these are but a few of the signs that joy is a faculty of man. And if becoming in all of us, how charming and suitable is it in the young! As our years grow and our memory becomes charged with anguish and the setons of sorrowful associations give us quick twists of pain, and down the hill we travel to the river at the foot, with but few of those who climbed it in our company, joy is not so quick or so unmixed as once it was. Even when we take it, the old sparkle seems gone. It is still joy, but not the gladness of youth. To the young, for whom life has but few cares, conscience but few stains, memory but few disappointments, judgment but few problems, behind them childhood and in front manhood, with the grandeur of enterprise and the wine of hope, joy is not only natural but suitable. All young things are full of joy; and He who made them means them to be. The burdens are near at hand, and will be

here soon enough. Do not hasten them. Do not wish to bear them till they come. And this it is which not only makes joy necessary, but also explains the abundance and excess of it; which tells us how it is not so much for middle age, oppressed with its somber and fatiguing commonplaces, nor for old age, with its work done and its dismissal near, but for youth, vigorous and buoyant, joy is so facile and so brisk. It is to help the young to grow, to make their start, to bear their disappointments, to part with their illusions, to face their discipline and to remedy their mistakes. The little bark is by the shore; it needs a vigorous shove to push it out into the water, and then a steady breeze to fill the sails and float it over the bar into the deep sea. This is what joy does, and nothing else like it, making the will vigorous, the heart buoyant, coloring the imagination in the hues of the tropics and cajoling the reason into mistaking the possible for the real.—BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

The Believer's Joy.

The believer's life has its sweets, and these are of the choicest; for what is sweeter than honey? What is more joyful than the joy of a saint? What is more happy than the happiness of a believer? I will not condescend to make a comparison between our joy and the mirth of fools. I will go no farther than a contrast. Their mirth is as the cracking of thorns under a pot, which spit fire and make a noise and a flash, but there is no heat, and they are soon gone out. Nothing comes of it, and the pot is long in boiling. But the Christian's delight is like

a steady coal fire. You have seen the grate full of coals all burning red, and the whole mass of coal has seemed to be one great glowing ruby; and everybody who has come into the room out of the cold has delighted to warm his hands, for it gives out a steady heat and warms the body even to its marrow. Such are our joys. I would sooner possess the joy of Christ five minutes than I would revel in the mirth of fools for half a century. There is more bliss in the tear of repentance than in the laughter of gayety; our holy sorrows are sweeter than the worldling's joys. But oh, when our joys grow full, divinely full, then are they unspeakably like those above, and Heaven begins below. Did you never cry for joy? You say, perhaps: "Not since I was a child." Nor have I; but I have always remained a child, so far as divine joy is concerned. I could often cry for joy when I know Whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him.—SPURGEON.

Joy Is Glory.

Joy is the glory of God. It is a thought we do not link enough to Him.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

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JUSTICE.

"The Just for the Unjust."

Christianity is not a clever contrivance for outwitting justice. In Christ we do not outrun justice. Justice itself, by a mystery we can neither understand nor explain, has been satisfied by Christ. The mystery of the Cross lies within that thought. Now and then we seem to see somewhat of its meaning. God is just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly; Christ bore our sins in His own body on the tree; He suffered, the just for the unjust; He was wounded for our transgression; He was bruised for our iniquities. When we are weariest, saddest and most severe with ourselves, we hear these words, and they are full of rest, hope and music. We see the light, and call it Heaven. The refuge in Christ is based upon confession, repentance and restitution. It is not set up for righteous men, but for men unrighteous and lost.—JOSEPH PARKER.

Absurd Justice.

There was once a robber in Cairo who, climbing into a window, fell and broke his leg. He complained to the Cadi, and asked for justice from the owner because the window casement was defective. The Cadi sent for the owner, who laid the blame on the carpenter. The Cadi sent for the carpenter, who laid the blame on the mason. The mason blamed a pretty girl, who in passing attracted his eye by the pretty gown she wore. The girl blamed

"A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society."—From the Painting by Landseer.

the dyer who dyed the gown. The dyer had no excuse to offer, and the Cadi sentenced him to be hanged in his own doorway. Every one was satisfied, but presently the executioner came back and said he could not hang the dyer because the door was too low. "Then," said the Cadi, "go, get a short dyer and hang him. We must have justice, though the heavens fall."—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

The Justice of God.

There are men who say they believe there is a God, but God is too merciful to punish sin. He is too full of compassion and love, and He could not punish sin. The drunkard, the harlot, the gambler, the murderer, the thief and the libertine would all share alike at the end. Suppose the Governor of your State was so tenderhearted that he could not bear to have a man suffer, that he could not bear to see a man put in jail, and he should set all the prisoners free. How long would he be Governor? You would have him out of office before the sun set. These very men who talk about God's mercy would be the first to raise a cry against a Governor who would not have a man put in prison when he had done wrong. —MOODY.

A Revival of Justice.

A man said to me the other night, when I was talking on this subject: "Your old Gospel will not put bread into the mouths of the people." My friends, don't you believe it. That is just what will. You want to remove

the cause of this trouble, and I believe the Gospel of the Son of God is the only thing that will do it. If men will stop drinking whisky, it will buy bread for their children, will it not? If they will stop their gambling, don't you think it will put some money into bread, and the family will have something to eat? If they will stop this cursed adultery, don't you think the wives and children will be looked after? This man was a leper. How many of your servants have a disease a thousand times worse than leprosy? A kind act may turn them into the Kingdom of God, and it would be a grand day if we could see a revival of righteousness going over this land as it did in 1857. Then men would stop selling American goods with foreign labels, and would knock the false bottoms out of their measures and readjust their scales.—MOODY.

National Justice.

The national lesson we might learn is, that if we will be over-severe—if we will harass the Jews, for example, as all nations have more or less combined to do—God will spread the lap of His skirt over the Jews. "Vengeance is Mine; I will repay." God likes to see justice done; but God will not have vindictive and sinful revenge, and He will spread the lap of His cloak over the Jews, as He did over Hadad. They will find favor here and there, and by and by they will rise and climb into places of power, whence they can deal with their oppressors, and give tit for tat. Let us harry and worry "those Irish" without mercy, dragooning them through generations, and they will go away—to America, for instance—

and God will spread the lap of His skirt over them there. They will find favor in their exile home, and show that they were not mere vermin or brutes. They will rise, as they have risen, to wealth and power, and may trouble us, should God's time to flog us, like another silly and sensual Solomon, come around. God may find his executors of vengeance in the descendants of those with whom we deal too harshly, or our fathers before us—long, long ago. Aye, they will spread through your English cities and towns, and play the very mischief with you at voting times, and make the balance "kick the beam" in most undesirable and provoking fashion. Proud England will be compelled to say: "Ireland blocks the way." We forget that God hates inhumanity, and God's heart repents Him for those who seem to be utterly trampled under foot and denied the right to live. He has strange ways with Him, and He is worth watching. I do not desire to be at all political, in a bad sense. But no man can preach the Bible to his time without touching its history—and politics is history in its making. I do not speak in a party spirit; but may we not read out of our own day this old national lesson: The whirligig of time brings its revenges? Therefore, let mercy season justice.—McNEILL.

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LABOR.

Capital and Labor.

The two hands are a picture of the contending forces of capital and labor. The left—less skilled, more choice, served often by its fellows, and decked with rings; the right—forceful, ingenious, busy, unadorned. Only by bringing them together can harmony be had and a full day's toil accomplished. If they contend, they work each other's ruin; if they combine, they reach each one its utmost. Met for work, and clasped in prayer, these hands of capital and labor shall bring that social compact which it is their office to develop and defend up to its best estate. Fighting each other, they will but mar and finally destroy the social fabric; and the left hand of capital will first give way under the pitiless blows of labor's strong right hand.—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Blessedness of Labor.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it. How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour, festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow, with its clear, flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small! Labor is life. From the inmost heart

of the worker rises his God-given force—the sacred, celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins.—CARLYLE.

Mr. Childs an Example.

In this widening of human ideals a large part of the community has outgrown the law of demand and supply. The Rossis and Ricardos who stated that law so clearly a hundred years ago were not thinking of the welfare of the working man, but only the causes of a price. The study and the law were cold-blooded. A working man received fifty cents a day or less because the need was not great and the working men were numerous. In our age there is a vast multitude of employers who pay something to a man because he is a human being. An element undreamt of by the last century enters into the wages of today. Mr. Childs did not regard the law of demand and supply. His heart made some new laws, and he paid as much to the human being as he did to the trade of the man. He could have secured labor at a low market price, but he hated the calculations of the last century, and paid men what pleased his own benevolence. Few of you make any effort to secure help at the lowest rates. The human being—man, woman or boy—steps in and draws a few additional pennies. The sweat-shops are places where love has not yet come. There the law of demand and supply works in all its old-time barbarity.—SWING

No Excellence Without Labor.

Nothing great and good can be accomplished without labor and toil. Motion is the law of living nature. Inaction is the symbol of death, if it is not death itself. The hugest engines, with strength and capacity sufficient to drive the mightiest ships across the stormy deep, are utterly useless without a moving power.

Energy is the steam power, the motive principle of intellectual capacity. It is the propelling force; and as in physics momentum is resolvable into velocity and quantity of matter, so in metaphysics, the extent of human accomplishment may be resolvable into the degree of intellectual endowment and the energy with which it is directed. A small body driven by a great force will produce a result equal to, or even greater than, that of a much larger body moved by a considerably less force. So it is with minds. Hence we often see men of comparatively small capacity, by greater energy alone, leave, and justly leave, their superiors in natural gifts far behind them in the race for honors, distinction and preferment.—ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Labor Is Life.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory! The flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;

Idle hearts only the dark future frightens.
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work, and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work, thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

All Labor Sacred.

It has been too much the fashion to divide the service of God from the work of the world, to call on men to leave all to follow Christ—as if Christ meant, when He called Peter and Matthew away for a special missionary work, that no one should remain to do the needful works of life, and that no one who did not leave those works could follow Him. By this mistaking of a particular call of special men to a particular work for a universal call for all men the fatal division was made of sacred and profane work. The true lesson of His teaching was that all work was given to man by God, and was to be done divinely with love and faith and joy.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

A Spiritual Conception of Labor.

There are two ways of looking at David as he plays his harp before Saul. To a mere outsider it was harp-playing. To David it was an attempt to help a man by driving away an evil spirit. In playing the harp he was doing a great spiritual work. . . . It would help us in our work if we looked at its spiritual rather than at its merely outward aspect. The influence of a spiritual worker never ceases David's harp is being played still, and its strains are expelling many an evil spirit. Had his work been merely so much manipulation upon a musical instrument, his work would have perished with his physical existence; but David played with his soul as well as with his fingers. Hence his strains linger in the air and find their way into the hearts of men.—JOSEPH PARKER.

My Work.

I stood up straight and worked
My veritable work. And as the soul
Which grows within a child makes the child grow;
Or, as the fiery sap, the touch from God,
Careering through a tree, dilates the bark
And roughs with scale and knob, before it strikes
The summer foliage out in a green flame—
So life, in deepening with me, deepened all
The course I took, the work I did.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Labor Necessary.

It is not labor that makes things valuable, but their being valuable that makes them worth laboring for. And God, having judged, in His wisdom, that it is not good for man to be idle, has so appointed things, by His providence, that few of the things which are most desirable can be obtained without labor. It is ordained that man should eat bread in the sweat of his face, and about all the necessary comforts and luxuries of life are obtained only by labor.—R. WHATELY.

Labor in Genius.

When a lady once asked Turner, the celebrated English painter, what his secret was, he replied: "I have no secret, madam, but hard work. This is a secret that many never learn, and they do not succeed because they do not learn it. Labor is the genius which changes the world from ugliness to beauty and the great curse to a blessing."

Condensed Comments.

In putting on your armor, do not forget that the sword of the Spirit is the Word of God. Not content with merely reading your Bible, study it. Instead of skimming over whole acres of truth, put your spade into the most practical passages, and dig deep. Study the Twenty-fifth Psalm and the twelfth chapter of Romans, as well as the sublime eighth chapter. Study the whole Epistle of James. It will teach you how a Christian ought to behave before the world. As you get on farther

you may strike your hoe and your mattock down into the rich ore-beds of the Book of John. Saturate your heart with God's Word.—T. L. CUYLER.

Let us do all the work we can. If we can not be a light-house, let us be a tallow candle. There used to be a period when people came to meeting bringing their candles with them. The first one, perhaps, would not make a great illumination, but when two or three got there, there would be more light. If the people of Boston should do that now, if each one should come here in this Tabernacle with a candle, don't you think there would be a little light?—MOODY.

If we are going to be successful, we have got to take our stand for God, and let the world and every one know we are on the Lord's side. I have great respect for the woman who started out during the war with a poker. She heard the enemy were coming, and she went out to resist them. When some one asked her what she could do with the poker, she said she would at least let them know what side she was on. And that is what we want. —MOODY.

I have one great principle which I never lose sight of —to insist strongly on the difference between Christian and non-Christian, and to sink into nothing the differences between Christian and Christian.—DR. ARNOLD.

It is the greatest pleasure of living to win souls to Christ.—MOODY.

Work is God's ordinance as truly as prayer.—GEORGE D. BOARDMAN.

LAW.

Law Everywhere.

Laws appear everywhere. We find them in the domain of beauty. They forbid the architect to put a small column under a mighty dome, and will not permit him to sacrifice power to beauty. They command the painter to care for Nature, and not to make wheat ripen in the snow and not to make the robins sing in the leafless trees of Christmas. They issue orders to literature, and tell it to exclude debasing ideas and to admit the truths of most value and of greatest application. They issue orders to religion, and tell it to create in humanity the most possible of virtue and hope. Appearing at all other points of thought and action, laws spring up in the State to help the public hold what justice and progress it may have found. These laws our marching citizens must respect. All damage done property, all disregard of American rights, the rights of individuals or of corporations, must be instantly checked, because the law of the land is the progress we have made in the ages up to this date. With that taken away, we fall back into the abyss of barbarism. Our Nation may or may not have climbed very high from its barbaric starting point, but it must hold what it has gained. Our laws of property have been passed by the millions acting in their best hours; they must not be set at naught by bands of itinerants acting in their bad hours.—SWING.

Condensed Comments.

They are the best laws by which the King hath the justest prerogative and the people the best liberty.—LORD BACON.

When the State is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied.—TACITUS.

LIFE.

The Voyage.

As to some distant bourne
A traveler journeys o'er the mazy sea,
I, too, shall journey for a far country,
Whence I shall not return.

And, as upon the shore
Friends, waiting, stand and fondly say farewell,
And wave their hands, their constant love to tell,
When words avail no more,

Until, adown the bay,
He sails into the mist and fades from sight—
E'en so, into the distance and the night,
I, too, shall fade away.

But, though beyond our view,
Shut in by sea and sky, o'er water drear,
He holds his destined course with hope and cheer,
And makes his port anew—

"THE DOCTOR"

So, from this earthly strand,
When o'er the trackless sea I, too, must sail,
Shall I not o'er the storm and night prevail,
And gain my Promised Land?

J. LOTON.

The End of Life.

The end of life is not to do good, although many of us think so. It is not to win souls, although I once thought so. The end of life is to do the will of God. That may be in the line of doing good or winning souls, or it may not. The maximum achievement of any man's life, after it is all over, is to have done the will of God. No man or woman can have done any more with a life; no Luther, no Spurgeon, no Wesley, no Melancthon can have done any more with their lives; and a dairy maid or a scavenger can do as much. Therefore, the supreme principle upon which we have to run our lives is to adhere, through good report or ill, through temptation and prosperity and adversity, to the will of God, wherever that may lead us. It may take you away to China, or you who are going to Africa may have to stay where you are; you who are going to be an evangelist may have to go into business, and you who are going into business may have to become an evangelist. But there is no happiness or success in life till that principle is once taken possession of.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

The Master's Touch.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;

To make the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skillful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! Do with us as Thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image—Thou our God and Lord!

HORATIUS BONAR.

Living Not in Vain.

As the untimely death of the good is our strongest moral assurance of the Resurrection, so the life wearily worn out in doubtful and perilous conflict with Wrong and Woe is our most conclusive evidence that Wrong and Woe shall yet vanish forever. Luther, dying amid the agonizing tears and wild consternation of all Protestant Germany; Columbus, borne in regal pomp to his grave by the satellites of the royal miscreant whose ingratitude and perfidy had broken his mighty heart—these teach us, at least, that all true greatness is ripened and tempered and proved in life-long struggle against vicious beliefs, traditions, practices, institutions; and that not to have been a Reformer is not to have truly lived.

Life is a bubble which any breath may dissolve; Wealth or Power a snow-flake, melting momently into the treacherous deep across whose waves we are floated on

to our unseen destiny; but to have lived so that one less orphan is called to choose between starvation and infamy, to have lived so that some eyes of those whom Fame shall never know are brightened and others suffused at the name of the beloved one—so that the few who knew him truly shall recognize him as a bright, warm, cheering presence, which was here for a season and left the world no worse for his stay in it—this, surely, is to have really *lived*—and not wholly in vain.—HORACE GREELEY.

We Live in Deeds.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives longest;
Lives in one hour more than years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means to an end—that end—
Beginning, mean and end to all things—God.

P. J. BAILEY.

"None of Us Liveth Unto Himself."

God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower on its stem, upon the rain-drops which swell the mighty river, upon the dew-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as

upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon *all* hath He written: "*None of us liveth unto himself.*"—JOHN TODD.

A Well-Spent Life.

Oh, happiest he, whose riper years retain
The hopes of youth, unsullied by a stain!
His eve of life in calm content shall glide,
Like the still streamlet to the ocean tide;
No gloomy cloud hangs o'er his tranquil day;
No meteor lures him from his home astray;
For him there glows with glittering beam on high
Love's changeless star that leads him to the sky.
Still, to the past he sometimes turns to trace
The mild expression of a mother's face,
And dreams, perchance, as oft in earlier years,
The low, sweet music of her voice he hears.

J. T. FIELDS.

"Good Morning" in Another Clime.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.

Life! We 've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear.
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away; give little warning;

Choose thine own time.
Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning."

ANNA L. BARBAULD.

The Loom of Life.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the Loom of Life; and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom.
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack! There 's a thread of love wove in.
Click, clack! And another of wrong and sin.
What a checkered thing will this life be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with its warp outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps—or one—
Or tomorrow. Who knoweth? Not you nor I.
But the wheels turn on, and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver! The years are slow,

But each one is nearer the end, I know;
And some day the last thread shall be wove in—
God grant it be love instead of sin!

Are we spinners of woof for this life-web—say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better, then, O my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

ANONYMOUS.

Good Life, Long Life.

He liveth long who liveth well.
All else is but life flung away!
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go.
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure!
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright!
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light!

HORATIUS BONAR.

What We Live For.

What live we for but this?
Into the soul to breathe the soul of sweetness;
The stunted growth to rear to fair completeness;

Drown sneers in smiles, kill hatred with a kiss,
And to the sandy waste bequeath the fame
That the flowers bloomed behind us whence we came.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

The Tapestry Weavers.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—
No braver lesson can be—
From the ways of tapestry weavers,
On the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs;
They study it with care.
The while their fingers deftly move
Their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing besides
Of the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore;
He works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops,
And the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork,
That his marvelous skill is learned.

Oh, the sight of its delicate beauty!
How it pays him for all its cost!
For rarer, daintier work than his
Was never done by the frost.

Then the master giveth him golden hire,
And giveth him praise as well;
And how happy the heart of the weaver is
No tongue but his own can tell.

The years of a man are the looms of God,
Let down from the place of the Sun,
Wherein we are weaving ever,
Till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely,
Each for himself, his fate,
We may not know how the right side looks;
We can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern,
No weaver hath need to fear.
Only let him look clear into Heaven;
The perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Savior
Always and ever in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than noney;
His weaving is sure to be right.

A. G. CHESTER.

High Noon.

Time's finger on the dial of my life
Points to high noon. And yet the half-spent day
Leaves less than half remaining! For the dark,
Bleak shadows of the grave engulf the end.

To those who burn the candle to the stick,
The sputtering socket yields but little light.
Long life is sadder than an early death.
We can not count on raveled threads of age
Whereof to weave a fabric; we must use
The warp and woof the ready present yields.
And toil while daylight lasts. When I bethink
How brief the past, the future, still more brief,
Calls on to action, action! Not for me
Is time for retrospection or for dreams;
Not time for self-laudation or remorse.
Have I done nobly? Then I must not let
Dead yesterday unborn tomorrow shame.
Have I done wrong? Well, let the bitter taste
Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lips
Be my reminder in temptation's hour,
And keep me silent when I would condemn.
Sometimes it takes the acid of a sin
To cleanse the clouded windows of our souls
So pity may shine through them. Looking back,
My faults and errors seem like stepping stones
That led the way to knowledge of the truth
And made me value virtue! Sorrows shine
In rainbow colors o'er the gulf of years
Where lie forgotten pleasures. Looking forth,
Out to the western sky, still bright with noon,
I feel well spurred and booted for the strife
That ends not till Nirvana is attained.
Battling with fate, with men and with myself
Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon,

Three things I learned—three things of precious worth—
To guide and help me down the western slope.
I have learned how to pray, and toil, and save;
To pray for courage to receive what comes,
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent;
To toil for universal good, since thus,
And only thus, can good come to me;
To save, by giving whatsoe'er I have
To those who have not. This alone is gain.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

What Is Life?

Ah, what is life?
'Tis but a passing touch upon the world;
A print upon the beaches of the earth
Next flowing wave will wash away; a mark
That something passed; a shadow on a wall,
While looking for the substance, shade departs;
A drop from the vast spirit-cloud of God
That rounds upon a stock, a stone, a leaf,
A moment, then exhales again to God.

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN.

Life an Image of God.

Throughout this beautiful and wonderful creation there is never-ceasing motion, without rest by night or day, ever weaving to and fro. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle, it flies from birth to death, from death to birth; from the beginning seeks the end and finds it not; for the

seeming end is only a dim beginning of a new out-going and endeavor after the end. As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the Summer's sun breathes upon it, melts and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun, so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it, and reflecting, an image of God's love.—LONGFELLOW.

Life Not What It Seems.

Life, my young friends, is not what it seems to be to you. Life is not a sailing under fair skies and across tranquil seas, until you shall drop your anchor in Fair Havens at the end. Life is not a yachting excursion through the many-islanded Mediterranean, or around the creeks and bays of our lovely shores. Life is not sailing up and down some romantic Clyde, or still more romantic Rhine. Life means being out on the open sea. Life means roughing it. Life means storm; means fog, and unsightly mud-banks, on which you may run and be stranded. Life means roaring reefs and sunken rocks. Life means (to change the metaphor) snares and traps set with devilish skill for unwary feet, all round about. "Sirs," says the preacher, says Paul, says God himself, "I perceive that this voyage is to mean trouble, distress and trial, do as we may and go as we may."

This was said, remember, while they were still in the harbor. "In any case, our voyage is to mean trouble, trial and hardship." And I say the same. Oh, it is unwelcome; it is irksome doctrine. Time was when I do not think I believed it myself. Time was when lif-

seemed - well, what could our ideas of life be, my young friends, other than just what we gathered from those books we read, those novels which were continually in our hands? Life was to be an adventure—a glorious adventure. Life was to be romance. Life was to be success, joy and gladness. Hear it, although it may seem to be a wet blanket thrown over your romancing spirit - your enthusiastic soul: "Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives." We shall barely be saved, if we are saved at all—saved by the skin of our teeth, and we shall land on the eternal shore with nothing but what we stand in.—McNeill.

How to Carry Life's Burden.

Christ saw that men took life painfully. To some it was a weariness, to others a failure, to many a tragedy —to all a struggle and a pain. How to carry this burden of life had been the whole world's problem. It is still the whole world's problem. And here is Christ's solution: "Carry it as I do. Take life as I take it. Look at it from My point of view. Interpret it upon My principles. Take My yoke and learn of Me, and you will find it easy. For My yoke is easy, works easily, sits right upon the shoulders, and *therefore* My burden is light."—Henry Drummond.

A Solemn Thing to Live.

Most people say: "It is a solemn thing to die." And so it is. Death takes us from those we love, bears the

body to the silent grave, and sends the soul into the unseen world. But is it not a great and solemn thing to live?

Of this we may be certain: People generally die as they live. "Oh, if I had thought I should die as I do, I would not have lived as I did!" Thus bewailed an Eastern King when dying. And if you would know what your end will be, you have only to look at your present conduct. Is sin your delight or your dread? Does a true repentance lead you to forsake every evil way? Under a sense of guilt and danger, are you seeking for pardon and acceptance through Him who died to save sinners? And are you, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, showing the sincerity of your faith by a holy life? It will come to these inquiries at last. Let them have your attention now. Learn that life is a sacred trust, and that as you use it so will your eternal condition be in Heaven —or hell. Be assured that a life of faith in Christ, and of obedience to the will of God, is the happiest life that can be spent on earth, and is the only way to a life of blessedness hereafter.—T. L. CUYLER.

The Uncertainty of Life.

Where am I? The Bible and our own experience answer that. Where are we? On the most uncertain footing you can possibly imagine. That is where we are just now, and always here in time. The great characteristic of this life is its uncertainty—"here today and gone tomorrow." A little while ago we were not here, not one of us; a little while hence, we shall be here no

longer. "Man dieth and passeth away; man giveth up his spirit, and where is he?" The place that once knew us shall soon know us no more for ever. That is where we are—on that uncertain footing. A little while ago a wave out of the past eternity cast us up like driftwood here on the shores of time, and a little while hence a wave from the eternity that is coming will sweep and carry us back with itself into the eternity that is to be. Landed here for a while on this narrow neck of land, between the two great seas—the eternity out of which we came and the eternity to which soon we are going—how often God brings home to us the uncertainty of our life here! How it ought to tell for the Gospel! How it ought to tell on this text, and lead us to a meditation of our ways, and to getting them put right and straight and sure for eternity! Here today, and gone to-morrow!—McNeill.

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too,
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good which I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who 've battled for my sake:
The patriot crowned with glory,

The martyr at the stake,
Bards, prophets, heroes, sages—
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is Divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill God's grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold,
When, man to man united
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven which smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Life a Campaign.

Life is the United States army on the National road to Mexico—a long march, with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack the arms; we hang up the war cap and lay our head on the knapsack; we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to marching and action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories, the surprises and the attacks of the day, seated by the still camp-fire of the home circle!—TALMAGE.

LITERATURE.

The Literature of the Future.

There is an eternal power that makes for righteousness. There is also an eternal power, not ourselves, that makes for beauty, and this is the only unerring critic of poetry. What is to be the future of American literature? Ask the supreme powers, rather than the Boston critics. How long are our best productions to express the heart of the ages? Ask the Court and the Throne, and not New York or Cambridge or Concord! It is turning out, here in America, that only those who live near to the Throne can be enthroned. We reverence permanently only the authors who live near the Court.

It is the will of God, apparently, that men should all have fair chances. The poet of fair chances is the poet of the future.—JOSEPH COOK.

Poetry.

The forests grow out of the air much more than from the soil. Spiritual atmospheres, and not our external literary fashions, build poems. When we see in the short turf of the upland pastures the filtering threads of rain-water in the summer shower, we know that they come out of the sky, and that they nourish the roots of the mighty pines. So with the poetic forests that lift their sable, resounding spires of evergreen into the heavens and cast their brown sheddings upon the scented gloom of sacred study and emotion beneath them. They are the children of the air. Great poetry has always been the offspring of deep ethical convictions.—JOSEPH COOK.

LITTLE THINGS.

A Little Word.

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last!

CHARLES MACKAY.

Danger of Little Sins.

Be fearful of little sins. Take alarm at even an evil thought, wish, desire. These are the germs of sin—the floating seeds which drop into the heart, and, finding in our natural corruption a fat and favorable soil, spring up into actual transgressions. These, like the rattle of the snake and the hiss of the serpent, reveal the presence and near neighborhood of danger. The experience of all good men proves that sin is most easily crushed in the bud, and that it is safer to flee from temptation than to fight it.—GUTHRIE.

Little Nuggets from Josh Billings.

Life is made up of little things. Life itself is but a little thing. One breath less—then comes the funeral.

A penny is a very little thing, but the interest of it from the days of Cain and Abel would buy out the globe.

The acorn is a little thing, but the black bear and his family live in the oak that springs from it.

A word is a little thing, yet one word has been many a man's destiny—for good or for evil.

A kiss is a very little thing, but it betrayed the Son of God into the hands of His enemy.

A spark is a little thing, but it can light the poor man's pipe or set the world a-burning.

An egg is a little thing, but the huge crocodile creeps into life out of it.

A star is a little thing, but it can hold this great world in its arms.

The tongue is a little thing, but it fills the universe with trouble.

To or From.

A little more, and how much it is!
A little less, and what worlds away!

BROWNING.

LOVE.

God's Rebukes Loving.

God's rebukes are in love, and so should ours be; holy reproofs in the spirit of affection are snuffers of gold. Never use any other, and use even these with discretion, lest you put out the flame which it is your aim to improve. Never reprove in anger. Do not deal with a small fault as if it were a great crime. If you see a fly on your boy's forebead don't try to kill it with a sledge-hammer, or you may kill the boy also. Do the needful but very difficult work of reproof in the kindest and the wisest style, so that the good you aim at may be attained. —SPURGEON.

Rebuke with Love.

Let us be silent about things which are a discredit to Christian character. Keep an ill report secret. But do not be like the young lady who called in a dozen friends

to help her keep a secret, and yet, strange to say, it got out. Remember, you may yourself deserve rebuke one of these days; and as you would like this to be done gently and privately, so keep your remarks upon others within the happy circle of tender love. To rebuke in gentle love is difficult, but we must aim at it till we grow proficient. Golden snuffers, remember; only *golden* snuffers. Put away those old, rusty things—those unkind, sarcastic remarks. They will do more harm than good, and they are not fit things to be handled by servants of the Lord Jesus.—SPURGEON.

Outraged Love.

Outraged love is the severest, the most terrific, of enemies. Offended honesty has no pity upon the thief. It is right that it should be so. It is right that it should be a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God; and it is right because God is love. We must in some quarter of the universe find a throne that can not be bought, a scepter that can not be bribed, an authority that can not be deterred. That which is but partially honest is not moved to jealousy by felonious action; by its very nature it connives at it. It does not judge them in the eternal light and at the eternal bar. God is magnified in His judgments upon evil, that He may lay a broader claim upon our veneration and trust.—JOSEPH PARKER.

The Gospel Full of Love.

God is ever putting lines of mercy amid all the black print of the law. It would seem as if wherever God

could find a place at which He might utter some word of pity or compassion He filled up that place with an utterance of His solicitude for the welfare of man. Loving words always look beautiful; perhaps they look most beautiful when surrounded by contrastive words of stern righteousness. of unyielding law, of severe prohibition. So these Gospel words are full of charm, here in Deuteronomy. They are ever presenting hope to man. Blessed be God for the singing angel. When we quench his song we quench ourselves. So let us remember, wherever there is a sinner, there is an offered Savior; wherever there is abounding sin, there is superabounding grace.—JOSEPH PARKER.

Marriage and Love.

Gentlemen fulfill your contracts. Christian marriage is an affectional bargain. In heathen lands a man wins his wife by achievements. In some countries wives are bought by the payment of so many dollars, as so many cattle or sheep. In one country the man gets on a horse and rides down where a group of women are standing, and seizes one of them by the hair and lifts her, struggling and resisting, on his horse. Then if her brothers and friends do not overtake them and rescue her before they reach the jungle, she is his lawful wife. In another land, the masculine candidate for marriage is beaten by the club of the one whom he would make his bride. If he cries out under the pounding he is rejected. If he receives the blows uncomplainingly, she is his by right. Endurance, bravery and skill decide the marriage in bar-

barous lands, but Christian marriage is a voluntary bargain, in which you promise protection, support, companionship and love.—TALMAGE.

A Song of Love.

I wrote her name on the soft, shining sand,
For Love had written it within my heart.
The incoming tide with its incessant flood
Dashed o'er the letters, leaving level sand;
But as the expended foam crept slowly back
Into the seething waves, it bore her name,
And mingled it for ever with the surge.
The billows murmur it along the shore;
The wild waves echo it in every beat;
The tempest shrieks it in the midnight sky;
While jealous mermaids wonder whence it came;
And seamews, as they sport upon the waves,
Hear it, and call their mates by that sweet name;
And I for ever hear within my heart
The murmur of her name borne from the sea.

J. K. L.

Love One Another.

It is hard, when we are the victims of feelings which eat at our heart day and night, to force ourselves into the life of giving, of doing little things for others, of stepping out of our reserve, of conquering our wish for solitude, of going to cheer and comfort those who are dependent upon us, of surrendering our pride, of doing a little good here and there when we had rather do big

"A Love Letter."—From the Painting by Lowcock.

things; but it is the true way to get rid of the enslaving dominion of the greater passions. It will bring peace at last, for it is at the root of God's peace. It was the source of the calm of Christ, and when He left us His last legacy of peace He left the means of it in the New Commandment: "Love one another as I have loved you."—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Condensed Comments.

Faith that increaseth, walking in light;
Hope that aboundeth, happy and bright;
Love that is perfect, casting out fear—
These shall insure you a happy New Year.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

There are nine different qualities: Peace, gentleness, long-suffering, hope, patience, charity, etc. But you can sum them all into one, and you have—love. I saw something in writing the other day, bearing upon this subject, which I just took a copy of: "The fruit of the Spirit is in just one word—love. Joy is love exalted; peace is love in repose; long-suffering is love-enduring; gentleness is love in society; goodness is love in action; faith is love on the battle-field; meekness is love in school, and temperance is love in training. And so you can say that the fruit is all expressed by one word—love."—MOODY.

No matter how low down you are; no matter what your disposition has been; you may be low in your thoughts, words and actions; you may be selfish; your heart may be overflowing with corruption and wickedness; yet Jesus will have compassion upon you. He will

speak comforting words to you; not treat you coldly or spurn you, as perhaps those of earth would, but will speak tender words—words of love, affection and kindness. Just come at once. He is a faithful friend—a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—MOODY.

All true love is one. The first commandment is very great, but the second is not little. They are upper and nether pools, and the same fountain fills them. He who is the richest in the love of God has the greatest advantage for loving his neighbor.—HAMILTON.

None loves God but he who loves good. To love God is to love what God is. God is true, pure, just; and he who loves these things out of God may love them in God.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

Love, that geyser of the soul, can melt the ice and snow of the most frozen regions; wherever its warm springs well up, there glows a southern climate.—BRADEN.

As fire goeth out if it be not maintained with wood, so, likewise, love groweth cold which is not mixed with good works.—CAWDRAY.

Love is the Queen of the Graces. It outshines all the others, as the sun the lesser planets.—THOMAS WATSON.

To love as Christ loves is to let our love be a practical and not a merely sentimental thing.—STANFORD.

But now abideth faith, hope, love—these three; and the greatest of these is love.—ST. PAUL.

The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

The most delicate, the most sensible, of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasure of others.—LA BRUYERE.

She is only half a mother who does not see her own child in every child.—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

He doeth much who loveth much; and he also doeth much who doeth well.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

LYING.

Silence Kills Some Lies.

A great lie, if unnoticed, is like a big fish out of water . . it dashes and plunges and beats itself to death in a short time. To answer it is to supply it with its element, and help it to a longer life. Falsehoods usually carry their own refutation somewhere about them, and sting themselves to death. Some lies especially have a peculiar smell, which betrays their rottenness to every honest nose. If you are disturbed by them, the object of their invention is partly answered: but your silent endurance disappoints malice and gives you a partial victory, which God in His care of you will soon turn into a complete deliverance.—SPURGEON.

Condensed Comments.

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth.—TENNYSON.

Dare to be true; nothing can ever need a lie.—GEORGE HERBERT.

MAN.

The Christian a Man-Mender.

Great is man's skill in handling engines of force; marvelous man's control of winds and rivers; wondrous the mastery of engines and ideas. But man himself is greater than the tools he invents. And man stands forth clothed with power to control and influence his fellows, in that he can sweeten their bitterness, allay their conflicts, bear their burdens, surround them with the atmosphere of hope and sympathy. Just in proportion as men have capacity, talent and genius, are they to be guardians, teachers and nurses for men, bearing themselves tenderly and sympathetically toward ignorance, poverty and weakness. And all the majesty of the Summer, all the glory of the storms, all the beauty of galleries, is as nothing compared to the majesty and beauty of a full-orbed and symmetrical manhood. Should there be in every village and city a conspiracy of a few persons toward this refinement and culture, this beauty and sweet Christian living, the presence of these Christ-formed persons would transform our communities. One

such harvestful nature carries power to civilize an entire city. We no more need to demonstrate the worth of the sane, sound, Christ-like character than we need to prove the value of the all-glorious Summer, when it fills the earth with fragrance, the air with blossoms and all the boughs with luscious fruit. Each Christian youth is to be a man-maker and man-mender. He is to help and not hurt men. This is to walk in love. This is to overcome evil with good. This is to be not a printed but a living Gospel. This is to be a master of the art of right living and a teacher of the science of character building. —NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

Men on Other Planets.

The vastness of the universe renders foolish the supposition that this little planet is the only inhabited one; and the unity of laws and of substances asks us to imagine the beings upon other spheres to be moving to and fro in the likeness of man, speaking a language and busied by the useful and the beautiful. We may even assume that such is the oneness of intelligent life that if these inhabitants of different planets were to meet in some general home in immortality, they would prove to be of one race—a human race having different minor details of history, but all members of one brotherhood, and capable of one friendship, one virtue, one taste, one piety—ten thousand worlds full of one music, one art, one tenderness, one creature—man—one God.—SWING.

Nature Speaking to Man.

When the lonely traveler finds himself in France or Germany, how much he wishes his lips could speak its language! Such a power would make France or Germany seem like home. Thus education is an acquaintance with all the voices of the world. The educated mind understands the language of the fields and the forests; the stars speak to him in familiar words; the winds come in intelligible whisperings; he understands the songs of the birds; the flowers use his soul's dialect; he is deaf and dumb no longer; he hears all sounds; he speaks all languages; the sea is eloquent; the hills poetic. This education is valuable, not only because of its relations to reading, writing and arithmetic, but also because it introduces man to the world. The plowed-up daisy drew the compassion of Robert Burns; the skylark and Shelley became friends. Thus into the educated heart as into an urn the world empties all wisdom and beauty. —SWING.

Man Made by Little Things.

Man is made by little things. His soul seems made like his body—as if by the heaping up of cells. In each cubic inch of the human body there are a few millions of cells. These are so concatenated as to compose at last the form of a Washington or a Beatrice. The formation of a good soul is not otherwise, and each little part is essential to the peace of the sum total. Little influences combine and shape the heart. It is not quite enough to say: "He is an American." "She is a Northerner."

For a million influences are at work here and there, and not each one will respond to the touch of the same million. No one large term will save us, for Aaron Burr was an American; the Sioux Indians are sons of the temperate zone, and Henry VIII. was a Christian. The valuable thing is the many little or separate facts which fall under the broad term. The word "Galilean" did not harm Christ because the ten thousand thoughts and deeds of His soul ran counter to the reproachful epithet, and carried Him far away from the old generality.—SWING.

The Greatness of Manhood.

The creatures which God has made, when they shall come to worship in the New Jerusalem, will stand and gaze at glorified men, and with bated breath will say one to another: "These are the beings whose nature the Son of God assumed! These are the chosen creatures whom the Prince of Heaven bought with His own blood." They will stand astonished at the divine glory which will be manifested in beings emancipated from sin and hell and made heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. Will not even angels be surprised and awed as they look on the Church and say to one another: "This is the bride—the Lamb's wife!" They will marvel why the Lord of Glory should come to this poor earth to seek a spouse, and that He should enter into eternal union with such a people. Glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land! Now we are getting near to the center of it. I feel inclined, like Moses, to put off my shoes from my feet, for the place whereon we stand is holy ground, now that

we are getting to see poor bushes like ourselves aglow with the indwelling God and changed from glory unto glory.—SPURGEON.

Man Made Great by Sentiments.

If one would find the true value of a sincere worship, one must first note the vastness of that spiritual fortune which comes through the heart. Literature is composed almost wholly of what the heart loves and admires. As the painter paints for the sentiments, as the sculptor carves for what society loves, as music works wholly for man's delight and tears, so literature utters all its eloquence to the heart. You would not designate the algebra and the law reports as literature. You would not class as letters the debates on tariff or silver. At the mention of the word "literature," human life in sadness or joy comes before us. Helen of Troy poses in gracefulness; Andromache and her child part with Hector; the plumed Achilles hurries along in his chariot; the woods whisper; the nightingale sings; Dante and Beatrice appear; Hamlet acts his part; Ophelia dies; Paul and Virginia make of Mauritius a paradise and a grave; "Little Dorritt" is the beautiful dove of a prison; Fantine sleeps in a hillock which soft rain levels and flowers conceal. Literature is not learning. It is man's holiest passion. It is the soul rushing out of the Holy of Holies. Man is made great by the sentiments. Touch literature anywhere, and the human face flushes. The strings of that instrument called "letters" are fastened to the heart.—SWING.

Who Am I?

Who am I? The Bible and my own conscience give the only and the sure answer to that question: "What is man?" Ask philosophy, ask science; and, to their infinite shame, they are not quite sure whether we are gradually developed, not yet perfectly developed monkeys —or donkeys, maybe; they don't know which—nor whether we are going up or back. They have not made up their minds yet. They will tell us next week, and contradict it the week after that.

Who am I? A "germ"—a "protoplasm!" What pitiful answers these men give! I know there is some good in them, but you have put them in a corner when you ask them to give a plain answer to a plain man on a plain and desperately, intensely personal question: "What is man?" Who am I? Between my finger and thumb (when holding a few leaves of God's Book) there is what is of more value as a contribution to that A B C question, "Who am I?" than is contained in all that ever the philosophers wrote, either ancient or modern. God's Word says—my own conscience rings responsive to it—I am an immortal soul. I am a living, thinking, not material, but spiritual being, surrounded with the material for a little, yet conscious that I am not of it—in it, but not of it rising continually above it, and showing that there are powers in me far beyond the seen, the material and the physical. That is the answer. An immortal soul! God breathed into our nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. There is in us a spark of God's own kindling, and God shall die the day

I die. That is to say, I shall never die—never, *never!* My body goes down, but my body is not I any more than my coat is I. *I* can do without the one: *I* can do without the other. I may lose a limb, I may lose one limb after another; but still I preserve my sense of being *I*—I still, the whole, round, personal, solid individual *I*. You see it when people are dying—up to the very last moment conscious; suffering, but the spark there, and, to the last that we see of it, indestructible. The old heathen poet was far ahead of some of these modern ones when he said: "Non omnis moriar"—"I shall not all die."—McNeill.

Man's Brotherhood.

There are two sides to the question: "What constitutes this brotherhood of man, of which we speak so much?" The progress of science develops every year more clearly the significant fact that all men are brothers whether they will or not; if not for weal, then for woe. . . . God has said it—not by any arbitrary decree, for this He never does, so far as our studies of Nature indicate. But in the constitution and course of things He has said: "All ye are brethren." Only by making this the major premise of our lives can we attain true happiness. The sooner we find it out, the better for us. The sooner we learn that it is true, the sooner we clasp hands in concerted purpose and endeavor to enact brotherhood upon earth, the more shall we be made in the image of man, rather than show forth the lineaments of serpents and of beasts; for the hiss of the snake and the

teeth of the hyena are not more savage, relentless and cruel than those laws and customs by which the greater number are steadily ground under the heel of the lesser, and a human being becomes the cheapest thing on earth —the least desired, and the worst cared for.—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The World in Man.

Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry—hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing even under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But, after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theater of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the land of song; there lies the poet's native land.—LONGFELLOW.

The Wondrous Frame of Man.

Not in the world of life alone,
Where God has built His blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen;
Look in upon thy wondrous frame—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CASTLE, HAWARDEN.—From a Photograph.

MANHOOD.

The Quality of Manhood.

God is all for quality; man is for quantity. But the immediate need of the world at this moment is not more of us, but, if I may use the expression, a better brand of us. To secure ten men of an improved type would be better than if we had ten thousand more of the average Christians distributed all over the world.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

The Training of Manhood.

It is a common charge against excessive zeal in religion that it makes a man narrow and one-sided. But did it ever occur to us that civilization may make a man equally narrow and one-sided? On any other than the atheistic theory of life, man is a spiritual being, meant to live mainly and supremely in a spiritual world. He is going to school here, and the things which he touches and sees and acquires here—his banks and railroads and factories; aye, and his books, his art, his æsthetic adornments and surroundings—all these are simply toys with which he is building block-houses in the nursery, until he is ripe enough and mature enough for the life and employments of the future.—H. C. POTTER.

The Responsibility of Manhood.

All successful business men are men who dare take their own responsibilities. All great teachers have the same quality, whatever their school—whether it be Knox

or Carlyle, whether it be Spurgeon or Maurice, whether it be Lyman Beecher or Ralph Waldo Emerson, whether it be Horace Greeley or William Cullen Bryant. They are men of earnest convictions, who dare take the responsibilities of uttering them, whatever others may think and however others may take them.—LYMAN ABBOTT.

MARRIAGE.

Mistakes in Marriage.

There is in all the world some one who was made for you, as certainly as Eve was made for Adam. All sorts of mistakes occur because Eve was made out of a rib from Adam's side. Nobody knows which of his twenty-four ribs was taken for the nucleus. If you depend entirely upon yourself in the selection of a wife, there are twenty-three possibilities to one that you will select the wrong rib. By the fate of Ahab, whose wife induced him to steal; by the fate of Macbeth, whose wife pushed him into massacre; by the fate of James Ferguson, the philosopher, whose wife entered the room while he was lecturing and willfully upset his astronomical apparatus, so that he turned to the audience and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman"; by the fate of Bulwer, the novelist, whose wife's temper was so incompatible that he furnished her a beautiful house near London and withdrew from her company, leaving her with the dozen dogs which she enter

tained as pets; by the fate of John Milton, who married a termagant after he was blind, and when some one called her a rose the poet said: "I am no judge of flowers, but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily"; by the fate of an Englishman whose wife was so determined to dance on his grave that he was buried in the sea; by the fate of a village minister whom I knew, whose wife threw a cup of hot tea across the table because they differed in sentiment—by all these scenes of disquietude and domestic calamity, we implore you to be cautious and prayerful before you enter upon the connubial state, which decides whether a man shall have two Heavens or two hells —a Heaven here and Heaven for ever, or a hell now and a hell hereafter.—TALMAGE.

Sensible Marriages.

If you have sensible parents, take them into your confidence in all the affairs of the heart. They will give you more good advice in one hour than you can get from all the world beside in five years. They have toiled for you so long, and prayed for you so much, they have your best interests at heart. At the same time let parents review their opposition to a proposed marital alliance, and see if their opposition is founded on a genuine wish for the child's welfare, or on some whim, notion, prejudice or selfishness—fighting a natural law and trying to make Niagara run up stream. William Pitt, the Prime Minister of England in the reign of George III., was always saying wise things. One day Sir Walter Farquhar called on him in great perturbation. Mr. Pitt asked

what was the matter, and Sir Walter told him that his daughter was about to be married to one not worthy of her rank. Mr. Pitt asked: "Is the young man of respectable family?" "Yes." "Is he respectable himself?" "Yes." "Has he an estimable character?" "Yes." "Why, then, my dear Sir Walter, make no opposition." The advice was taken, and a happy married life ensued.—TALMAGE.

A Good Wife.

What you want in a wife, O man! is not a butterfly of the sunshine, not a giggling nonentity, not a painted doll, not a gossiping gadabout, not a mixture of artificialities which leave you in doubt as to where the humbug ends and the woman begins, but an earnest soul—one who can not only laugh when you laugh, but weep when you weep. There will be wide, deep graves in your path of life, and you will both want steadying when you come to the verge of them, I tell you. When your fortune fails you will want some one to talk of treasures in Heaven, and not charge upon you with a bitter "I told you so." As far as I can analyze it, *sincerity and earnestness* are the foundation of all worthy wifehood. Get that, and you get all. Fail to get that, and you get nothing except what you will wish you never had got.—TALMAGE.

Do Not Look for Perfection.

Do not expect to find a perfect man. If you find one without any faults, incapable of mistakes, never having

guessed wrongly, his patience never having been perturbed, immaculate in speech, in temper, in habits, do not marry him. Why? Because you would enact a swindle. What would you do with a perfect man—you who are not perfect yourself? And how dare you hitch your imperfection fast on such supernatural excellence? What a companion you would make for an angel! In other words, there are no perfect men. There never was but one perfect pair, and they slipped down the banks of Paradise together. We occasionally find a man who says he never sins. We know he lies when he says it. We have had financial dealings with two or three perfect men, and they cheated us wofully. Do not, therefore, look for an immaculate husband, for you will not find him.—TALMAGE.

Not Easy to Give a Daughter in Marriage.

If you think it is easy to give up a daughter in marriage, though it be with brightest prospects, you will think differently when the day comes. To have all along watched her from infancy to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood, studious of her welfare, her slightest illness an anxiety, and her presence in your home an ever-increasing joy, and then have her go away to some other home—aye, all the redolence of orange-blossoms, the chime of marriage bells, the rolling of the wedding march in full diapason and the hilarious congratulations of your friends can not make you forget that you are suffering an irreparable loss. But you know it is all right, and you have a remembrance of an embarkation just like it

twenty-five or thirty years ago, in which you were one of the parties; and, suppressing as far as possible your sadness, you say: "Good-by."—TALMAGE.

Guard Your Affections.

Is there anything more bitterly patent, when we look over the face of our modern life, than that a large part of the misery of human existence comes from the all but wanton recklessness with which one sex flings down the treasure of its love to be too often spurned and trampled upon by the other? And therefore, O young and trusting heart, guard the pearl of your innocence; guard the pearl of your reverence; but most of all, guard the pearl of your affections!—H. C. POTTER.

My Bride That Is to Be.

O soul of mine, look out and see
My bride—my bride that is to be!
Reach out with mad, impatient hands
And draw aside futurity
As one might draw a veil aside
And so unveil her where she stands,
Madonna-like and glorified;
The Queen of undiscovered lands
Of love, to which she beckons me—
My bride—my bride that is to be!

The shadow of a willow tree
That wavers on a garden wall
In Summer time may never fall

In attitude as gracefully
As my fair bride that is to be;
Nor ever Autumn's leaves of brown
As lightly flutter to the lawn
As fall her fairy feet upon
The path of love she loiters down.
O'er drops of dew she walks, and yet
Not one may stain her sandal wet;
And she might dance upon the way,
Nor crush a single drop to spray,
So airy-like she seems to me—
My bride—my bride that is to be!

I know not if her eyes are bright
As Summer skies, or dark as night;
I only know that they are dim
With mystery. In vain I peer
To make their hidden meaning clear,
While o'er their surface, like a tear
That ripples to the silken brim,
A look of longing seems to swim,
All warm and weary-like, to me;
And then as suddenly my sight
Is blinded by a smile so bright
Through folded lids I yet may see
My bride—my bride that is to be.

Her face is like a night of June,
Upon whose brow the crescent moon
Hangs pendant in a diadem
Of stars, with envy lighting them.

And like a wild cascade her hair
Floods neck and shoulders, arm and wrist
Till only through the gleaming mist
I seem to see a siren there
With lips of love and melody
And open arms and heaving breast,
Wherein I fling my soul to rest.
The while my heart cries hopelessly
For my fair bride that is to be.

Nay, foolish heart and blinded eyes!
My bride has need of no disguise,
But rather let her come to me
In such a form as bent above
My pillow when, in infancy,
I knew not anything but love.
Oh, let her come from out the land
Of womanhood—not fairy isles!
And let her come with woman's hands
And woman's eyes of tears and smiles,
With woman's hopefulness and grace
Of patience lighting up her face,
And let her diadem be wrought
Of kindly deed and prayerful thought,
That ever over all distress
May beam the light of cheerfulness;
And let her feet be brave to fare
The labyrinths of doubt and care,
That following my own may find
The path to Heaven God designed.

Oh, let her come like this to me—
My bride—my bride that is to be!

J. W. RILEY.

Good Advice.

My advice is: Marry a man who is a fortune in himself. Houses, lands and large inheritance are well enough, but the wheel of fortune turns so rapidly that through some investment all these in a few years may be gone. There are some things, however, which are a perpetual fortune—good manners, geniality of soul, kindness, intelligence, sympathy, courage, perseverance, industry and whole-heartedness. Marry such a one, and you have married a fortune, whether he has an income now of $50,000 a year or an income of $1,000. A bank is secure according to its capital stock, and not to be judged by the deposits for a day or a week. A man is rich according to his sterling qualities, and not according to the mutability of circumstances, which may leave with him a large amount of resources today and withdraw them tomorrow. If a man is worth nothing but money, he is poor indeed. If a man has upright character, he is rich. Property may come and go; he is independent of the markets. Nothing can buy him out; nothing can sell him out. He may have more money one year than another, but his better fortunes never vacillate.—TALMAGE.

A Well-Matched Couple.

A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carried the cluster of Eshcol.

They are a brace of birds of Paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them. This is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together; and when it drags a little heavy, or there is a hitch anywhere, they love each other all the more, and so lighten the labor.—SPURGEON.

A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win
With the reckless dash of a boy!

You have written my lesson of duty out;
Man-like, you have questioned me.
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot;
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole.
I require your heart shall be true as God's stars;
And pure as Heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far grander thing.

A seamstress you 're wanting for stockings and shirts;
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man whom the maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first,
And say: "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day.
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds Heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true;
All things that a man should be.
If you give this all I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you can not do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

MARY T. LATHROP.

Marriage Happy.

My experience of my first wife—who will, I hope, live to be my last—is much as follows: Matrimony came from Paradise, and leads to it. I never was half so happy before I was a married man as I am now. When you are married, your bliss begins. I have no doubt that where there is much love there will be much to love, and where love is scant faults will be plentiful. If there is only one good wife in England, I am the man who put the ring on her finger, and long may she wear it! God bless the dear soul! If she can put up *with* me, she shall never be put down *by* me.

If I were not married today, and saw a suitable partner, I would be married tomorrow morning before breakfast. What think you of that? "Why," says one, "I think John would get a new wife if he was left a widower." Well, and what if he did? How could he better show that he was happy with his first? I declare I would not say, as some do, that they married to have some one to look after the children. I should marry to have some one to look after myself.—SPURGEON.

An Old Song.

I recollect an old ballad which Gaffer Brooks used to sing about a man's being better hanged than married. It shows how common it was to abuse married life. It is almost too bad to print it, but here it is, as near as I remember it:

"There was a victim in a cart,
One day for to be hanged.

But his reprieve was granted,
And the cart made for to stand.

'Come, marry a wife and save your life!'
The judge aloud did cry.
'Oh, why should I corrupt my life?'
The victim did reply.

'For here's a crowd of every sort,
And why should I prevent their sport?
The bargain's bad in every part.
The wife's the worst—drive on the cart.'"

Now, this rubbish does not prove that the women are bad, but that their husbands are good for nothing, or else they would not make up such abominable slanders about their partners. The rottenest bough cracks first, and it looks as if the male side of the house was the worse of the two, for it certainly has made up the most grumbling proverbs.—SPURGEON.

Spurgeon on Marriage.

A true wife is her husband's better half, his lump of delight, his flower of beauty, his guardian angel, and his heart's treasure. He says to her: "I shall in thee most happy be. In thee, my choice, I do rejoice. In thee I find content of mind. God's appointment is my contentment." In her company he finds his earthly Heaven. She is the light of his home, the comfort of his soul and (for this world) the soul of his comfort. Whatever fortune God may send him, he is rich so long as she lives.

A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor with them. They are wretched alone in what is called single blessedness, and

they make their homes miserable when they get married They are like Tompkin's dog, which could not bear to be loose, and howled when it was tied up. Happy bachelors are likely to be happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men.

The question was once asked: "When should a man marry?" The merry answer was: "For young men, it is too soon; for old men, it is too late." This is all very fine, but it will not wash. Both the wisdom and the folly of men seem banded together to make a mock of this doctrine. Men are such fools that they must and will marry, even if they marry fools. It is wise to marry when we can marry wisely, and then the sooner the better. How many show their sense in choosing a partner it is not for me to say, but I fear that in many cases love is blind, and makes a very blind choice. I do not suppose that some people would ever get married at all if love had its wits about it.

It is a mystery how certain parties ever found partners. Truly, there is no accounting for tastes. However, as they make their bed they must lie on it, and as they tie the knot they must be tied by it. If a man catches a Tartar, or lets a Tartar catch him, he must take his dose of tartaric acid, and make as few ugly faces as he can. If a three-legged stool comes flying through the air, he must be thankful for such a plain token of love from the woman of his choice, and the best thing he can do is to sit down on it and wait for the next little article.—SPURGEON.

MISSIONS.

"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria and unto the uttermost part of the earth.—JESUS.

O Father, haste the promised hour,
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority and power
Beneath the ample sky;
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul;
When all shall heed the words He said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall seek to pattern theirs.
And He who conquered death shall win
The nobler conquest over sin.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Every Christian a Missionary.

Christ gives life to men, and then says: "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." Every Christian is a missionary. He may have been nursed in the lap of Christendom and trained in a luxurious religious home, or he may have been born a pagan and "suckled on a creed outworn." It matters not. If he has been "born again," and feels the throb of the Christ-life, he is a missionary sent by the living Christ to touch dead souls to the newness of life.—GEORGE L. MACKAY.

Christianity Inherently Missionary.

Christianity is inherently missionary. It embodies the bloody sweat. It is the Divine truth breaking into the

world. Christ is one sent. He is on an errand. He comes needed but uninvited. He crowds himself upon the race when nothing awaits Him but a manger and a cross. He intrenches in a hostile world and undertakes its subjugation. He is seeking the lost. He has the alertness of a hunter. We are to have His Spirit. Thus the New Testament Church is the mightiest missionary society ever launched upon the sea of the centuries. If you can not keep step with this cause, beware. You will be left in the wilderness alone. Christ always marches at the head of His Church.—C. H. FOWLER.

MOTHERS.

Christian Motherhood.

Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities; and whether that child shall come forth to life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth go to a life of joy in Heaven, or whether across it shall jar eternal discords, and after a life of wrong-doing on earth it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge, is being decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson, and evening prayer, and walk, and ride, and look, and frown and smile. Oh, how many children in glory, crowding all the battlements and lifting a million-voiced hosanna, were brought to God through Christian parentage!

A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all

MADONNA AND CHILD.
From the Painting by Von Bodenhausen.

night. The mother said: "Oh, stop praying. I don't believe in praying. Get over all these religious notions, and I'll give you a dress that will cost $500, and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of the gay, that night. Sure enough, all religious impressions were gone, and she stopped praying. A few months after this, when she came to die, she said in her closing moments: "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress which cost $500." The mother thought it a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed." The dress was hung there —on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother. Pointing to the dress, she said: "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul." Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother! —TALMAGE.

Seventy-Six.

Seventy-six and wondrous fair—
My mother, with her silvery hair.
Upon her cheek, where bloomed the rose
In other days, the lily blows
In purity beyond compare.

I can but guess the weight of care
Her hands and heart have had to bear;
I know how calm her life stream flows
At seventy-six.

When down the sunset road I fare,
For days like these I scarcely dare
To hope; or that such secret repose
Will brood upon my evening's close
As is my mother's gracious share
At seventy-six.

MARGARET HOLMES BATES.

Good Mothers.

Good mothers are very dear to their children. There is no mother in the world like our own mother. My friend Sanders from Glasgow says: "The mither's breath is aye sweet." Every woman is a handsome woman to her own son. That man is not worth hanging who does not love his mother. When good women lead their little ones to the Savior, the Lord Jesus blesses not only the children, but their mothers. Happy are they among women who see their sons and their daughters walking in the truth.—SPURGEON.

Industrious Mothers.

Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake, heave, roar and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part they descended from industrious mothers, who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, weave their own carpets, plait their own

door-mats, flag their own chairs and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of every hundred of them, came from such an illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and home-spun.—TALMAGE.

Idle Mothers.

Who are these people in society, light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the tavern loungers, the store infesters, the men of low wink and filthy chuckle, brass breast-pins and rotten associations? For the most part, they came from mothers idle and disgusting—the scandal-mongers of society, going from house to house, attending to everybody's business but their own, believing in witches and ghosts and in horse-shoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, Alfred the Great, Isaac Newton, St. Augustine, Richard Cecil and President Edwards were mainly Christian mothers.—TALMAGE.

A Mother's Power.

Let mothers labor to make home the happiest place in the world. If they are always nagging and grumbling they will lose their hold on their children, and the boys will be tempted to spend their evenings away from home. Home is the best place for boys and men, and a good mother is the soul of home. The smile of a mother's

face has enticed many into the right path, and the fear of bringing a tear into her eye has called off many a man from evil ways. The boy may have a heart of iron, but his mother can hold him like a magnet. The devil never reckons a man to be lost so long as he has a good mother alive. Great is thy power, O woman! See to it that it be used for Him who thought of His mother even in the agonies of death.—SPURGEON.

At Evening.

There she sits, the old Christian mother, ripe for Heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone, but the splendors of the Celestial City kindle up her vision. The gray light of Heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home, too old to find her way to the house of God; but while she sits there all the past comes back, and the children who forty years ago tripped around her arm-chair with their griefs, joys and sorrows—those children are gone now. Some were caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others are out in the broad world, testing the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace; and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates of life shall lift and pass the worn-out pilgrim into eternal springtide and youth, where the limbs never ache nor the eyes grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pilgrim shall become the palm of the immortal athlete.—TALMAGE.

A Mother's Reward.

Oh, the satisfaction of Hannah in seeing Samuel serving at the altar! Of Mother Eunice in seeing her Timothy learned in the Scriptures! That is the mother's recompense—to see her children coming up useful in the world, reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the old family Bible whenever she reads it, and that will be ointment to soothe the aching limbs of decrepitude and light up the closing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset.—TALMAGE.

Reverence for Parents.

Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as the "Governor," the "Squire," or the "Old Chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor," or the "old woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out and the young eagles shall eat it."—TALMAGE.

The Influence of a Christian Mother.

One hundred and twenty clergymen were together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry. Of these one hundred and twenty clergymen, how many of them, do you suppose, assigned as the means of their conversion the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of the one hundred and twenty! Philip

Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tiles of a chimney fireplace. The mother thinks she is only rocking a child, but at the same time she may be rocking the fate of nations— rocking the glories of Heaven. The same maternal power which may lift the child up may press a child down.—TALMAGE.

NATURE.

The First Rose.

The Power that hangs the rainbow in the sky—
Pledge of His constant care—
Dost paint thy beauty of the crimson dye.
He bids thee blossom there.

J. LOTON.

Natural Law in the Spiritual World.

Nothing that happens in the world happens by chance. God is a God of order. Everything is arranged upon definite principles, and never at random. The world—even the religious world—is governed by law. Character is governed by law. Happiness is governed by law. The Christian experiences are governed by law. Men, forgetting this, expect Rest, Joy, Peace and Faith to drop into their souls from the air like snow or rain. But in point of fact they do not do so; and if they did they would no less have their origin in previous activities and be controlled by natural laws. Rain and snow do drop from the air, but not without a long previous history.

"Such visions have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care."

They are the mature effects of former causes. Equally so are Rest, Peace and Joy.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

The Miracles of a Seed.

Faith is not a state of inaction, security and contentedness. It is a constant reaching forth toward a higher and fuller life. The least exercise of it is productive of wonderful results. God has set such a value upon the least grain of faith, and given it such a power, that it can overcome mountainous difficulties and effect extraordinary transformations. But God means that the seed should become a tree. Plant a seed in a flower-pot that is full of soil—motionless, changeless, inert; which would remain as it is for ever—and at once the presence of the seed in the soil creates a vortex of motion and change. The seed, as it germinates and grows, draws the particles of the soil into its own composition and structure, imparts to them a higher nature, organizes the sand and makes it living material, attracts the dew and the sunshine, and brings all the powers of Nature to its help, that it may grow. And so plant a seed of faith in Christ in a dead human heart, and what a change and commotion it causes! It raises up the nature into newness of life; it lays all the powers of Heaven and earth under contribution for its help and sustenance. But as it grows it accomplishes greater wonders in the tree-stage than in the seed-stage. The produce of the minute grain of mustard-seed is the greatest of herbs, occupying a large space and doing a great work. See what a tree does in the economy of Nature—how it forms the source

of rivers and streams! How it regulates the seasons and alters the climate of a locality! And more astonishing still is the effect of faith when it reaches the tree-stage—when it becomes a resting-place for weary creatures on its boughs and gives refreshment to multitudes by its shade and fruit.—HUGH MACMILLAN.

Sunset.

Nature has a thousand ways and means of rising above herself, but incomparably the noblest manifestations of her capability of color are in the sunsets among the high clouds. I speak especially of the moment before the sun sinks, when his light turns pure rose-color, and when this light falls upon a zenith covered with countless cloud-forms of inconceivable delicacy, threads and flakes of vapor, which would in common daylight be pure snow-white and which give, therefore, fair field to the tone of light. There is then no limit to the multitude and no check to the intensity of the hues assumed. The whole sky from the zenith to the horizon becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied, shadowless crimson and purple and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind—things which can only be conceived while they are visible—the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all—showing here deep and pure and lightless, there modulated by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapor, till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold.—RUSKIN.

"In the Heart of the Hills"—From a Photograph of the Killarney Lakes.

The Solitude of Nature.

Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where Nature showed herself
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and stars;
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes, storms;
Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers, flowers;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling, Heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round—
Lost now between the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.

ROBERT POLLOK.

Summer.

This is the year's bower. Sit down within it. Wipe from thy brow the toil. The elements are thy servants. The dew brings thee jewels. The winds bring perfume. The earth shows thee all her treasure. The forests sing to thee. The air is all sweetness, as if all the angels of God had gone through it, bearing spices homeward. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds which spread their wings and sing in the high Heaven. Speak to God now, and say: "O Father, where art thou?" And out of every flower, tree, silver pool and twined thicket a

voice will come: "God is in me." The earth cries to the heavens: "God is here." The sea claims Him. The land hath Him. His footsteps are upon the deep. He sitteth upon the circle of the earth. O sunny joys of the sunny month, yet soft and temperate, how soon will the eager months that come burning from the Equator scorch you!—H. W. BEECHER.

Planting.

He who plants a tree
  Plants a hope.
  Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold unto horizon free.
  So man's life must climb
  From the clods of time
  Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
  Doth plant love—
  Tents of coolness, spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
  Gifts that grow are best;
  Hands that bless are blest.
  Plant! Life does the rest.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree
And his work its own reward shall be.

LUCY LARCOM.

Condensed Comments.

There 's not a flower of Spring
That dies ere June, but vaunts itself allied
By issue and symbol, by significance
And correspondence, to that spirit-world
Outside the limits of our time and space,
Whereto we are bound.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I hold that we have a very imperfect knowledge of the works of Nature till we view them as works of God; not only as works of mechanism, but works of intelligence; not only as under laws, but under a Law-giver, wise and good.—JAMES MCCOSH.

I find Earth not gray, but rosy—
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All 's blue.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Earth 's crowned with Heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

OBEDIENCE.

Obedience an Organ of Knowledge.

Some of you remember a sermon of Robertson of Brighton, entitled: "Obedience the Organ of Spiritual Knowledge." A very startling title—"Obedience the Organ of Spiritual Knowledge." The Pharisees asked about Christ: "How knoweth this man letters, never having learned?" How knoweth this man, never having learned? The organ of knowledge is not nearly so much mind as the organ which Christ used—namely, obedience. That was the organ which He insisted upon when He said: "He that willeth to do His will shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." You have all noticed, of course, that the words in the original are: "If any man will to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." It does not read, "If any man do His will," which no man can do perfectly; but if any man simply be willing to do His will—if he has an absolutely undivided mind about it—that man will know what truth is, and know what falsehood is; a stranger will he not follow. And that is by far the best source of spiritual knowledge on every account—obedience to God—absolute sincerity and loyalty in following Christ. "If any man do His will he shall know"—a very remarkable association of knowledge, a thing which is usually considered quite intellectual, with obedience, which is moral and spiritual.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

Lord, What Shall I Do?"

Obedience, just the doing of that which it is shown to us is our duty, is all that Christ asks of us, and is the saving of the soul. The saving of the soul? No; the soul was saved when Christ came and saved it. It is the doing of the vision which He has laid out open before us when He simply says: "Obey and live. Do the thing which you know you ought to do." Now, is not there something you ought to do tonight? Is not there some vision you are not obeying? Is not there some manifestation of the Savior you are not receiving? If you can stop and be obedient to the Heavenly vision He is giving you now of Himself, glory will brighten as the daylight grows, till the noontime shall come at last. There came, by and by, another vision to Paul. There came a time when, lifted out of the world in a way which so amazed him that he could not know whether it was really he or not, he saw unspeakable things and heard unspeakable words. Would the later vision ever have come to him if he had not willingly obeyed the first vision which was shown to him? It was because he stretched out his hands upon the road to Damascus and said, "Lord, what shall I do?" that by and by he saw sights which he could not tell to mortal man. That is the way. Obedience sets the seal upon a revelation that the Master gives us, and then upon that sealed revelation some new light shall come, which a new obedience shall seal. So, every obedience leading to new light, and every light to new obedience, as if they were the stairways which led up to Heaven, to the throne of God, the soul goes on till it is

made perfect in the image of Him who came to seek you when you were all wretchedness and sin.—BROOKS.

"Pleased to Mind."

"Sir," said the Duke of Wellington to an officer of engineers, who urged the impossibility of executing the directions he had received, "I did not ask your opinion. I gave you my orders, and I expect them to be obeyed." Such should be the obedience of every follower of Jesus. The words which He has spoken are our law, not our judgments or fancies. Even if death were in the way, it is

> 'Not ours to reason why—
> Ours but to dare and die"—

and, at our Master's bidding, advance through flood or flame.

"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend. "He always looks *so pleased* to mind, and I don't." What a painful truth did this child speak! Shall the poor little dog thus readily obey his master, and we rebel against God, who is our Creator, our Preserver, our Father, our Savior and the bountiful Giver of everything we love?—SPURGEON.

OPPORTUNITY.

Opportunity Passing.

Master of human destinies am I;
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock, unbidden, once on every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death.. But those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and needlessly implore;
I answer not and I return no more.

J. J. INGALLS.

The Hour of Fate.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

SHAKESPEARE.

Crises.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth and Falsehood, for the good or evil side
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PATIENCE.

A Prayer for Patience.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company;
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong;
In trust that triumphs over wrong;
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give—
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

Be Patient.

Be patient! Oh, be patient! Put your ear against the earth!
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth—
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in day.

Be patient! Oh, be patient! The germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth—must under-ground be wrought;
But as sure as there 's a Power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty—the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! Oh, be patient! Go and watch the wheat-ears grow
So imperceptibly that we can mark nor change nor throe
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown;
And then again, day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient! Oh, be patient! Though yet our hopes are green
The harvest-fields of freedom shall be crowned with sunny sheen.
Be ripening! Be ripening! Mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on freedom's harvest day.

—R. C. TRENCH

PATRIOTISM.

The True Glory of a Nation.

The true glory of a nation is in the living temple of a loyal, industrious and upright people. The busy click of machinery, the merry ring of the anvil, the lowing of peaceful herds and the song of the harvest-home are sweeter music than the pæans of departed glory or songs of triumph in war. The vine-clad cottage of the hill-side, the cabin of the woodsman and the rural home of the farmer are the true citadels of any country. There is a dignity in honest toil which belongs not to the display of wealth or the luxury of fashion. The man who drives the plow or swings his ax in the forest or with cunning fingers plies the tools of his craft is as truly the servant of his country as the statesman in the Senate or the soldier in battle.—H. B. WHIPPLE.

My Native Land.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my native land"?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell!
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—

"The Soldier's Dream." Original Painting in Paris Salon, 1888

Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Liberty and Union.

When my eyes turn to behold for the last time the sun in Heaven, may they not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds; or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced; its arms and trophies streaming in all their original luster; not a stripe erased or polluted; not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, of Liberty first and Union afterward, but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light and blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land and in every wind under the whole Heavens, that other sentiment dear to every American heart: "Liberty AND Union—now and for ever—one and inseparable."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Ship of State.

Thou too sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years.
Is hanging breathless on thy feet!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock—
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

LONGFELLOW.

An Address to Patriots.

Burn and destroy the idols of party you have worshiped; banish politics from the municipality and county, limiting it to questions affecting principles in the State

and Nation; place competency and integrity at every part of the public service; adorn your courts with judges worthiest to wield the attributes of God; elect representatives who will reflect the majority of a free people; send to the Senate statesmen whom history will immortalize and nations make their models. Americans, the countless generations who dwell within the confines of this continent from now to eternity confide their liberties to you. Uphold them, I implore you, with a patriotism that will never tire; guard them with a vigilance that will neversleep.—DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives, that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here. But it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here

to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from those honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause, for which they gave the last, full measure of devotion; that we here resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of Freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A Faithful Color-Bearer.

In the lower hall of the State House on Beacon Hill, at Boston, where hang the treasures which Massachusetts soldiers brought back from many a bloody battle-field of the civil war, there is one pole from which the banner has been entirely torn away. That naked pole is not without its history. It was carried at Fort Wagner, at the head of the colored soldiers of Massachusetts. The color-bearer was wounded; his flag was torn by shot and shell. But he called out through the agony of dying men, clasping the naked staff to his bosom, crying over and over again: "It did not touch the ground! It did not touch the ground!"—LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

Words of Warning.

Though we were greater than Venice or than Tyre, if we are not faithful to our high mission as a nation, our glory shall fade like the Tyrean dyes and crumble like the Venetian palaces.—DISRAELI.

A Patriot in Egypt.

What heart fails to sympathize with Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist, who on his sixty-sixth birthday climbed to the top of the pyramid of Cheops and played the loved airs of the Norseman's home? With uncovered head, the wind stirring his white hair, he looked with clear, flashing eyes on the scene below. At his right lay the Valley of the Nile, the river sweeping through fields of ripening harvests. To the left lay the great Garden deserts, belted in by the Libyan mountains; before him the city of the Khedive, minareted and domed, the waste of sands and the Sphinx, stony-eyed and dreaming. In the presence of these, he touched the strings of the instrument and won from his "tuneful bride" the songs of liberty. In the midst of the massive ruins of Egypt—voluptuous, magnificent Egypt, that had for 4,000 years incarnated the scourge and doom of millions—he reached the height of a prophet of freedom, and gave utterance to the longing of the world's heart.—WESLEY R. DAVIS.

A Patriot's Dream.

I passed the last night in a sleepless dream. My soul wandered on the wings of the past back to my beloved bleeding Fatherland. In the dead of night, I saw dark, restless shapes with the paleness of eternal grief on their sad brows, walking through the grave-yards of Hungary and kneeling down upon the graves to deposit upon them their pious offerings of green cypress to the memory of the fallen.

I saw more. When the dark shapes had stolen away

I saw the dead half-risen from their tombs and gazing at the offerings. I heard them say: "Still cypress! Still no flower of joy? Is there still the chill of Winter and the gloom of night over thee, our Fatherland? Are we not yet avenged?" And suddenly the sky of the East reddened and boiled with bloody flames, and from the far West a lightning flashed like a star-spangled banner, and in its light a young eagle mounted, soaring toward the bloody flames of the East. As he drew near, upon his approaching the boiling flames changed into a radiant morning sun, and a voice from above was heard in answer to the question of the dead: "Sleep yet awhile! Mine is the vengeance. I will make the star of the West the sun of the East, and when ye next awake from your cold beds ye shall find the flowers there." Then the dead took the twigs of cypress, the sign of the resurrection, in their bony hands and laid them down again. —Louis Kossuth.

Decoration Day.

The Church should bless the soldiers for having by their blood atoned for the cowardice of the sanctuary. The pulpit should adorn the battle-fields that brought to them the unsullied Christ of Nazareth and Calvary. In the processions of this day the Church should march as a penitent full of regrets that, wearing the name of Jesus, it made such a poor estimate of the rights of man. Had the Church done its moral duty in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the nineteenth would have escaped the awful war of brother against brother, South against

North. When a religion espouses a great wrong, then the sword and the battle-field must come. Violence must come when love has failed.

But while we meditate and stand with hands full of memorial wreaths the scene expands, the holy ground widens from State to State, from mountain to prairie and from ocean to lake and river, until at last the heart bows down in grief over the silent forms of 300,000 men. They gave up life that we might live more nobly. Of this number not many fell in instant death. Nearly all went out by the gate of long agony, asking help which could not come and thinking of the loved ones whom they would never see again. And all this suffering, all this dying, was for us who today are speaking the language and taking the footsteps and seeing all the scenes and joys in the sunshine of life! Decoration Day ought to come back as long as our mind can study political principles, and as long as our hearts can appreciate the self-denial of a soldier. Especially should the pulpit and the Church scatter flowers on the graves of the Union dead, for those awful battles and the awful carnage were planned by the blindness and weakness of religion. Christians in England opened a traffic in human bodies and souls. The pulpit was too weak or too ignorant to oppose slavery in its beginning.—SWING.

Washington.

Washington was destitute of the poetic sentiment. He saw a great end with wonderful distinctness, and the path to that end, and in the prosecution of this gigantic task

December and May were both one. He may have been thankful for flowers, but he did not complain about thorns. His heart was not easily broken. When his troops were hungry and in rags he spoke to them only the more kindly. When too feeble to fight he could retreat. He could wait as long as any general living. When the roads were good he advanced more easily; but when mud and snow were deep he still advanced. When the great Benedict Arnold, one of his most trusted friends, betrayed a most valuable garrison Washington closed up the open gate in a few hours. When Congress was without sense and without skill, Washington was on hand with both, at all hours, with a wisdom that never left him for a moment in seven years. Never before had the world seen such a clear grasp of the value of human liberty and such a uniform realization of means to an end. His mind did not flash like a cannon or like a meteor. It poured out constantly, like the sun. The calmness which he possessed was not that of insensibility, but it was that of an unchanging power. He lived in a group of years in which each day was great. In a time when a little republic was lying under the wheels of old iron chariots, how could any small hours come? The age not only lifted Washington up to a high level, but it compelled him to remain there until he was taken down for burial. Even when he retired to Mount Vernon to find years of peace, the Nation followed him and made him act as chief of the army, and of an army the most illustrious of any that had ever carried spear or gun. His heart failed but once, and that was when he sunk in

death, saying: "You can do nothing for me. Let me die in peace."—SWING.

The Hope of the Nation.

The truth for us to remember at all times, and especially in these times, is the truth that the hope of a nation is not in its forms of government, nor in the wisdom and equity of its executive, nor in the justice and purity of its administration, so much as in the elevation and redemption of individual character among its people. —H. C. POTTER.

Lincoln.

There is no name more deserving of imperishable fame than Abraham Lincoln. He is embalmed in song, recorded in history, eulogized in panegyric, cast in bronze, sculptured in marble, painted on canvas, enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and lives in the memories of mankind. Some men are brilliant in their times, but their names fade from the memory of the world. Some are not honored by their contemporaries, but in subsequent ages their memories are recalled with gratitude. But here is one who was more honored than any other man while living, more revered when dying, and destined to be loved to the last syllable of recorded time. He has this three-fold greatness: Great in life, great in death, great in the history of the world. He was the stanchest patriot, the greatest statesman, the truest friend, the kindest father, the purest husband and the noblest citizen. In nothing are the sagacity and might of Lincoln's

statesmanship more apparent than in his determination to save the Union. He would have the Union—with or without slavery. He preferred it without, and his preference prevailed. Time has justified the wisdom of his statesmanship. When Lincoln was murdered the South lost its best friend.—BISHOP NEWMAN.

PEACE.

A consistent Christian may not have rapture. He has that which is much better than rapture—calmness—God's serene and perpetual presence.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord! dear Lord! I plead:
Lead me aright
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through peace to light.
I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed

"PEACE."
From the Painting by Gustave Doré

Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not seek my cross to understand—
My way to see.
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless days, but peace Divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

"Why Art Thou Disquieted?"

Some, like Martha in the story, spend an infinity of trouble on the smallest things; worry themselves and the household into a fever about the arrangement of a room, the preparation of a meal, the loss of a shilling. They dream of misfortunes if their children are an hour behind time; they give the care which might win them the knowledge of a science to the presentiments which beset them as to the fate of those they love. . . . Why, what sort of life is that? It is made up of peacelessness. Leave the future in the hands of Eternal Love; understand what it is to trust God; be not over-careful for what is to come. He who has watched over you will watch over those you love. A wiser love than yours directs your little world STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Peace in Heaven.

A Heaven of action, freed from strife,
With ampler ether for the scope
Of an immeasurable life
And our unbaffled, boundless hope.

A Heaven wherein all discords cease,
Self-torment, doubt, distress, turmoil;
The core of whose majestic peace
Is godlike power of ceaseless toil.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

PRAYER.

Therefore, I say unto you: All things whatsoever ye pray or ask for believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them.—JESUS.

Not Mine, but Thine.

All those who journey soon or late
Must pass within the garden's gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who can not say:
"Not mine, but Thine"; who only pray
"Let this cup pass," and can not see
The purpose in Gethsemane.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

"THE GUARDIAN ANGEL."
From the Painting by Plockhorst

The Praying Instinct.

Alone of all beings here below, man prays! Among his moral instincts none is more natural, more universal, more indestructible, than prayer. The child inclines to it with eager docility. The old man betakes himself thither, as to a refuge against decay and solitude. Prayer comes spontaneously to young lips, which with difficulty stammer out the name of God; and to dying lips, which no longer have strength to pronounce it. Among all nations—celebrated or obscure, civilized or barbarous—one meets at every step acts and forms of invocation. Wherever men live, in certain circumstances, at certain times, under the control of certain impressions of the soul, the eyes are raised, the hands clasped, the knees bent, to implore aid or render thanks, to adore or to appease. With transport or with fear, publicly or in the secrecy of his heart, it is to prayer that man betakes himself, in the last resort, to fill up the void of his soul, or to bear the burdens of his destiny. It is in prayer that he seeks, when all else fails, strength for his weakness, consolation in his grief, hope in his virtue.—M. GUIZOT.

A Prayer in Distress.

There was once a man in belly of a fish—miraculously kept alive. He was in a strange, dark, horrible place, and he says of it: "Out of the belly of hell cried I." Was his cry of any use? Yes. We read: "Out of the belly of hell cried I, and Thou heardst my voice. My prayer came in unto Thee, into Thine holy temple."

Wherever you may be, and in whatsoever trial you may be involved, the Lord will hear your cry and come to your help. If any soul here is, like Jonah, in the very belly of hell in feeling and apprehension, yet his cry will prevail with Heaven, and he shall know that "salvation is of the Lord." A poor man's cry will sound, through the telephone of Christ's mediation, in the ear of God, and He will respond to it.—SPURGEON.

Be Not Afraid to Pray.

Be not afraid to pray; to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness if there be no light.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see.
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to take that wish away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Prayer and Praise.

Let your prayers be composed of thanksgiving, praise, confession and petition, without any argument or exhortation addressed to those who are supposed to be praying with you. Adopt no fixed forms of expression, except such as you obtain from Scripture. Express your desire in the briefest and simplest form, without circumlocution. Hallow God's name by avoiding its unnecessary repeti-

tion. Adopt the simple devotional phrases of Scripture, but avoid the free use of its figures, and all quaint and doubtful application of its terms to foreign subjects. Pray to God and not to man.—F. ADDISON ALEXANDER.

I Hear Thy Voice.

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord;
I hear it by the stormy sea,
When Winter's nights are black and wild.
And when, afright, I call to Thee
It calms my fears, and whispers me:
"Sleep well, my child."

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord,
In singing winds and falling snow,
The curfew chimes, the midnight bell;
"Sleep well, my child," it murmurs low;
"The guardian angels come and go.
O child, sleep well."

Speak on—speak on, dear Lord;
And when the last dread night is near,
With doubts and fears and terrors wild,
Oh, let my soul expiring hear
Only these words of heavenly cheer:
"Sleep well, my child."

EUGENE FIELD.

A Worker's Prayer.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet.
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word—
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord! Use even me
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see—
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

A Scientist's Idea of Prayer.

Are we to suppose that the only being in the universe who can not answer prayer is that One who alone has all power at His command? The weak theology that professes to believe that prayer has merely a subjective benefit is infinitely less scientific than the action of the child who confidently appeals to a Father in Heaven.—PROF. LAWSON.

A Prayer for Sight.

Lord, we sit and cry to Thee
Like the blind beside the way.
Make our darkened soul to see
The glory of Thy perfect day.
Lord, rebuke our sullen night
And give Thyself unto our sight.

Lord, we do not ask to gaze
On our dim and earthly sun,
But the light that still shall blaze
When every star its course has run—
The glory of Thy best abode,
The uncreated light of God.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

Prayer a Bell-Rope.

Prayer pulls the rope below, and the great bell rings above in the ears of God. Some scarcely stir the bell, for they pray so languidly; others give but an occasional pluck at the rope. But he who wins with Heaven is the man who grasps the rope boldly and pulls continuously, with all his might.—SPURGEON.

Keep Us.

Here in Thy great world-garden, Lord, we stand.
Keep us, for here the blossoms blight so fast!
The fruit is flawed in turning from Thy beams
To the biting east—to folly and to sin.
And let all trees, the wildlings of the wood
And grafts of rarest culture waft Thee praise!

LUCY LARCOM.

Prayer Is Communion.

Prayer is by no means a mere talisman through which we substitute our will for that of God, but it is more truly that communion of the mind with God through which our will becomes at last merged into His will.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

God Answers Prayer.

God answers prayer; sometimes, when hearts are weak,
He gives the very gifts believers seek.
But often faith must learn a deeper rest,
And trust God's silence, when He does not speak;

For He whose name is Love will send the best.
Stars may burn out nor mountain walls endure,
But God is true; His promises are sure
To those who seek.

M. G. PLANTZ.

The Lord's Prayer.

Have you never observed how free the Lord's Prayer is of any material that can tempt to subtle self-inspection in the art of devotion? It is full of an outflowing of thought and of emotion toward great objects of desire, great necessities and great perils.—AUSTIN PHELPS.

Prayer Answered.

How many things are clear to us today
That yesterday we saw through mist of tears!
How many things are better than our fears!
What sunbeams through our self-wrought shadows play!
Not one fair, earnest hope is laid away
Within its shroud of weary, wasted years,
But from the tangled grass above it peers,
Full soon, some blossom redolent of May.
We stretch beseeching hands to Heaven and pray
That this or that be granted whilst we plead.
We turn with empty hands from prayer and say:
"We are unheard, forgotten—lost indeed!"
When, lo! within our reach some priceless gift,
For which imploring palms we dared not lift.

HARRIET E. PRITCHARD.

Pray and Work.

Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion. No man can ask, honestly and hopefully, to be delivered from temptation unless he has honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—JOHN RUSKIN.

Prayers and Murmuring.

Prayers born of murmuring are always dangerous. Therefore, when we are in a discontented mood, let us take care what we cry for, lest God give it to us, and thereby punish us.—WM. M. TAYLOR.

Condensed Comments.

The men who have revolutionized society by their heroic deeds in the cause of God have been mighty through the inspiration of prayer. Paul, Luther, Wesley, Whitefield and the noble army of martyrs became bold to dare and strong to do because they were men of prayer.—R. HILL.

Nothing can make our souls so pure and strong, nothing can arm us so completely for the great conflicts of life, as to be alone for one hour with infinite Truth and infinite Love. There is no joy, duty, conflict or sorrow for which we can not be better prepared by prayer.—D. MARCH.

If any man says he has no fitting form of words for prayer, let him observe in what way the little child asks for food when hungry, and then make the earnestness

and simplicity of that petition his own when asking his heavenly Father for the bread of life.—D. MARCH.

Intercession should be definite and detailed. Paul besought the Romans to pray for him, and then told them exactly what he wanted—four definite petitions (Rom., xv., 30–32). General prayers for "blessings" are apt to become formal.—F. R. HAVERGAL.

God respecteth not the arithmetic of our prayers—how many they are; nor the rhetoric of our prayers—how neat they are; nor the geometry of our prayers—how long they are; but the divinity of our prayers—how heart-sprung they are.—HAINES.

God requires deep-felt, heart prayers, the welling up of desires from souls that feel their sin and their need of a Savior, and that burn with love and zeal.—BISHOP STEVENS.

The impression that a praying mother leaves upon her children is life-long. Perhaps when you are dead and gone your prayer will be answered.

The best way to have our wants excited is to look into our Bibles and see what we want, and see what is there provided for us.—R. HILL.

Though we can not pray with a too deep sense of sin, we may make our sins too exclusively the subject of our prayers.—HANNAH MORE.

Every one of our children will be brought into the ark, if we pray and work earnestly for them.

When you send up your prayers, be sure to direct them to the care of the Redeemer, and then they will never miscarry.—M. HENRY.

Prayer is our speech to God. When we read, God speaks to us; when we pray, we speak to God.—AUGUSTINE.

Prayer will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer.—BUNYAN.

I fear John Knox's prayers more than an army of ten thousand men.—MARY OF SCOTLAND.

PREACHING.

Fishing for Men.

How few souls are saved! What is the reason? Either there are no fish to catch or man-fishing has become a lost art among us. It can not be that there are no fish. The waters are seething with what we profess to be seeking. You do the same work, you eat at the same table, you sleep in the same bed with the damned, and you know it. You are called of God to save such for His kingdom and unto His glory. If souls are not being drawn to Christ, it is not for want of sinners who need salvation. Then why should the net come empty to the boat so often? Is not this the reason—that we believe in Christ in a sort of dumb way, but we are not looking at Him and we are not getting His orders? "As the eyes of the handmaid are toward her mistress, as the eyes of a serv-

INTERIOR OF ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.
From a Photograph.

int look to his master, so our eyes are toward Thee, O God!" This is the attitude for me as a preacher, for you as an elder, for every man or woman who is trying to win souls. To catch that kind of fish we must look to Christ. We must not trade upon past experience. We have no wit; we have no wisdom. It is our greatest folly to think that we have. So the Lord gives us leanness and emptiness in order to bring us to a better mind. It is only when we come to our wits' end—and that is no great way from home—that we go down upon our knees and say: "Lord, come and help me; give me some real success. I do not want to go through the mere mechanics of man-fishing—it is wearing work—but, Lord, show me the right side." And He will. Jesus stood on the shore, but the disciples knew not that it was He. No; they expected Him, as we all do—*but not just there and then.* They thought of Him as *away somewhere*—when, lo! He was beside them. Let us go right here. Lift thy bent back, thou weary toiler, for thy God. See Him; descry the Man upon the shore; hail Him. Cry: "Master, help!" Do not disappoint Him, as these disciples did. Send Him a glad shout of recognition. Then shalt thou have fruit of thy toil; nor yet be spoiled by thy success. Thy heart shall say: "This is the Lord."—McNEILL.

Preaching and Feeding Sheep.

I had an old friend who was nearly forty years a shepherd. He lived till he was eighty years old. He was nearly forty years a minister. One day he said: "I have had two flocks. The first forty years I fed sheep.

and the second forty years I fed men; and the second flock was a deal more sheepish than the first." I can vouch for the latter part; not that all of you are sheepish, for there are some of you who are easily fed, but there are others who are not.

I remember a young brother who left the church because, he said, I never gave him a bit of bone on which he could try his teeth. Well, now, I thought if I took out the bone and gave meat alone I was doing the best thing possible; but this foolish youth wanted something which he could not digest. I save that for my dogs, and bring the meat for the people I have to feed.—SPURGEON.

A Vexed Question Transposed.

When Christ was preaching by the sea, at the time He borrowed Peter's boat for a pulpit, the question of the hour was not "How to reach the masses?" Then it was: "How shall the masses reach the Master?" The Lord borrowed Peter's boat, but He never remains long in any one's debt. Peter filled two boats with the subsequent draft. And our capacity would need to be doubled to receive His blessings, did we consecrate to His use what we have and what we are.—HASTINGS.

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PROFANITY.

Profanity in the Army.

Many and pointed orders have been issued against the unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing; notwithstanding which, with much regret, the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever. His feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers, whenever he is in hearing of them. The name of that Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking. For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency and order, the General hopes and trusts that officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as wicked and shameful. If officers would make it an inviolable rule to reprimand, and, if that won't do, to punish soldiers for offenses of this kind, it would not fail of having the desired effect.—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

PURITY.

Pure Speech.

A clergyman was waiting for an answer to some inquiry at the door of the village inn, where a cart with two pails of the refuse called "pig-wash" was standing, while the driver was refreshing himself at the bar. A man came hurriedly up to him and asked: "Be you the gentleman that belongs to the pig-wash?" "No—I am not!" indignantly exclaimed the clergyman, with a vehemence which the moment after made him feel amused at himself.

Yet it is simply amazing to see the number of men who, when they get together, appear anxious not to disclaim but to proclaim that they be the gentlemen that belong to the pig-wash; who seem to think that the dirty story, the unclean jest, the coarse word, the talk utterly lowering to women, stamp them as fine fellows who have seen the world, and who know a thing or two.—SPURGEON.

Nature of Purity.

I would have you attend to the full significance and extent of the term "holy." It is not abstinence from outward deeds of profligacy alone; it is not a mere recoil from impurity in thought. It is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which even the very conception of evil is offensive. It is a virtue which has its residence within; which takes guardianship of the heart, as of a citadel or inviolate sanctuary, in which no wrong or worthless

imagination is permitted to dwell. It is not purity of action that we contend for. It is exalted purity of heart, the ethereal purity of the third Heaven; and, if it is at once settled in the heart, it brings the peace, the triumph and the untroubled serenity of Heaven along with it. I had almost said, the pride of a great moral victory over the infirmities of an earthly and accursed nature. There is a healthful harmony in the soul—a beauty which, though it effloresces in the countenance and the outward path, is itself so thoroughly internal as to make purity of heart the most distinctive evidence of a work of grace in time, the most distinctive guidance of a character that is ripening and expanding for the glories of eternity.—CHALMERS.

READING.

A Reading People.

It can not be that the people should grow in grace unless they give themselves to reading. A reading people will always be a knowing people.—JOHN WESLEY.

The Influence of Reading.

If I were to pray for a taste that would stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I think of it, of course, only as a worldly

advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principle; but as a taste, an instrument, and as a source of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless indeed you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, with the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. It is hardly possible but the character should take a much higher and a much better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best informed and the best bred men have conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in the habit of reading which, well directed over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of.—Sir John Herschel.

More Time for Reading.

As the world grows older and as civilization advances, there is likely to be more and more time given to read-

ing. In several parts of the earth, where mankind are most active and where the proportion of those who need to labor by their hands is less than in other countries and likely to go on becoming less, the climate is such as to confine, if it does not repress, out-of-door amusements; and, in all climates, for the lovers of ease, the delicate in health, the reserved, the fastidious and the musing, books are amongst the chief sources of delight, and such as will more probably intrench upon other joys and occupations than give way to them.—Sir Arthur Helps.

RELIGION.

Religion Must Work by Love.

Religion, from its very nature, must work its way forward only by love. Its power lies not in Legislatures, but in persuasion; and the more gently the Bible comes to people's homes and to the children, the more divine will the book appear.—Swing.

Religion Has Become Beautiful.

You will find that not only is Christ pouring into the soul the great democratic idea that is blooming now into new and beautiful rights of man, but that Christ has waked in the bosom a group of other feelings scarcely visible when the world was young. Religion has passed from the terrible to the joyous—from the horrid to the beautiful. The heathen tortures himself with knives

the Christian of our day sings words and music—the sweetest that the two arts can produce. The Chinese and all the pagans kill at times innocent little ones as an act of worship; the Christian mother clasps her infant to her bosom and whispers pravers over it, mingling prayers and tears. The heathen philosopher doubted and steeled his heart to his fate; the Christian philosopher beholds the city that hath foundations, and walks calmly down life's decline.—SWING.

The Religion That Is Needed.

The lawyers, the statesmen, the patriots, the philanthropists, all demand a religion that shall blend with these days of earth and help it in its liberty, in its law, in its arts, its letters, its honors, its pleasures. These noble ones believe in immortality, but they believe that a good earth is the best stepping-stone to Heaven. They believe that God loved the earth, or He would not have made it and caused to pass over it such a procession of souls. They believe that the children of this world will be called, one by one, to eternity; but they believe that for thousands of years yet the earth will remain the arena of human life, and that as a mother lovingly provides for her children, though she may be on the morrow to leave them for ever, so all noble souls will toil for mankind present and to come. Out of the persecutions and desolations of the former centuries, where a million people went hungry and barefoot that one king or prince might be arrayed in splendor—out of the persecutions which made religion mean martyrdom—came a melancholy

which we pity and forgive. But here our charity terminates, and now we behold a period when a new world, lying before the Church, asks it to put aside its indifference and gird itself for the welfare of this great encampment on the shores of time.—SWING.

Religion Must Be Personal.

A little girl (whom we will call Ellen) was some time ago helping to nurse a sick gentleman, whom she loved very dearly. One day he said to her: "Ellen, it is time for me to take my medicine, I think. Will you pour it out for me? You must measure just a table-spoonful, and then put it in that wine-glass close by." Ellen did so quickly, and brought it to his bedside; but, instead of taking it in his own hand, he quietly said: "Now, dear, will you drink it for me?" "I drink it! What do you mean? I am sure I would, in a minute, if it would cure you all the same; but you know it won't do you any good unless you take it yourself." "Won't it, really? No; I suppose it will not. But, Ellen, if you can't take my medicine for me, I can't take your salvation for you. You must go to Jesus, and believe in Him for yourself." In this way he tried to teach her that each human being must seek salvation for himself, and repent, believe and obey for himself.—SPURGEON.

Energy in Religion.

Now, of all pursuits in the world, the Christian profession requires the most energetic action, and it utterly fails where diligence and zeal are absent. What can a

man do as a farmer, a merchant, a carpenter, or even as a beggar, unless he follows up his calling with activity and perseverance? A sluggard desireth and hath nothing, whatever his trade may be. What, then, can he hope to win who calls himself a Christian and neither learns of Christ as his Teacher, follows Him as his Master nor serves Him as his Prince? Salvation is not by works, but it is salvation from idleness. We are not saved because we are earnest; but he who is not earnest has great reason to question whether he is saved.—SPURGEON.

Religious Influences.

A nation's intellectual progress has always followed—not preceded—some moral impulse. The history of the fine arts shows that some form of religion gave them their earliest impulse. There has never been a great genius but has been inspired in some sense by religion. The thoughts of the intellect are lofty in proportion as the sentiments of the heart are profound. If we begin the attempt to improve men with the intellect, we end where we began. Education will not remove corruption. It may guild vice, as in ancient Rome and Athens, but will not uproot it. A godless education has no power to purify. Instruction in morality has also failed to regenerate. No man does his duty simply because he knows it, unless he loves it; nor are political and social changes effective. Social evil has its root in the individual heart, and can not be removed except by influences operating within it. This fountain of man's corruption must be purified to correct social vice.—PROF. SEELYE.

Morality Without Religion.

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—LONGFELLOW.

Christ's Religion Pleasant and Right.

That may be right which is not pleasant, and that pleasant which is not right; but Christ's religion is both. There is not only peace in the end of religion, but peace in the way.—MATTHEW HENRY.

THE SABBATH.

How Still and Calm!

How still and calm the day! How still and calm
My heart, that lately throbbed with wrath or pain!
The week's wild tumult is a psalm
Borne faintly to us from some distant fane.

And from the glory of this silent hour
Confusion flies, like Satan and the night.
Strong truths stand forth, clothed with seraphic power,
While cowering baseness seeks to shun the light.

See noble purpose, clouded until now,
Shine with the flame of Bethlehem's great star;
And prophets, smiling, point us to the brow
Whose whiteness wreaths and glories can not mar.

From the still height of this serenest day
I trace life's motions with a clearer eye;
Men's deeds and lives are only God's highway,
Which leads into His glory by and by.

GOV. GREENHALGE.

The Glory of the Sabbath.

Nothing draws along with it such a glory as the Sabbath. Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation. It has been the coronation day of martyrs—the first day of saints. It has been, from the first day till now, the sublime day of the Church of God; still the outgoing of its morning and evening rejoice. Let us, then, remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—JAMES HAMILTON.

SACRIFICE.

The Duty of Self-Sacrifice.

There are some very good, self-sacrificing people who seem to want to go to Heaven alone. They, of course, do not talk that way; but that is what their conduct of life means. For some it is far easier to walk the thorny path of self-denial than it is to lead others to walk therein, yet the latter is fully as much a duty as the former. No one has any right to a monopoly of doing good.

Self-sacrifice can not be taught by the force of example alone. Witness the wretchedly selfish children of

many most self-sacrificing mothers. Therefore, the strong ones in the Christ life must not only show forth the great pattern in their own actions, but patiently, step by step, they must lead the weaker ones to find out for themselves by actual experience that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and that "he that loseth his life shall find it."

Older brothers and sisters must, then, often deny themselves the privilege of self-denial, and, what is really more of a tax, help the younger ones first to help themselves and then to help others.—J. R. MILLER.

Sacrifice a Law of Life.

Life evermore is fed by death
In earth and sea and sky;
And that a rose may breathe its breath,
Something must die.

The milk-white heifer's life must pass
That it may feed our own,
As passed the sweet life of the grass
She fed upon.

J. G. HOLLAND

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SALVATION.

The Place of Safety.

My friends, there is one spot on earth where the fear of death, of sin and of judgment need never trouble us —the only safe spot on earth where the sinner can stand —Calvary. Out in our Western country, in the Autumn, when men go hunting and there has not been rain for many months, sometimes the prairie grass catches fire. Sometimes, when the wind is strong, the flames may be seen rolling along, twenty feet high, destroying man and beast in their onward rush. When the frontiersmen see what is coming, what do they do to escape? They know they can not run as fast as the fire can run. Not the fleetest horse can escape it. The flames sweep onward; they take their stand in the burnt district, and are safe. They hear the flames roar as they come along; they see Death bearing down upon them with resistless fury; but they do not fear. They do not tremble as the ocean of flame surges around them, for over the place where they stand the fire has already passed, and there is no danger. There is nothing for fire to burn. And there is one spot on earth that God has swept over. Eighteen hundred years ago the storm burst on Calvary; the Son of God took it into His own bosom, and now, if we take our stand by the Cross, we are safe for time and eternity.—MOODY.

Saved by Substitution.

Substitution! Oh, let me ring it out! "For me!" was bound to ring in his ears with every gurgling of that lapping blood. That, again, is the heart of the heart of salvation, for you and for me. There is a Savior as innocent as that white, gentle, bleating, spotless lamb. See the father as he takes the lamb in his hand. Listen to its helpless bleating, and just think of all the ideas of meekness and yielding innocence that flashed upon the mind; and again, I say, if you think of the Israelitish father killing it, not simply with his knife and with his hand, but with mind and heart and imagination working behind those outward instruments, surely there flashed upon his soul: "Life for life. If I am to go free, this innocent thing has to part with its very life's blood." I know that, in the pride and wisdom of the world, this is bitterly denounced. I am told in this very day this way of salvation by atonement, by substitution of a sinless one for sinful you and me, is a gory thing—that it is a ghastly thing—that it is a religion of the shambles. God help men who talk in such a way of Heaven's best device for saving sinful men—Heaven's only device, Heaven's best, Heaven's last, Heaven's utmost of mind and heart to save sinful, guilty, damned you and me from the impending doom. Ah, it flashed on Him surely: "For me! For me!" And that is the Gospel. "He loved me, and gave Himself for me—for me!" He gave Himself a ransom for men—for me, I trust, among the rest. Not with the blood of bulls, goats, heifers, lambs and rams, but by the precious blood of Christ as a lamb

without blemish and without spot—by *that* we are saved. "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree." "By His stripes we are healed." Bless God for this substitutionary salvation!—McNeill.

My Savior.

There is one great idea, one very rich and beautiful idea, which lies at the very bottom of the whole Christian thought, and that is: Rescuing a soul and bringing it to Christ is simply bringing it back into a life in which it naturally belongs and out of which it has wandered. It is not an unnatural thing for a man to become a Christian. Oh, if we would only understand that it is a most natural thing—that vision of the kingdom of God! As natural as the coming back of the poor prodigal out of the wretchedness in which he had been living to his father's house, where he belonged; as natural as the coming back of this poor, bleating sheep, borne by the shepherd, to the fold out of which it had wandered. The Savior's teaching is that man belongs to God, and that the coming to God is the coming back to God, from Whom we have departed. The coming of Jesus and His rescue of our nature always seem to me to be like this. There are people who, having been born in a land of richness and of culture, full of all good and holiness, have been taken away in their childhood, or have wandered by some act of their own, and have gone off and lived in exile on a savage island, where there is nothing that is beautiful or pure. They have been growing up in the midst of vileness and sin.

By and by, on that island where they are living, they see a ship coming to them. It draws nearer and nearer across the waters. They begin to wonder what it is, and by and by a boat drops over its side and some one lands —a new form and yet an old form among them—and lives in their midst. When he comes it is all strange to them, but by and by he reminds them of things they had forgotten. There come into their hearts memories of that which had seemed entirely to have passed away. He came from the home in which they were born, and where their true place is, and he has come to remind them of their heritage. And by and by, as he lives there for them and suffers there with them, there springs up in their hearts a memory of the old land from which he came. They recognize him as one with whom they have to do, and after a while they are touched at the remembrance, and they say: "O deliver us from this bondage!" And then he takes them by their hands and leads them back again; once more crosses the sea, and, landing on the shore from which he came, they find places waiting for them there.

O my friends, those of you who are Christians, don't you know what it all means? Don't you know how, as little by little your sins were cast away and you began to live another life—as little by little new holiness of which you never dreamed as possible for you opened before you and you entered into them—how a strange naturalness was in all? It was all new; yet it was not new. There was something that reminded you of some association there had been before. And your Savior—how was it

with Him? When you first heard of Him, when He first stood out before you, as if you saw Him verily with your eyes, and you heard His word, and as you bowed in prayer, and hid your eyes from everything besides, when Jesus Christ stood before you, you seemed to see something strange, that you had never met in your life before; but little by little, as He touched the deeper powers of your nature, you had a new conviction—*my* Savior! *my* Savior!—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Salvation Plain.

The bunch of hyssop had its meaning. What was that bunch of hyssop? It certainly played no small part in the deliverance of an Israelite and of his family that evening. "Take," said God—ah, I like that—"take a bunch of hyssop and dip it in the blood." I can imagine, for example, an Israelitish father, whose mind and heart are really moved by the occasion; when the blood of that Lamb was shed and caught in the basin, saying to himself—and it would have been no bad sign of his intellect or his heart: "Now, I have come to the crisis of this crisis. What if I should go wrong here? What a pity it is that Moses had no word from the Lord's mouth as to how this red mark is actually to be hung out!" He need have been in no such puzzle—no such dilemma. Moses had a word right out of God's mouth for that very crisis of the crisis: "Take you a bunch of hyssop, and strike the lintel and the two side-posts." God actually condescending to tell a man how to sprinkle the blood! Have you thought of it? He left no loop-

hole by which a man might be lost if he wanted to be saved and to save his wife and children. Salvation is the same yet. I tell you, my friends, that if in the great day any soul from this audience is found on the wrong side of things as regards Christ, Who sits on the judgment seat, you will be standing there in absolute silence; or if you speak, you will be calling wildly on the rocks and the mountains to hide you. And you will be crushed by the awful silence.

If lost, you will be inexcusable. So shall I. The man here today in this church the farthest from grace and the farthest from evangelical faith is bound to say, with me, that after such a scheme or plan of salvation if any Israelite was lost he was to blame.—McNeill.

Salvation Free.

I heard a story—I think it came from the North Country: A minister called upon a poor woman, intending to help her, for he knew she was very poor. With his half-crown in his hand, he knocked at the door; but she did not answer. He concluded she was not at home, and went his way. A little while after this he met her at the church, and told her that he had remembered her need. "I called at your house and knocked several times. I suppose you were not at home, for I had no answer." "At what hour did you call, sir?" "It was about noon." "Oh, dear! I heard you, sir, and am so sorry I did not answer; but I thought it was the man calling for the rent." Many a poor woman knows what this meant. Now, it is my desire to be heard, and therefore I want to

say that I am not calling for the rent. Indeed, it is not the object of this book to ask anything of you, but to tell you that salvation is *all of grace*—which means free, gratis, for nothing.—SPURGEON.

THE SEA.

Water Nature's Carrier.

Water is Nature's carrier. With its currents it conveys heat away from the torrid zone and ice from the frigid; or, bottling the caloric away in the vesicles of its vapor, it first makes it impalpable and then conveys it, by unknown paths, to the most distant parts of the earth. The materials of which the coral builds the isle and the sea-conch its shell are gathered by this restless leveler from mountains, rocks and valleys in all latitudes. Some it washes down from the Mountains of the Moon, or out of the gold fields of Australia, or from the mines of Potosi; others from the battle-fields of Europe or from the marble quarries of ancient Greece and Rome. These materials, thus collected and carried over falls or down rapids, are transported from river to sea and delivered by the obedient waters to each insect and to every plant in the ocean at the right time and temperature, in proper form and in due quantity.

Treating the rocks less gently, it grinds them into dust or pounds them into sand, or rolls and rubs them until they are fashioned into pebbles, rubble or bowlders. The sand and shingle on the sea-shore are monuments of the

abrading and triturating power of water. By water the soil has been brought down from the hills and spread out into valleys, plains and fields for man's use. Saving the rocks on which the everlasting hills are established, every thing on the surface of our planet seems to have been removed from its original foundation and lodged in its present place by water. Protean in shape, benignant in office, water, whether fresh or salt, solid, fluid or gaseous, is marvelous in its powers.

It is one of the chief agents in the manifold workshops in which and by which the earth has been made a habitation fit for man.—M. F. MAURY.

The Gulf Stream.

There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottoms are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater.

The currents of the ocean are among the most important of its movements. They carry on a constant interchange between the waters of the poles and those of the equator, and thus diminish the extremes of heat and cold in every zone.

The sea has its climates as well as the land. They both change with the latitude; but one varies with the

elevation above, the other with the depression below, the sea level. The climates in each are regulated by circulation; but the regulators are, on the one hand, winds; on the other, currents.

The inhabitants of the ocean are as much the creatures of climate as are those of the dry land; for the same Almighty hand which decked the lily and cares for the sparrow fashioned also the pearl and feeds the great whale, and adapted each to the physical conditions by which His providence has surrounded it.—M. F. MAURY.

Behold the Sea.

Behold the Sea!
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July!
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from memory,
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
Rich are the sea gods; who gives gifts but they?
They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls;
They pluck Force thence, and give it to the wise.
For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work
This matchless strength. Where shall he find, O waves!
A load your Atlas shoulders can not lift?

EMERSON.

The Great Cemetery.

The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other grave-yards in other lands show some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in the great ocean cemetery the king and the clown, prince and peasant, are all alike distinguished. The same waves roll over all; the same requiem by minstrels of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on until all are awakened by the same trumpet.—ANONYMOUS.

SELFISHNESS.

Despotisms Founded on Selfishness.

The thrones of earth were founded upon the deepest principles of selfishness. Millions of bayonets have stood in frightful lines for the king's support. The history of the last hundred years has been the history of attempts to keep up the same old despotisms. But the equality of mankind has, at the close of each battle in which kings have triumphed, come back to begin its secret abrasion of the flinty rock. No sooner have the kings exacted peace than the voice of human brotherhood has begun, like Abel's blood, to cry up from the ground; and the kings, flushed on yesterday with victory, must begin at once to invent new arms and draft new mercenaries for a fiery conflict.—SWING.

Selfishness in White Chapel.

During the White Chapel scare, when a reporter was examining one of the spots where those unhappy women had been murdered, he expressed surprise that the murderer should have escaped, as the scene of the murder was a crowded neighborhood, in which it seems almost incredible that such a crime could be committed and no one hear a scream or witness a struggle or see the murderer flee. A costermonger, standing by, explained the situation by saying: "It 's every one fur hisself down here." That is to say, in that neighborhood every one was so preoccupied with his own personal, selfish or sinful interests, that no one would trouble himself to listen to a woman's scream or to witness a struggle going on almost in his own sight.—HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

Condensed Comments.

If you want to be miserable, think much about yourself; about what you want, what you like; what respect people ought to pay you, and what people think of you. —CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The man who has lived for himself has the privilege of being his own mourner.—BEECHER.

SIN.

A Convict Soul.

Oh, sight of pity, shame and dole!
Oh, fearful thought—a convict soul!

WALT WHITMAN.

Sin Unchecked.

Sin runs to passion; passion to tumult in character; and a tumultuous character tends to tempests and explosions, which scorn secrecies and disguises. Thus the whole man comes to light. He sees himself, and others see him, as he is in God's light. Those solemn imperatives and their awful responses: "Thou shalt not"—"I will"; "Thou shalt"—"I will not" make up, then, all that the man knows of intercourse with God. This is Sin, in the ultimate and finished type of it. This is what it grows to in every sinner, if unchecked by the grace of God. Every man unredeemed becomes a demon in eternity.—AUSTIN PHELPS.

Redemption by Suffering.

Forgiveness of sins, if it merely means remission of penalty, perhaps might be achieved without a sacrifice. But if forgiveness of sins means really delivering another from his sin, that never can be accomplished without pain. When the Nation has given itself over to believe a lie—to write liberty on its banners and slavery on human lives—death is inevitable if there be not found

men and women who are willing to pour out their lives that they may preserve it from death and redeem it from sin. When the Church is threatened with apostasy, endangered, corrupted and degraded, there is no hope for it through painless preaching. It lives only as there are men who are willing to pour their lives out into the Church and for the Church. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. *No redemption is possible without suffering.* The Superintendent of the Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, New York, bore testimony to this truth when he said: "Some men are sent here under *compulsion*—almost driven here by their friends—*and no such man is ever cured.* No man has ever gone from this asylum cured of his inebriacy unless there was some one—a wife, a mother, a maiden, a sister—who prayed for him, hoped for him and wept for him at home." The great redemptive power in life is the power of a suffering heart. No Church can be lifted up into a higher plane except by a prophet who feels in his soul the pain, shame and humiliation of all that is false and evil in the Church. No child was ever saved by an unsuffering mother; no nation by unsuffering patriots; no church by an unsuffering pastor; and—we say it reverently—the world could not be saved by an unsuffering God. He might take off the penalty; He might let us off; but He can not pour His own life into us, so as to make us in very truth sons of God, unless He pours Himself into us through a wounded, riven and broken heart. The angel who redeems Peter must go into the prison, that he may lead Peter out. The crucifixion was

not an accident, an incident, an occasion. It was not something artificial, wrought by God for an artificial end. It was, in the very nature of the case, that the race could not be saved by a Redeemer who did not go down into the race, share its experiences, know its life, feel pressed by the burden of its degradation.—LYMAN ABBOTT.

The Awfulness of Sin.

The awfulness of sin comes not wholly from the fact that it is a disobedience of God, but as well from the certainty that it is a doing of violence to the soul itself in the loss of power, the decay of love, the enfeebling of will and the general atrophy of the nature. The thing effected by our indulgence is not alone the book of final judgment, but the present fabric of the spirit.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

SLANDER.

Advice About Slander.

Your blameless life will be your best defense, and those who have seen it will not allow you to be condemned so readily as your slanderers expect. Only abstain from fighting your own battles, and in nine cases out of ten your accusers will gain nothing by their malevolence but chagrin for themselves and contempt from others. To prosecute the slanderer is very seldom wise.—SPURGEON.

A Deadly Sin.

Jesus calls a slanderous spirit a beam, compared with which any other mistake is a little, thin splinter. Here is a man who condemns every poor creature who is overtaken in a fault. He has no sympathy with such. The man took a glass of whisky too much, lost his equilibrium, was seen in a reeling state. That circumstance is reported to the man who only indulges in slanderous criticism, and the man immediately calls for the excommunication of the erring brother from the church, not knowing that he himself is drunk, but not with wine—drunk with a hostile spirit—drunk with uncharitableness. If I had been guilty of this ineffable meanness, I would preach to myself as loudly and keenly as to any other man—if I had been guilty of speaking an unkind word about any human creature or suspecting the honesty of any man. If ever I have said about a brother minister: "He is a fine man in many respects, a noble creature—kind, chivalrous, grand of soul—but ——"; if ever I have said that "but," God will punish me for it.

We do not lay hold of this great truth sufficiently. We think that a little slander is of no consequence. To be called up before a church and condemned for slander! Condemn the drunkard, turn out the man who by infinite pressure has committed some sin—turn him out, certainly, and never go after him, and never care what may become of him. Let a wolf gnaw him; only get rid of him. If we go home and speak unkindly of man, woman or child, who is the great sinner—the drunkard whom we have just expelled or the closely shaven and highly pol-

ished Christian who does nothing but filch his neighbor's good name?—JOSEPH PARKER.

Character and Activity of Slander.

'Tis slander
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens and states,
Maids, matrons—nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.

SHAKESPEARE.

Indifference a Shield.

Am I persecuted by evil men's tongues? Let them wag. The serpents vibrate their tongues in the wilderness, but they do not trouble any one who is not in the wilderness Stand aloof from all these misconceptions of men. Stand higher.—BEECHER

SORROW.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, Who comforteth us in all our affliction, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.—ST. PAUL.

The Divine Sculptor.

Scant beauty Nature gave her; in disguise
Rugged and harsh she bade her go about
With face unlovely, save the dark, sad eyes,
From which her fearless soul looked bravely out.

But Life took up the chisel, used her face
Roughly, with many blows, as sculptors use a block;
It wrought a little while, and lo! a grace
Fell, as a sunbeam falls upon a rock.

Across her soul a heavy sorrow swept,
As tidal waves sweep sometimes o'er the land,
Leaving her face, when back it ebbed and crept,
Tranquil and purified, like tide-washed sand.

And of her face her gentleness grew apart
And all her holy thoughts left there their trace
A great love found its way into her heart—
Its root was there, its blossom in her face.

So, when Death came to set the sweet soul free
From the poor body that was never fair,
We watched her face, and marveled much to see
How Life had carved for Death an angel there.

BESSIE CHANDLER.

"Virgin Consolator."

We Need Sorrow.

There is something in man which *needs* sorrow—a humbling and purifying work as regards his spiritual recreation, which can not go on without its ministry. How many deeds would never spring to life but for its loosening and detaching agency, breaking up the hard, stony soil of nature. And to the believer, what is affliction but God's hand upon his head to bless him—his Father's hand, *recognized* through that heavy pressure? Think how Christianity exalts, almost enthrones sorrow! —DORA GREENWELL.

Our Burden God's Gift.

Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make thee calm and strong.
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,
He says: "Cast it on me,
And it shall easy be."

And those who heed this voice
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair,
And hope lights up the way
Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus
Into thy hands and lay it at His feet,
And whether it be sorrow or defeat
Or pain or sin or care,
Leave it calmly there.

It is the lonely load
That crushes out the light of Heaven;
But borne with Him, the soul, forgiven,
Sings out through all the days
Her joy and God's high praise.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

God With Us.

Suffering is a very solitary thing. Great suffering brings upon the heart a sense of intense loneliness, and it needs all that God Himself can be to the stricken one. It might seem almost impossible that anything more than the peace of God could be promised, but there is a fuller promise yet. "The God of Peace shall be with you.' Here language is exhausted. The portion of every praying one is "the peace of God," and when even that is not enough, "the God of Peace," Himself Emmanuel, stands beside you.—PENNYFATHER.

A Strange Beatitude.

"Blessed are they that mourn." This seems indeed a strange beatitude. But to those who have learned its meaning it is no longer strange. There are blessings, rich, deep and satisfying, which we never can know until we mourn. You would never see the stars if the sun continued to shine through all the twenty-four hours. It would be a loss, too, to any one if he were to pass through all the years of his human life and never once behold night's sky with its brilliant orbs. We can then

say: "Blessed is the hour when the sun goes down and it grows dark; for then we see the glory of Heaven's stars." Mary G. Slocum writes:

"Across my day the shadows creeping
Brought the unwelcome night.
The distant hills, the last gleams keeping
Of dear, familiar light,
Slowly became a darkened wall around and soon
The world, with all its loved and wonted sights, was gone.

Ah, light that made such sweet revealing,
That showed this world so bright,
You gave no hint you were concealing
The greater wealth of night!
For now, above and far beyond the hills, appear
Ten thousand worlds I did not dream before were here."

—J. R. MILLER.

God Knows How to Comfort.

When Christ brings His Cross He brings His presence; and where He is none is desolate, and there is no room for despair. As He knows His own, so He knows how to comfort them, using sometimes the very grief itself, and straining it to a sweetness of peace unattainable by those ignorant of sorrow.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Condensed Comments.

The Cross of Christ is the pledge to us that the deepest suffering may be the condition of the highest blessing; the sign, not of God's displeasure, but of His widest and most compassionate love.—DEAN STANLEY.

If God sends thee a Cross, take it up and follow Him. Use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable. Bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable. If it be light, slight it not. If it be heavy, murmur not.—QUARLES.

There never did, and there never will, exist anything permanently noble and excellent in the character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.—WALTER SCOTT.

Those who have suffered much are like those who know many languages; they have learned to understand all and be understood by all.—MADAME SWETCHINE.

It requires greater virtue to sustain good fortune than bad.—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

THE SOUL.

The Value of the Soul.

The soul! How shall I estimate the value of it? Well, by its exquisite organization. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever put together. Machinery is of value in proportion as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the engine and the machinery in the Philadelphia Mint, and, as you see it performing its wonderful work, you will be surprised to find how silently it goes. Machinery that roars and tears soon destroys itself; but silent machinery is often most effective. Now, so it is with the soul of man, with all its tremendous fac-

ulties; it moves in silence. Judgment, without any racket, lifting its scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience taking its judgment-seat without any excitement; the understanding and the will all doing their work. Velocity, majesty, might; but silence—silence.

You listen at the door of your heart. You can hear no sound. The soul is all quiet. It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. You break a bone, and with splints and bandages the surgeon sets it; the eye becomes inflamed, and the apothecary's wash cools it. But when a soul is off the track, unbalanced, no human power can readjust it. With one sweep of its wing it circles the universe, and overvaults the throne of God. Why, in the hour of death the soul is so mighty it throws aside the body as if it were a toy. It drives back medical skill as impotent. It breaks through the circle of loved ones who stand around the dying couch. With one leap, it springs beyond star and moon and sun, and chasms of immensity. Oh, a soul is superior to all material things! No fires can consume it; no floods can drown it; no rocks can crush it; no walls can impede it; no time can exhaust it. It wants no plummet with which to sound a depth. A soul so mighty, so swift, so silent —must it not be a priceless soul?

I calculate the value of a soul by its capacity for happiness. How much joy it gets in this world out of friendships, out of books, out of clouds, out of the sea, out of flowers, out of ten thousand things. All the enjoyment of the soul in this world, the enjoyment which

we think is real enjoyment, is only preparative; it is the first stage of the thing, the entrance, the beginning of that which shall be the orchestral harmonies and splendors of the redeemed.

You can not test the full power of the soul for happiness in this world. How much power the soul has here to find enjoyment in friendship! But oh, the grander friendships for the soul in the skies! How sweet the flowers here! How much sweeter they will be there! Christ is glorious to our souls now, but how much grander our appreciation after a while! For that immortal soul, the richest blood that was ever shed, the deepest groan that was ever uttered, all the griefs of earth compressed into one tear, all the sufferings of earth gathered into one rapier of pain and struck through his holy heart. Does it not imply tremendous value?—TALMAGE.

My Soul and I.

Stand still, my soul! In the silent dark
I would question thee,
Alone in the shadow drear and stark,
With God and me.

What, my soul, was thy errand here?
Was it mirth or ease,
Or heaping up dust from year to year?
"Nay—none of these!"

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight
Whose eyes look still

And steadily on thee through the night.
"To do His will!"

What hast thou done, O soul of mine,
That thou tremblest so?
Hast thou wrought His task and kept the line
He bade thee go?

What, silent all! Art sad of cheer?
Art fearful now?
When God seemed far and men were near,
How brave wert thou!

Aha! Thou tremblest! Well I see
Thou 'rt craven grown.
Is it so hard with God and me
To stand alone?

Ah, soul of mine! So brave and wise
In the life-storm loud,
Fronting so calmly all human eyes
In the sunlit crowd!

Now, standing apart with God and me,
Thou art weakness all—
Gazing vainly after the things to be
Through Death's dread wall.

WHITTIER.

SUCCESS.

Conditions of Success.

The success of mankind all depends upon three things: The discovery of the laws of its well-being, its freedom to obey those laws, and the goodness that will render obedience. No one of these three elements can alone secure good for man. Freedom to follow law is vain, unless man knows what are the laws of his nature. Knowledge is vain without freedom; and both knowledge and freedom are useless unless the heart has the goodness that will make its knowledge and liberty pass into action. The Indians have freedom, but they do not what are the highest aims of the human spirit. The criminal and the vagabond have both the information and the liberty, but they are wanting in that goodness which can turn truth and freedom into the actuality of being. Three ingredients must, therefore, meet to compose a valuable society —knowledge, freedom and goodness.—SWING.

Decision and Energy.

For success in life, it is essential that there should be a fixedness of purpose as to the object and designs to be attained. There should be a clear conception of the outlines of that character which is to be established. The business of life, in whatever pursuit it may be directed, is a great work. And in this, as in all other undertakings, it is important in the outset to have a clear conception of what is to be done. This is the first thing to be

settled. What profession or vocation is to be followed? The only rule for determining this is natural ability and natural aptitude, or suitableness for the particular business selected. The decision in such case should always be governed by that ideal of character which a man with high aspirations should always form for himself.—ALEXANDER STEPHENS.

Moral Excellence.

Moral excellence is the bright, consummate flower of all progress. It is often the peculiar product of age, And it is then, among other triumphs of virtue, that Duty assumes her commanding place, while personal ambition is abased. Burke, in that marvelous passage of elegiac beauty where he mourns his only son, says: "Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive myself if, in this hard season. I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called Fame and Honor in the world." And Channing, with a sentiment most unlike the ancient Roman orator, declares that he sees "nothing worth living for but the divine virtue which endures and surrenders all things for truth, duty and mankind." Such an insensibility to worldly objects and such an elevation of spirit may not be expected at once from all men—certainly not without something of the trials of Burke or the soul of Channing. But it is within the power of all to strive after that virtue which it may be difficult to reach; and just in proportion as duty becomes the guide and the aim of life shall we learn to close the soul against the allurements of praise and the asperities of censure, while we find satis-

factions and compensations such as man can not give or take away. The world, with ignorant or intolerant judgment, may condemn; the countenance of companion may be averted; the heart of friend may grow cold; but the consciousness of duty done will be sweeter than the applause of the world, than the countenance of companion or the heart of friend.—CHARLES SUMNER.

SYMPATHY.

Sympathy a Quality of the Highest.

The highest genius predicates the most universal sympathy. A shut-up soul and a shut-up oyster are nearer the same level than the soul believes. One can be exclusive on small intellectual capital; but only broad, far-sighted minds can be inclusive.

What we call lack of charity is usually lack of perception. If we knew more, we should love better. The divine mind knows all and loves all. From human nature's ever vocal Gerizim sounds the beatitude, "Blessed are the inclusive, for they shall be included"; and from the Mount Ebal of its malediction sounds the doom, "Cursed are the exclusive, for they shall be excluded."—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Our Need of Sympathy.

Human sympathy is exceedingly precious, but there are points in our spiritual conflict in which we can not

"The Cut Finger."—From the Painting by Dvorak.

expect to receive it. To each man there are passages in life too narrow for walking two abreast. Upon certain crags we must stand alone. As our constitutions differ, so our trials, which are suited to our constitutions, must differ also. Each individual has a secret with which no friend can intermeddle; for every life has its mystery and its hidden treasure. Do not be ashamed, young Christian, if you meet with temptations which appear to you to be quite singular. We have each one thought the same of his trials. You imagine that no one suffers as you do, whereas no temptation hath happened unto you but such as is common to man, and God will with the temptation make a way of escape, that you may be able to bear it. Yet for the time being you may have to enter into fellowship with your Lord when He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Him. Is not this for your good? Is not this the way to strength? What kind of piety is that which is dependent upon the friendship of man? What sort of religion is that which can not stand alone? Beloved, you will have to die alone, and you need grace to cheer you in solitude —SPURGEON.

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TEMPTATION.

Getting Rid of Temptation.

Temptation vanishes before a sight of the dying Redeemer. Then inbred lust roars against us, and we overcome it through the blood of the Lamb, for "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Sometimes a raging corruption or a strong habit wars upon us, and then we conquer by the might of the sanctifying Spirit of God, who is with us and shall be in us evermore. Or else it is the world which tempts, and our feet have almost gone; but we overcome the world through the victory of faith. If Satan raises against us the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life, all at once, we are still delivered, for the Lord is a wall of fire round about us The inward life bravely resists all sin, and God's help is given to believers to preserve them from all evil in the moment of urgent need; even as he helped His martyrs and confessors to speak the right word when called unprepared to confront their adversaries. Care not, therefore, O thou truster in the Lord Jesus, how fierce thine enemy may be this day! As young David slew the lion and the bear and smote the Philistines, even so shalt thou go from victory to victory. —SPURGEON.

God Fighting for Us.

If that roaring lion that goes about continually seeking whom he may devour finds us alone among the vineyards of the Philistines, where is our hope? Not in our

heels, for he is swifter than we; not in our weapons, for we are naturally unarmed; not in our hands, which are weak and languishing; but in the Spirit of God, by whom we can do all things. If God fights in us, who can resist us? There is a stronger lion in us than that against us.—SPURGEON.

"It Is Written."

A temptation to gambling springs upon you, and it seems to be "a safe thing," and there is no risk in it, and it will multiply that little amount by twice, or four times, or five times, or ten times, and you could do very much good with such a windfall, and so on, till it appears very plausible. A temptation like that, met in the old and only way—*it is written*, it is written, IT IS WRITTEN: "Thou shalt not steal!" "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God!" Asking Him to preserve thee, when deliberately thou dost put thy hand in the fire! Asking Him to keep your hands clean, while deliberately you fill them with pitch! Asking Him to keep you from poison, when you lay the serpent in your bosom! "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," it is written, it is written, it is written. A temptation like that, met and mastered by the name of Christ, the blood of the Lamb, and the spirit of prayer—what a strength it becomes afterward! Not giving pride to you, but giving glory to your Redeemer as you go on, just as Samson went on. Nearly lost, but altogether saved; unscratched, unscathed, unharmed, and a glad song singing in your heart.—McNEILL.

Warned in Time.

Well, Samson was not thinking of any danger. He was passing through a vineyard—and vineyards then were open, as they still are, in Eastern lands—tasting its fruits, possibly, and humming some snatch of a love-song, maybe, when suddenly this crisis came upon him. A young lion roared against him. Thank God for that roar! For there are some sins that destroy a fellow without roaring. The woman was a greater danger than the roaring lion. There was no roaring there. There was tremendous danger. He escaped the one, and more than once failed to escape the other. The springing temptation—the gleaming of the teeth, and the lashing of the tail, and the roaring—gave him time and chance. It was the roar that was the saving thing. When the roar is heard by a manly fellow, there is something inside him that roars, too—the love of life roars against death; deep calls to deep.

And just because the brute roared, it gave the man warning, and roused him: He flung himself upon the lion, and rent him as he would have done a sucking kid. —McNeill.

What to Do with Temptations.

Take them as they are, in all their ugliness and all their ferocity, and do not be afraid, but by faith and prayer imbrue your hands in their blood. Grip them, bring them out, face them, and slay them before the Lord. And do it quickly; make sure work of it—no half

work of these lusts, like springing lions, that war against the soul. The lust for drink, the lust of another kind—the lust of the flesh—the lust of the eye; and the pride of life—which perhaps is one of the greatest destroyers of the young soul—the swelling pride of life! Bring it out and put the sword in it up to the haft; and do it even as the conspirator did when he met his foe long ago in Scottish history. He dirked him. He put the knife into him with one stroke, and then rushed out to his fellow-conspirators, and said: "I think I have slain the Comyn." Another conspirator said: "Thou thinkest; but I will mak siccar!" And he rushed in and stabbed him repeatedly. "Mak siccar"—make sure—that you have faced eye to eye, hand to hand, and foot to foot this particular form of sin; and by the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and that mighty weapon that Bunyan talks about—"All Prayer"—thou hast overcome. —McNeill.

Our Defense.

I repeat it: The most defenseless man, the most defenseless creature in London, seems to be the healthy, bright, generous young fellow who, in the midst of this giddy whirl, with its gilded and ungilded sin, wants to hold the fear and faith of Christ, to crucify the flesh and live for God and for eternity. Wonder of wonders! He is not defenseless. Marvel of marvels, miracle of miracles, joy of Heaven, disappointment of Hell! He is not overcome! There are men and women in London today living a kind of salamander life; living in the flame, with

the roar of the lion, the hiss of the serpent and the rattle of the snake for ever in their ears; noted, marked, signed for death—and they are not dead yet, and they never shall be. Yet they have "nothing in their hands." They seem to be feckless. How, then, do they live when others are pinned to the earth by the lion? The Christian is not a stronger man than his neighbors. Then why does he stand where his neighbors fall? Ah, this is the explanation: The Spirit of the Lord is with him. He is a wall of fire round about him, and the glory in the midst. Do I speak to any backslider who has not been careful, and the enemy has sprung upon you, or the slimy serpent has dropped itself down from the branch of a tree and wound itself around you ere you were aware? Despair not; do not give in. Remember Him who is the Strength of Israel!—McNeill.

The Sweetness of Victory.

When you are able to feel in your own soul that you have overcome a strong temptation, the fiercer it was and the more terrible it was, the louder has been your song and the more joyful your thanksgiving. To go back to Mr. Bunyan again: When Christian had passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death during the night, and when he had come entirely out of it and the sun rose, you remember he looked back. He was long in taking that look, I warrant you. What thoughts he had while looking back! He could just discern that narrow track with the quagmire on one side and the deep ditch on the other; and he could see the shades out of which the hob-

goblins hooted and the fiery eyes glanced forth. He looked back by sunlight and thought within himself: "Ah, me! What goodness has been with me! I have gone through all that, and yet I am unharmed!" What a happy survey it was to him! Ah, the joy of having passed through temptation without having defiled one's garments! How must Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego have felt when they stepped out of the fiery furnace, and were not even singed, neither had the smell of fire passed upon them. Happy men were they who had lived in the center of the seven-times-heated furnace, where everything else was consumed. Here again is "a piece of an honeycomb."—SPURGEON.

Scarred.

Far nobler the sword that is nicked and worn,
Far fairer the flag that is grimy and torn,
Than when to the battle fresh they were borne.

He was tried and found true; He stood the test;
'Neath whirlwinds of doubt, when all the rest
Crouched down and submitted, He fought best.

There are wounds on His breast that can never be healed,
There are gashes that bleed and may not be sealed,
But, wounded and gashed, He won the field.

And others may dream in their easy chairs,
And point their white hands to the scars He bears;
But the palm and the laurel are His—not theirs!

ANONYMOUS.

Watching Against Temptation.

Any thing else were the height of rashness. Who sleeps by a magazine of gunpowder needs to take care even of sparks; who walks on slippery ice, let him not go star-gazing, but look to his feet, take care of falling. Whatever provokes sin, though beautiful as Bathsheba—whatever is in its nature calculated, and by the cunning fiend intended, to draw us into transgression—is a danger against which we can not be too much upon our guard. Though in themselves innocent, pleasures are sought at too great hazard that grow on dizzy crag, or among the grass where adders creep, or in the lofty crevice of tottering stone wall, or on the brink of a swollen flood.—DR. GUTHRIE.

TIME.

Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me, to render to each according as his work is.—THE MASTER.

The Day Short.

The day is short and the work is great; but the laborers are idle, though the reward be great and the Master of the work presses. It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work, but thou must not therefore cease from it. If thou hast worked much, great shall be thy reward, for the Master who employed thee is faithful in His payment. But know thou that the true reward is not of this world.—THE TALMUD.

Today.

Today, unsullied, comes to thee, new-born.
Tomorrow is not thine;
The sun may cease to shine
For thee, ere earth shall greet its morn.

RUSKIN.

Tomorrow.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

SHAKESPEARE.

Every Day the Best.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.—EMERSON.

Time Bears Us Away.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook and

the winding of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands. We are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.—BISHOP HEBER.

The Voice of Time.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch.
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss!
A dread eternity! How surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

EDW. YOUNG.

Time Flies.

Whether we preach or hear, time is hastening on Our sands of life will soon run out. Just as we are being borne along irresistibly every moment as the earth speeds in her orbit, so are we being carried away by the resistless course of time. How it flies to a man of middle age! How exceedingly fast to the aged! We may

say of the hours, as of the cherubim: "Each one had six wings." If everything is made secure by faith in the Lord Jesus, we need not wish it to be otherwise, for the faster time passes, the sooner shall we be at home with our Father and our God.—SPURGEON.

Killing Time.

We watch the decreasing candle and the falling sand, that *we*, at least, have no time which needs killing. What we have is all too little for our high and holy purposes. We want not cards and dice and scenic displays for a pastime; our time passes all too rapidly without such aids. Those who kill time will soon find that time kills them, and they would gladly give worlds, if they had them, to win back a single hour. Remember the story of Queen Elizabeth's last moments, and take care to spend each hour as carefully as if you had no other hour to follow it.—SPURGEON.

"Each Moment Holy Is."

Each moment holy is, for out from God
Each moment flashes forth a human soul.
Holy each moment is, for back to Him
Some wandering soul each moment home returns.

R. W. GILDER.

Each Day Has Its Opportunities.

All the days seem alike as they come to us, but each day comes with its own opportunities, its own calls to

duty, its own privileges—holding out hands offering us radiant gifts. The day passes and never comes again. Other days as bright may come, but that day never comes a second time. If we do not take just then the gifts it offers, we shall never have another chance to get them, and shall always be poorer for what we have missed.—J. R. MILLER.

Behind Time.

The best-laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them; and they perish unrepentant, because for ever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being "behind time."—FREEMAN HUNT.

Time and Eternity.

The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulcher of ages; but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.—BISHOP HEBER.

THANKSGIVING.

Giving thanks always for all things, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to God, even the Father.—ST. PAUL.

Thanks for Ills Escaped.

Rather than upbraid God for the ills that have befallen thee, thank Him for those which have not befallen thee. — IVAN PANIN.

The Thankful Heart.

For all that God in mercy sends—
For health and children, home and friends;
For comforts in the time of need,
For every kindly word or deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk—
In everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing Summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for stream and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood—
In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,

For the stars glittering in the sky—
For these and every thing we see,
O Lord, our hearts we lift to Thee;
In every thing give thanks!

E. I. TUPPER.

Counting Our Mercies.

Counting up our mercies and our every-day reasons for gratitude, looking at the hundred little things and large things, gentle words, loving smiles, flowers sent to cheer us, children to greet us, old friends to advise and middle-aged friends to uphold us, good books to read, dear songs to sing, meetings in gladness, even parting in hope for the better life, we do not know where to end the list. The only thing to do is to live always in an atmosphere sweet and vital with thanksgiving. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Thanksgiving Prayer.

We come, O Lord, these Autumn days,
With hymns of gratitude and praise.
Harvest of gold the plains adorn,
Rich fruits roll forth from Plenty's horn;
Thou givest treasures from the rocks;
The little hills are clothed with flocks;
The seas are with their burden white,
And new Thy mercies day and night.

For changing seasons as they go,
For Autumn leaf, for Winter's snow,

For the green verdure of the Spring,
For life in plant and life on wing,
For Summer with its ripening heat,
For hopes the rounded years complete,
For morn and noon, for night and day,
For light that marks our heavenward way;

For all the blessings of Thy hand,
For freedom in fair freedom's land,
Pursuits of thrift that bring us wealth,
For schools and churches, peace and health,
For commerce, yielding up her stores,
Brought for man's use from distant shores;
For countless gifts, O Lord, we raise
Our hymns of gratitude and praise.

Thou settest man in families,
And all his wants the earth supplies;
Of children, be they far or near,
Of children's children gathered here,
We thank Thee for Thy gracious care,
And lift for them the secret prayer,
As clustered round each social board
We eat and drink, and praise the Lord.

J. E. RANKIN.

Reasons for Thanksgiving.

Plato, looking through the dim spectacles of Nature, gave thanks unto God for three things: First, that God created him a man, and not a beast; secondly, that he

was born a Grecian and not a barbarian; thirdly, that not only so, but a philosopher also. But Christians, that are better bred and taught, turn the stream of their thanks into another manner of channel: First, that God hath created them after His own image; secondly, that He hath called them out of the common crowd of this world and made them Christians; thirdly, and more especially, that among those who bear the name of Christ He hath made them faithful ones; like a few quick-sighted men among a company of blind ones; like the light in Goshen, when all Egypt was dark besides; or like Gideon's fleece, only watered with the dew of Heaven, while the rest of the earth was dry and destitute of His favor. Great cause of thankfulness indeed!—SPENCER.

A Beautiful Emblem.

The heath in the desert wants rain far more than the water-lily. But let the showers come down upon the heath in the desert. There is no motion, no sign, that the shower is welcome or is working. On the other hand, the moment the rain begins to fall upon the water-lily, though it is rooted in water and has its chief element in water, its leaves seem to be clapping their hands, and the whole plant rejoices in the falling of the rain.—S. MARTIN.

TRUST.

Rest.

[Lines found under a soldier's pillow in a hospital.]

I lay me down to sleep,
With little care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do,
At last—at last!

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part—
I give a patient God
My patient heart

And grasp His banner still,
Though all the blue be dim;

These stripes as well as stars
Lead after Him.

CHARLES D. HOLE.

"Will He Slight Thy Faint Crying?"

Sparrow, He guardeth thee;
Never a flight but thy wings He upholdeth;
Never a night but thy rest He enfoldeth;
Safely He guardeth thee.

Lily, He robeth thee;
Though thou must fade, by the Summer bemoaned,
Thou art arrayed, fair as monarch enthroned,
Spotless He robeth thee.

Hear, thou of little faith;
Sparrow and lily are soulless and dying;
Deathless art thou, will He slight thy faint crying
Trust, thou of little faith!

ROBERT GILBERT WELSH.

"War."

WAR.

War Has Not Helped Christianity.

All swords that have ever flashed from scabbards have not aided Christ a single grain. Mohammedans' religion might be sustained by scimeters, but Christians' religion must be sustained by love. The great crime of war never can promote the religion of peace. The battle and the garment rolled in blood are not a fitting prelude to "peace on earth; good will to men." And I do firmly hold that the slaughter of men—that bayonets, swords and guns—have never yet been, and never can be, promoters of the Gospel. The Gospel will proceed without them, but never through them. "Not by might." Now, do not be befooled again if you hear of the English conquering in China. Do not go down on your knees and thank God for it, and say it is such a heavenly thing for the spread of the Gospel—it just is not. Experience teaches you that; and if you look upon the map you will find I have stated the truth, that where our arms have been victorious, the Gospel has been hindered rather than not; so that where South Sea Islanders have bowed their knees and cast their idols to the bats, British Hindoos have kept their idols; and where Bechuanas and Bushmen have turned unto the Lord, British Caffirs have not been converted; not perhaps because they were British, but because the very fact of the missionary being a Briton, put him above them, and weakened their influence. Hush thy trump, O war; put away thy gaudy trappings and thy bloodstained drapery; if thou thinkest

that the cannon with the cross upon it is really sanctified, and if thou imaginest that thy banner hath become holy, thou dreamest of a lie. God wanteth not thee to help His cause. "It is not by armies, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord."—SPURGEON.

War Develops Heroism.

There is a good deal to be said against war. But there can be no doubt that in the noblest work of nature—the making of men—it was a splendid manufactory. It taught men courage; it trained them in promptness and determination, in strength of brain and hand. From its stern lessons they learned fortitude in suffering, coolness in danger, cheerfulness under reverses. Chivalry, reverence and loyalty are the beautiful children of ugly war. But above all gifts, the gifts it gives to men is stanchness. It teaches them to be true to another, true to duty, true to their post—faithful unto death.—J. F. JEROME.

WEALTH.

Bishop Potter on Wealth.

Wealth is dangerous, and the worshiper of Mammon, whether he dwell in a palace or a hovel, will find it equally hard to find an entrance into kingdom of God. But wealth, like other dangerous powers, may be subjected to a wise discipline and a resolute control. Lightning is dangerous, but men have mastered it and made it do their bidding. Master your meaner lust for gain and then make it do their bidding in the service of your heavenly Master. It is not how many bonds you have in a bank vault, or how much plate on your sideboard that God looks to see, but how many lives have been brightened and how many sorrows have been healed by the gifts of your love. The cause of Christ, the cause of truth, the cause of humanity, need your gifts. But none of them need them half so much as you need the blessed and ennobling education ot being permitted to give them.

Money in itself considered is neither good nor bad. It is an instrument, an agency, a weapon. You may have it without being bad, and you may be without it without being good. But oh, to live for it as an end, to bend all your energies to its acquirement, to fret and scold and repine because you are without it, this, believe me, is the death of all nobleness and the doom of aspiration.—H. C. Potter.

The Duty of the Rich.

If any man is rich and powerful, he comes under that law of God by which the higher branches must take the burning of the sun, and shade those that are lower; by which the tall trees must protect the weak plants beneath them.—BEECHER.

The Use of Riches.

I can not call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better—impedimenta. For as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue. It can not be spared or left behind, but it hindereth the march. Yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.—BACON.

We Must Relinquish.

If I could get to the highest place in Athens I would lift up my voice and say: "What mean ye, fellow-citizens, that ye turn every stone to scrape wealth together, and take so little care of your children, to whom you must one day relinquish it all?"—SOCRATES.

What Money Can Not Do.

Money, no doubt, is a power; but a power of well defined and narrow limits. It will purchase plenty, but not peace; it will furnish your table with luxuries, but not you with an appetite to enjoy them; it will surround

your sick bed with physicians, but not restore health to your sickly frame; it will encompass you with a cloud of flatterers, but never procure you one true friend; it will bribe for you into silence the tongues of accusing men, but not an accusing conscience; it will pay some debt, but not the largest one of all, your debt to the law of God; it will relieve many fears, but not those of guilt—the terrors that crown the brows of Death. He stands as grim and terrible by the dying bed of wealth as by the pallet of the poorest beggar whom pitiless riches has thrust from her door.—GUTHRIE.

Pity the Rich.

Alas for Dives, whom every reformer wants to reform, whom every Socialist wants to strip, whom every Populist wants to loot, whom every demagog wants to fatten on, and every promoter and philanthropist and college president and trustee of school or hospital or museum to "interest." Alas for him! There was an Attila who was a Scourge, and a Charles who was a Hammer. Our Dives is neither, but a far milder thing—a Pocket. Every rascal tries to dip into him; good men warn him that he should relax his strings; bad men threaten to rip him up; and in the intervals between assaults his own conscience warns him that he has far more than his proper share of this world's goods. He is not happier in this world than most of us, and for the world to come the Scripture gives him only slight encouragement to hope for better times. What should we say to him? Not much—there is no need; he talks to himself. But what we do say,

let us say to him directly, and let it be comforting—if possible. Let him try to be honest. That is all.—EDWARD S. MARTIN.

Money Making.

Ask a great money-maker what he wants to do with his money. He never knows. He does not make it to do any thing with it. He gets it only that he may get it. "What will you make of what you have got?" you ask. "Well, I'll get more," he says. Just as at cricket, you get more runs. There is no use in the runs, but to get more of them than other people is the game. And there is no use in the money, but to have more of it than other people is the game. So all that great, foul city of London there—rattling, growling, smoking, stinking—a ghastly heap of fermenting brickwork, pouring out poison at every pore—you fancy it is a city of work? Not a street of it! It is a great city of play; very nasty play, and very hard play, but still play. It is only a Cricket Ground without the turf—a huge billiard table without the cloth, and with pockets as deep as the bottomless pit, but mainly a billiard table after all.—SPURGEON.

No Time for Making Money.

A gentleman of Boston, an intimate friend of Professor Agassiz, once expressed his wonder that a man of such abilities as he (Agassiz) possessed should remain contented with such a moderate income. "I have enough," was Agassiz's reply. "I have not *time* to make

money. Life is not sufficiently long to enable a man to get rich, and do his duty to his fellow-men at the same time." Christian, have you time to serve your God and yet to give your whole soul to gaining wealth? The question is left for conscience to answer.—SPURGEON.

Condensed Comments.

The prosperity of a people is best secured not by the wealth of a comparative few who live in luxury and patronize the poor, but upon the thrift of the many, upon the industry of the common people who own their little homes, and eat their simple food in sweet content.—CHARLES C. ALBERTSON.

Wealth is ever based on private industry, on farms and vineyards, rather than on the palaces of kings.—JOHN LORD.

WOMAN.

Woman's Work for Christianity.

The introduction of feminine character and life into early Christianity gave a force and fervency to the whole movement. The Church is the appointed instrument of God in the evangelization of the world, and woman has ever been, and still is, the heart of the Church as she is the conscience of the race. She is the numerical majority of the Church.

To her is given all too exclusively the office of training the children in morals and religion. And right well has she performed her part. The most of that large number of men whose lives and labors adorn the pages of Christian history were inspired to holiness by Christian women. —CHARLES C. ALBERTSON.

Every Woman a Prophet.

We call Deborah a prophetess, and so she was. We regard her as somehow separated by her rare natural endowments and her exceptional inspiration, from the other women of her time, and so she was. But in a very real and a very living and lofty sense every woman is a prophetess, with a prophet's gifts and a prophet's calling. For what are prophets' gifts but that divine insight, that swift and Heaven-born intuition which is your rarest gift, your loftiest endowment? It is our province who are men to reach a consciousness of wrongs to be righted and evils to be romedied by the slower process of reason-

ing. It is yours to see those wrongs with the most penetrating vision of an often unerring insight, and, not unfrequently, long before men have been awakened to them to burn with a sense of their oppression and their injustice.—H. C. POTTER.

One Woman's Heroism.

The ground in Carmel is white, not with fallen snow, but the wool from the backs of three thousand sheep, for they are being sheared. And I hear the grinding of the iron blades together, and the bleating of the flocks, held between the knees of the shearers while the clipping goes on, and the rustic laughter of the workmen. Nabal and Abigail, his wife, preside over this homestead. David, the warrior, sends a delegation to apply for aid at this prosperous time of sheep-shearing, and Nabal peremptorily declines his request. Revenge is the cry. Yonder over the rocks come David and four hundred angry men with one stroke to demolish Nabal and his sheepfolds and vineyards. The regiment marches in double-quick, and the stones of the mountain loosen and roll down, as the soldiers strike them with their swift feet, and the cry of the commander is: "Forward! Forward!"

Abigail, to save her husband and his property, hastens to the foot of the hill. She is armed, not with sword or spear, but with her own beauty and self-sacrifice; and when David sees her kneeling at the base of the crag, he cries: "Halt! Halt!" And the caverns echo the cry: "Halt! Halt!" Abigail is the conqueror. One woman

in the right mightier than four hundred men in the wrong. A hurricane stopped at the sight of a water-lily. A dew-drop dashed back Niagara. By her prowess and tact she has saved her husband, and saved her home, and put before all ages an illustrious specimen of what a wife can do if she be godly, prudent, self-sacrificing, vigilant and devoted to the interests of her husband.—TALMAGE.

The Right Kind of a Woman.

By the bliss of Pliny, whose wife, when her husband was pleading in court, had messengers coming and going to inform her what impression he was making; by the joy of Grotius, whose wife delivered him from prison under the pretense of having books carried out lest they be injurious to his health, she sending out her husband unobserved in one of the book-cases; by the good fortune of Roland, in Louis' time, whose wife translated and composed for her husband while Secretary of the Interior —talented, heroic, wonderful Madame Roland; by the happiness of many a man who has made intelligent choice of one capable of being prime counselor and companion in brightness and in grief—pray to Almighty God morning, noon and night that at the right time and in the right way He will send you a good, honest, loving, sympathetic wife; or if she is not sent to you, that you may be sent to her.—TALMAGE.

Good Womanhood.

The world never owned such opulence of womanly character or such splendor of womanly manners or mul-

titudinous instances of wifely, motherly, daughterly and sisterly devotion as it owns today. I have not words to express my admiration for good womanhood. Woman is not only man's equal, but in affectional and religious nature, which is the best part of us, she is seventy-five per cent. his superior. Yea, during the last twenty years, through the increased opportunity opened for female education, the women of the country are better educated than the majority of men; and if they continue to advance mentality at the present ratio, before long the majority of men will have difficulty in finding in the opposite sex enough ignorance to make appropriate consort. If I am under a delusion as to the abundance of good womanhood abroad, consequent upon my surroundings since the hour I entered this life until now, I hope the delusion will last until I embark from this planet.—TALMAGE.

A Slovenly Woman.

The most disgusting thing on earth is a slatternly woman. I mean, a woman who never combs her hair until she goes out, or looks like a fright until somebody calls. That a man married to one of these creatures stays at home as little as possible is no wonder. It is a wonder that such a man does not go on a whaling voyage of three years, and in a leaky ship. Costly wardrobe is not required; but, O woman, if you are not willing, by all that ingenuity of refinement can effect, to make yourself attractive to your husband, you ought not to complain if he seek in other society those pleasant surroundings which you deny him.—TALMAGE.

Talmage's Mother.

My opinion is that the woman who can reinforce her husband in the work of life and rear her children for positions of usefulness is doing more for God and the race and her own happiness than if she spoke on every great platform and headed a hundred great enterprises. My mother never made a missionary speech in her life, and at a missionary meeting I doubt whether she could have got enough courage to vote aye or no; but she raised her son John, who has been preaching the Gospel and translating religious literature in Amoy, China, for about forty years. Was not that a better thing to do?—TALMAGE.

The Fortitude of Women.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex and give such intrepidity and devotion to their character that, at times, it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising, in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Selfish Women.

There is no sadder or uglier sight in this world than to see the women of a land grasping at the ignoble honor and rejecting the noble. . . . Abdicating their true throne over the heart, to grasp at the kingdom over fashion; ceasing to protest against impurity and unbelief and giving them an underhand encouragement; turning away from their mission to bless, to exhort, to console, that they may struggle through a thousand meannesses into a higher position. Possessing great wealth, and expending it only on self and shadows; content to be lapped in the folds of a silken and easy life, and not thinking—or only thinking to the amount of half a dozen charitable subscriptions—a drop in the waters of their expenditure—not thinking that without their "closed sanctuaries of luxurious peace" thousands of their sisters are weeping in the night for hunger and for misery of heart, and men and children are being trampled down into the bloody dust of this city, the cry of whose agony and neglected lives goes up in wrath to the ears of God. . . . Who, if not women, are to be the hearts of the redemption of the poor from social wrong? As long as women refuse to guide and inspire, as long as they forget their nature, and think of pleasure instead of blessing, as long as they shut their ears to the agony of the cities of this land, that they may not be disturbed in their luxury and literature and art, so long will men, as they have ever done, take the impulse of their lives from them and do nothing chivalrous, nothing really self-sacrificing, nothing very noble and persistent, for the blessing of the world.—
Stopford A. Brooke.

The World Needs Women.

Woman, like man, should be freely permitted to do whatever she can do well. What the world most needs is mothering, and most of all in the spirit's natural home —the Church—and on the Sabbath day. It needs the tender sweetness of the alto voice, the jubilant good-will of the soprano, in sermon as in psalm. Tenor and bass become monotonous at last, and the full diapason of power and inspiration is impossible except we listen to the full chorus of humanity. God hasten that great chorus, in Church and State alike, with its deep-hearted love and its celestial hope!—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Faith in God and Woman.

The saddest thing that can befall a soul
Is when it loses faith in God and woman.
Lost I these gems,
Though the world's throne stood empty in my path,
I should go wandering back into my childhood,
Searching for them with tears.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

A Free Woman.

Let us glorify the vocation of motherhood above all others, for the only Queen who shall survive is the mother on her rocking-chair throne, with a curly-headed subject kneeling by her side, a soft hand on its pure forehead, and its sweet voice saying: "Now I lay me down to sleep." But that mother must be regnant over all earthly

powers, even the divine one that dares invoke another life; she must be God's and her own, a free woman to whom shall never come the annunciation of her highest office and ministry save from the deepest intuitions of her nature responding to the voice of a love so pure that it is patient and bides its time until the handmaid of the Lord shall say: "Be it unto me even as thou wilt."—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

THE WORLD.

This World a Training School.

The years are passing faster than they used; the milestones seem to recur more often. We travel, many of us, in the evening shadows; we look out on life and see it softer in outline, more mellow in coloring, than of old. We are tired often now, when we used never to be weary; the rest seems as though it would be sweeter when we reach the end; we are less eager about the passing things along the wayside than we were. But ever growing in our hearts is the abiding sense that though we see much around us to dishearten and to make us sad, though we can see no visible means to right the wrong, no immediate help for much that has made life's journey inexpressibly sorrowful, God will not fail. The eventual triumph of right is as certain as that the light which falls upon us today had its being in the sun.

We dimly begin to see that this infant school of a world is but the training ground. We are passing on to

see the unfolding of God's purposes, not the finality; our very failures are like the child's tottering steps. The fall does not mean that the little one will never walk erect; but only the process of time can teach the lessons of gravitation. We need not despair because good seems as yet to be held down by ill. God can make no failure. But our lives must be in the current of His will, for then only can we develop and help forward His plans and learn the lessons that He will teach us here.

It is this sense of the evolving process of life that can alone bring us courage—the absolute, blind belief that, though we see it not, God is carrying out His plans and purposes, not only for the individual, but for the great mass of toiling, suffering, struggling humanity.

May we, when we are called to pass to the next standard, look lovingly into the faces of our class-mates and feel we helped to make their lessons easier, as we go out to learn more ot the will and mind of God.—LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

Our Father's House.

Every son of God ought to feel at home in his Father's house. If the world is God's, every true man ought to feel at home in it. Something is wrong if the calm of the Summer night does not sink into the heart, for the peace of God is there embodied. Something is wrong in the man to whom the sunrise is not a Divine glory, for therein are embodied the truth, the simplicity, the might of the Maker. When all is true in us, we shall feel the visible presence of the Watchful and Loving; for the thing that He works is its sign and symbol, its clothing part.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

ST. PAUL.
From the Painting by Raphael.

LITTLE SERMONS.

Life is a sheet of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
"Lo, time and space enough," we cry,
"To write an epic!" So we try
Our nibs upon the edge—and die.
Muse not which way the pen to hold;
Luck hates the slow and loves the bold;
Soon comes the darkness and the cold.
Greatly begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime.
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I pity the man who steals when he is hungry or when poverty is pinching his family. I can understand the power of the temptation to which he yields. I have sympathy for the man who drinks when a demon of thirst is at his throat and every drop of blood seems to be calling for rum. But the man who *swears* bites at a bare hook, and goes to hell like a fool.—DR. S. F. UPHAM.

It is no man's business if he has genius or not. Work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and enforced results of such work will always be the thing that God meant him to do, and will be his best. If he be a great man, they will be great things; but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right.—RUSKIN.

Great merit or great failings will make you respected or despised; but trifles, little attentions, mere nothings,

either done or neglected, will make you either liked or disliked. It is the general run of the world.—MICHAEL ANGELO.

There are some old things we can not dispense with, and among these are God's word and truth and those religious influences by which He brings the heart of man into subjection to moral law. Do not be ashamed to confess yourselves Christians. To me, one all-important thing is that we should have a freer flow of conversation relating to nature, God and eternity. I have always had a sort of compassion for those who think they are wiser than the Creator. There is a God—and if a God, then a governor. He has not created us and flung us out to be the mere sport of chance and time. But I will not dwell upon the relation of science to religion. I will only add that he is as cruel who attempts to scorn away and overthrow religion as he who knocks the crutches from beneath a lame man. In the observance of the laws of God and in the promise of the Gospel of Jesus Christ there is the best guaranty of peace upon earth and the only hope of eternal life.—BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Bear the hen's cackle for the sake of the eggs. Little annoyances must be put up with because of great advantages.—SPURGEON.

My life is not my own. True, it is mine; but, then, it belongs also to others. So far as my own personal interest is concerned, suicide may be excusable. But life is a divine trust—a part of the social order. To live is not only an individual duty but a social obligation. Thus

suicide may be a sin against humanity even when it is no sin against one's self.—NEWMAN SMYTH.

Do not be afraid. Are you down? Make a struggle, and because you struggle God will struggle in you, and with you, and for you. Samson, call upon thy God. Backslider, remember, and return and repent. All is not lost. Call upon Him, and He will answer thee; because He hath set His love upon thee, He will deliver thee. "I will set him on high." "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and upon the adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot." What a victorious life we might live in the midst of the well-meant, destroying devilment all round about us, if we only used *the power that worketh in us!*—McNEILL.

A man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because if you indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise of itself in others. If you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.—PLUTARCH.

In the front they bear the brunt. No one who considers his own ease or pleasure should desire to be a leading man. He is little more than the chief drudge, while he is supposed to be a king.—SPURGEON.

In company, guard your tongue; in solitude, your heart. Our words need watching; but so also do our thoughts and imaginations, which grow most active when we are alone.—SPURGEON.

Some of the old poets thought the drinking-cup was a cup of poetry and eloquence, but the delusion has died under the accumulating witnesses of all times. Each glass of spirituous drink is the death of clear and beautiful thought. The tongue thickens, the words lose their sharp outline, the eye its flash under even the best of wines. When God made man, He declared a partnership between temperance and inspiration, and made a cup of the emblem of all clear thought.—SWING.

What is liberty without wisdom and without virtue? Such liberty is the greatest of all possible evils, for it is vice and folly and madness, without tuition and without restraint.—BURKE.

The desire of fame betrays an ambitious man into indecencies that lessen his reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his actions should be thrown away in private. —ADDISON.

Be chaste as a lily. Never was this exhortation more needed than now, when men are trying to legalize impurity. Young men, shun all unchastity.—SPURGEON.

Little minds are too much wounded by little things; great minds see all, and are not even hurt.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without a thought of fame.—LONGFELLOW.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver or gold.—SOLOMON.

The law is divinely given. Any laws we may make, if they are to be righteous and beneficent, must be of the quality of law which has been revealed from Heaven. Whatever is not of that quality must go down. False worship leads to death; false legislation leads to social dissolution. Taken from end to end, the Bible is charged with righteousness. The Word of God is sharp—sharper than any two-edged sword—piercing to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow. It is a righteous Word. It shakes off the wicked man; it will have no communion with darkness; it strikes the liar on the mouth; it avoids the unholy follower. This is—let me repeat it—the argument of Moses, and it is the eternal argument of Christianity.—JOSEPH PARKER.

Cunning signifies especially a habit or gift of over-reaching, accompanied with enjoyment and a sense of superiority. It is associated with small and dull conceit, and with an absolute want of sympathy or affection. It is the intensest rendering of vulgarity, absolute and utter.—RUSKIN.

The true way to be humble is not to stoop till you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature that shall show you what the real smallness of your greatest greatness is.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Manhood begins when we have in any way made truce with necessity, but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to necessity.—CARLYLE.

That inexhaustible good nature, which is the most precious gift of Heaven, spreads itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought and keeps the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.—IRVING.

People are commonly so much occupied in pointing out faults in those ahead of them as to forget that some, astern, may at the same instant be descanting on theirs in like manner.—DILLWYN.

God gives us love. Something to love
He leads us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

TENNYSON

The cares which are the keys of riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, when others sleep quietly.—IZAAC WALTON.

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a man without it.—GOETHE.

The ideal life, the life of full completion, haunts us all. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

One good mother is worth a hundred school-masters. In the home she is a lode-stone to all hearts and a lode-star to all eyes.—HERBERT.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other—and scarce in that.—FRANKLIN.

On classic cups and vases we have sometimes seen devices carved by the cunning hand of the sculptor. So around the cup of trial, which God commends to the lips of suffering Christians, are wreathed many comforting assurances. Here is one of them: "All things work together for good to them who love God." Here is another like it: "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." Afflicted friend, turn thy cup of sorrow around, and you will see engraved on it these precious words: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Turn it again and read: "My grace is sufficient for thee." The whole cup is encircled with the words of love. But faith is required to read them. They are invisible to selfishness and blind unbelief. And God sometimes washes the eyes of His children with tears, in order that they may read aright His providence and His commandment.—T. L. CUYLER.

Flee in your troubles to Jesus Christ. The experience of upward of thirty years enables me to say: "No man ever had so kind a friend as He, or so good a Master. View Him not at a distance, but as a prop, a stay and a Comforter, ever at hand, and He will requite your confidence by blessings illimitable."—SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

There are three things which the true Christian desires with respect to sin: Justification, that it may not condemn; sanctification, that it may not reign; and glorification, that it may not be.—CECIL.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—FRANKLIN.

In speaking of the benefits of trial and suffering, we should never forget that these things by themselves have no power to make us holier or heavenlier. They make some men morose, selfish and envious. Such is the effect of pain and sorrow when unsanctified by God's saving grace. It is only when grace is in the heart, when power from above dwells in a man, that any thing outward or inward turns to his salvation.—NEWMAN.

In order to grow in grace, we must be much alone. It is not in society—even Christian society—that the soul grows most vigorously. In one single, quiet hour of prayer it will often make more progress than in days of company with others. It is in the desert that the dew falls freshest and the air is purest.—H. BONAR.

If in a dark business we perceive God to guide us by the lantern of His providence, it is good to follow the light closely, lest we lose it by lagging behind.

The work that is to tell in Heaven must be that which is done on purpose for Heaven. The work that is done for earth goes down with us to our graves.

John Calvin has said: "I have not so great a struggle with my vices, great and numerous as they are, as I have with my impatience."

He who can not forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.—GEORGE HERBERT.

An inward knowledge of God has solved all the paradoxes of His word.

Let me give you the sweet words my mother used to speak as the talismanic charm to still my turbulent spirit in girlhood days: "Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged. Slight it, and the work's begun. Forgive it, and 'tis finished." Let me give you, also, De Tocqueville's words for a motto: "Life is neither a pleasure nor a pain. It is serious business, to be entered on with courage and in a spirit of self-sacrifice."—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

In a cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl. On the stone were chiseled the words: "A child of whom her play-mates said: 'It is easier to be good when she is with us.'" I used to think, and I do now, that it is one of the most beautiful epitaphs I ever read.

To give a man a full knowledge of true morality, I should need to send him to no other book than the New Testament.—JOHN LOCKE.

Happy is he who has learned to do this one thing: To do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be.

There is frequently more love in a frown than there could be in a smile. "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten."

All God's providences are but His touches of the strings of the great instrument—the world.—CHARNOCK.

Stay not until you are told of opportunities to do good; inquire after them.

"Lord, You don't really mean that we shall preach the Gospel to those men who murdered You—to those men who took your life?" "Yes," says the Lord. "Go and preach the Gospel to those Jerusalem sinners." I can imagine Him saying: "Go and hunt up that man who put the cruel crown of thorns on My brow, and preach the Gospel to him. Tell him he shall have a crown in My kingdom without a thorn in it."

A man may tell a lie till he believes it. And this is often done. We have heard persons tell tales which we are sure are not true. Those stories have altered year after year, to our knowledge; but the narrators are quite sure of their accuracy. They have told the story so often that they have persuaded themselves into a firm faith in it.—SPURGEON.

The only charge they could bring against Christ down here was that He was receiving bad men. They are the very kind of men He is willing to receive.

We must make our choice between the way of ease and the way of the Cross; to all the struggle comes.

The time for salvation is short. Unless we quickly accept, we shall be left in hopeless darkness.

Opening the door and letting God in is faith. —LYMAN ABBOTT.

Christ glorified is the mightiest influence in the universe.

Walking in the right makes us light.

Every pea helps to fill the sack. Every worshiper increases the congregation; every member helps to make up the church; every penny enlarges the collection.—SPURGEON.

Do you believe the Lord will call a poor sinner, and then cast him out? No! His word stands for ever: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

In conduct do not make trifles of trifles. Regard the smallest action as being either right or wrong, and make a conscience of little things.—SPURGEON.

The death of Christ on His cross was the dropping of a seed into the earth, the harvest from which now blesses all the world.

Understand this first, last and always: The world wants the best thing. It wants your best.—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

All you have to do is to prove that you are a sinner, and I will prove that you have a Savior.

The Cross, instead of extinguishing the brightness of Christ in His shame, glorified Him.

Sacrifice is the great law of all true life; the life saved from sacrifice is not worth saving.

It is a blessed way to be known in the world as one who brings others to Jesus.

Those who accept Christ's way of life shall share Christ's glory.

Sleep, profound and healthy sleep, is the first of the physical duties—good sleep and enough. Whatever hinders it must be thrown overboard. Hard mental work in the last three or four hours in the working day should be avoided.—HALE.

Whoever considers the study of anatomy I believe will never be an atheist. The frame of a man's body and the coherence of his parts are so strange and paradoxical that I hold him to be the greatest miracle of Nature.—LORD HERBERT.

Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all men to the extent of that sixpence; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the extent of that sixpence.—CARLYLE.

Once loved deeply, all truths are so beautiful that they ravish us beyond ourselves, and the first rapture of life is to point them out to others. Nor does the rapture die, but grows in the using.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man. It effects nothing it goes about, and it hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.—CLARENDON.

Money is properly only a medium of exchange for labor, and has no moral right or claim to increase, except passing directly through some form of labor.—ARISTOTLE.

Do today's duty; fight today's temptations; and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things

which you can not see, and could not understand if you saw them.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, should remember that nothing can atone for the want of prudence; that neglect and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous and genius contemptible.—JOHNSON.

Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and in moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings.—GLADSTONE.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt from the darkest storm.—COLTON.

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets or broadswords or canals or songs.—EMERSON.

The man who for party forsakes righteousness goes down, and the armed battalions of God march over him. —WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing to another man than to knock him down.— JOHNSON.

We should all seek to see Jesus.

Our people must be taught that there is something better than good wages—to-wit: Good faith. That there is something worse than a mortgaged farm—namely: A mortgaged manhood. That poverty is less to be dreaded than prosperity in dishonor, and while this Nation takes a third of its income from the bloody vaults of the liquor traffic, every breath of its life must stink with dishonor, though it pile wealth as high as Mount Atlas.—JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

To be harassed about money is one of the most disagreeable incidents of life. It ruffles the temper, lowers the spirits, disturbs the rest, and finally breaks up the health.—D'ISRAELI.

The fact is that sin is the most unmanly thing in God's world. You never were made for sin and selfishness. You were made for love and obedience.—J. G. HOLLAND.

Be not penny-wise. Riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves; sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more.—BACON.

Yes, every sin is a mistake, and the epitaph for the sinner is: "Thou fool!"—ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

Beer is a far more dangerous enemy to Germany than all the armies of France.—VON MOLTKE.

Practically, every man is an atheist who lives without God in the world.—A. W. HARE.

Beer-drinking makes men stupid, lazy and incapable. —BISMARCK.

My experience of life makes me sure of one truth, which I do not try to explain: That the sweetest happiness we ever know, the very wine of human life, comes not from love, but from sacrifice—from the effort to make others happy. This is as true to me as that my flesh will burn if I touch red-hot metal.—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Let him who gropes painfully in the dark or uncertain light and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day lay this precept well to heart: "Do the duty which lies nearest to thee — which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer."—CARLYLE.

God forgives—forgives not capriciously, but with wise, definite, Divine prearrangement; forgives universally, on the ground of an atonement and on the condition of repentance and faith.—R. S. STORRS.

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.—RICHARD CECIL.

Dishonor waits on perfidy. A man should blush to think a falsehood; it is the crime of cowards.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The sun should not set upon our anger, neither should he rise upon our confidence.—C. C. COLTON.

A prayer, in its simplest definition, is merely a wish turned Godward.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

True repentance is to cease from sin.—ST. AMBROSE.

No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern who would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he who has the testimony of a good conscience.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

Profaneness is a low, groveling vice. He who indulges it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society—I care not what clothes he wears or what culture he boasts—despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will.—E. H. CHAPIN.

If God send thee a cross, take it up willingly and follow Him. Use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable. Bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable. If it be light, slight it not. If it be heavy, murmur not. After the cross is the crown.—F. QUARLES.

All noblest things are religious—not temples and martyrdoms only, but the best books, pictures, poetry, statues and music.—WM. MOUNTFORD.

It is a very solemn thought that God will excuse you if you want to be excused. He does not wish to do it, but He *will* do it.—MOODY.

Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Atheism is rather in the life than in the heart of man. —BACON.

If we think no more of ourselves than we ought to think, if we seek not our own but others' welfare, if we are prepared to take all things as God's dealings with us, then we may have a chance of catching from time to time what God has to tell us. In the Mussulman devotions one constant gesture is to put the hands to the ears —as if to listen for the messages from the other world. This is the attitude, the posture, which our minds assume if we have a standing-place above and beyond the stir and confusion and dissipation of this moral world.—DEAN STANLEY.

The charities of life are scattered everywhere, enameling the vales of human beings as the flowers paint the meadows. They are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.—GEORGE BANCROFT.

The infidelity that springs from the heart is not to be reached by a course of lectures on the evidences of Christianity. Argument did not cause it, and argument will not remove it.—MARK HOPKINS.

Do not think that nothing is happening because you do not see yourself grow or hear the whirr of the machinery. All great things grow noiselessly.—DRUMMOND.

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend must have a very long head or a very short creed. —C. C. COLTON.

Human things must be known to be loved; but Divine things must be loved to be known.—PASCAL.

Ours is a sunny religion, born of Divine love, and one of the fruits of the Holy Spirit is joy. A joyless Christian is a libel on his profession. We ought to walk so close to Jesus as to be always in His sunshine, and make so little of earthly ills and vexations and losses as never to let them envelop us in an atmosphere of Arctic midnight. Paul made a dungeon ring with holy melodies. Every follower of Christ should strive to make his daily life a song as well as a Gospel sermon.—T. L. CUYLER.

There is no inevitable connection between Christianity and cynicism. Truth is not a salad, is it, that you must always dress it with vinegar?—WM. M. PUNSHON.

He who believes in goodness has the essence of all faith. He is a man of "cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."—J. F. CLARKE.

All my theology is reduced to this narrow compass: "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."—ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER.

What a sublime doctrine it is, that goodness cherished now is eternal life already entered on!—W. E. CHANNING.

God is the only sure foundation on which the mind can rest.—S. IRENÆUS PRIMN.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—ROWLAND HILL.

God's will is the very perfection of all reason.—EDWARD PAYSON.

It may not be ours to utter convicting arguments, but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be ours to be subtle and learned and logical, but it may be ours to be noble and sweet and pure.—CANON FARRAR.

Life is not dated merely by years. Events are sometimes the best calendar. There are epochs in our existence which can not be ascertained by a formal appeal to the registry.—BEACONSFIELD.

The rewards of Heaven are to be the development of what is within us, rather than the addition of something from without.—H. A. STINSON.

All along the pathway of life are tombstones, by the side of which we have promised to strive for Heaven.—MOODY.

I could not live in peace if I put the shadow of a willful sin between myself and God.—GEORGE ELIOT.

Your daily duties are a part of your religious life just as much as your devotion.—BEECHER.

A Christian life is not an imitation but a reproduction of the life of Christ.—VAN DYKE.

Our actions are our own; their consequences belong to Heaven.—FRANCIS.

The heart ought to give charity when the hand can not.—INESNEL.

Use the temporal; desire the eternal.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

Let men dispute about hell, its nature, its torments, its duration, as they will. It is a good working hypothesis that God wants to get you out of hell and to keep you out of it. Do not let your distrust of Him frustrate His bright design.—H. C. POTTER.

We only begin to realize the value of our possessions when we commence to do good to others with them. No earthly investment pays so large an investment as charity.—JOSEPH COOK.

Between a gratitude which sings hymns and a gratitude which does something to lift up a fellow-man there can be no question which is the better.—H. C. POTTER.

Is not that the truest gratitude which strives to widen the horizon of human happiness and to make our fellows sharers in that which has gladdened us?—H. C. POTTER.

Trust in God for great things. With your five loaves and two fishes He will show you a way to feed thousands. —HORACE BUSHNELL.

Never take your Christianity from Christians, but ask yourself: "How would the Lord have me act?" And follow Him.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, that they may see twice as much as they say.—COTTON.

Lowliness of heart is real dignity, and humility is the brightest jewel in the Christian's crown.—BOND.

It is a greater gain to suffer the loss of all things, that we may learn to depend on Jesus alone.—FOLEY.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
The soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul wouldst reach.
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed.
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a faithful seed.
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

HORATIUS BONAR.

In judging others, a man labors to no purpose, commonly errs, and easily sins; but. in examining and judging himself, he is always wisely and usefully employed. —THOMAS A KEMPIS.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children. Remember, many a little makes a mickle; and further, beware of little expenses. A small leak will sink a great ship.—FRANKLIN.

We shall never acquire any great capacity for joy, the blessed peace of God will never possess our mind and heart, as long as we shrink from self-denial.—A. MARCH.

Look upon the bright side of your condition; then your discontents will disperse. Pore not upon your losses, but recount your mercies.—WATSON.

If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should never grow old.—**JAMES A. GARFIELD.**

Fine feathers make fine birds. Yet garments can only make a vain person what Masson calls "a decorated fool." A Puritanic student once called certain fine ladies "ambulating blocks for millinery." Well, dress as they may, it is at least a pity that they do not leave feathers to birds, and not murder our songsters to bedeck their own heads.—SPURGEON.

Be kind to mankind. We are all of a kind, all of kin—or, say, all kinned—and therefore we should be kind to each other.

> Be kind to your horse, for it can not complain.
> Be tender when using the whip or the rein.
>
> —SPURGEON.

Conquer thyself. Till thou hast done that, thou art a slave; for it is almost as well to be in subjection to another's appetite as thine own.—BURTON.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—LONGFELLOW.

Few things are impracticable of themselves, and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

A man may dig his grave with his teeth. Gluttons, *bon vivants*, and even careless eaters may commit suicide while eating.—SPURGEON.

A sermon's length is not its strength. It may be very much its weakness. In this case brevity is a virtue. It

is a pity to weary the head when we should win the heart. Some divines are long in their sermons because they are short in their studies.—SPURGEON.

Earn all you can; save all you can; give all you can. This, I think, was John Wesley's saying. It embodies much of his shrewd sense and consecration. Some take firstly and secondly, but thirdly is too much for them; giving goes against the grain.—SPURGEON.

The moment you accept God's ordering, that moment your work ceases to be a task and becomes your calling; you pass from bondage to freedom, from the shadow-land of life into life itself.—H. CLAY TRUMBULL.

This is the true liberty of Christ: When a free man binds himself in love to duty; not in shrinking from our distasteful occupations, but in fulfilling them, do we realize our high origin.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

The only rational liberty is that which is born of subjection, reared in the fear of God and the love of man, and made courageous in the defense of a trust and the prosecution of duty.—W. G. SIMMS.

Be good, get good, and do good. Do all the good you can; to all the people you can; in all the ways you can; as often as you can; and as long as you can.—SPURGEON.

Do you wish to be free? Then above all things love God, love your neighbor, love one another, love the common weal; then you will have true liberty.—SAVONAROLA.

A cat with a silver collar is none the better mouser. Fine dress, learned degrees, high titles and grand offices do not give ability. We have heard of doctors of divinity who were duller preachers than the generality of the clergy.—SPURGEON.

Believe not half you hear, and repeat not half you believe. My uncle used to say: "When you hear an ill report about any one, halve it and quarter it and then say nothing about the rest."—SPURGEON.

Too early and too thoroughly we can not be trained to know that "would" in this world of ours is a mere zero to "should," and for the most part as the smallest of fractions even to "shall."—CARLYLE.

In this life repentance is never too late. On the other hand, it is never too soon. It is also to be remembered that God, who will accept late repentance, may never give it.—SPURGEON.

I have seen many dying-beds, but never have I seen one which seemed to me to be a proper place to make preparation for eternity.—ALBERT BARNES.

There are two freedoms—the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

If the way of Heaven be narrow it is not long, and if the gate be straight it opens into endless life.—BISHOP BEVERIDGE.

Fine stables do not make good horses. A man may live in a college and be a dunce, or dwell under the eaves of the house of God and be an infidel. A villa may have a villain for its tenant, and a mansion may hold a lord without either manor or manners. Ecclesiastical architecture does not secure piety. Many a poor drone of a preacher has had the emptying of a fine Gothic edifice.—SPURGEON.

Among all classes of society we see extravagance keeping pace with prosperity, and indeed outstripping it, realizing Archbishop Whately's paradox: "The larger the income, the harder it is to live within it."—HUGH STOWELL BROWN.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may both want and wish thy pleasing presence still. Kindness, good parts, great places—is the way to compare this. Find out men's want and will and meet them there.—GEORGE HERBERT.

We lead but one life here on earth. We must make that beautiful. And to do this, health and elasticity of mind are needful; and whatever endangers or impedes these must be avoided.—LONGFELLOW.

The fact is, God can use any sort of man and every peculiarity of man—only let the man give himself as he is to God. This is what Elijah did—utterly surrendered his nature to God.—PULSFORD.

Tell the truth if it kills you; but there is no danger of its killing you.

A man is not bad because a viper bites him. Excellent persons are liable to be assailed by malicious slanderers, who, because of their serpent nature, take delight in attacking the good. An apostle once had a viper fasten upon his hand, but he shook it off into the fire, and it did him no harm.—SPURGEON.

I believe hundreds of Christian people are being deceived by Satan now on this point, that they have not got the assurance of salvation just because they are not willing to take God at His word.—MOODY.

The mightiest man that ever lived could not deliver himself from his sins. If a man could have saved himself, Christ would never have come into the world.

If God put Adam out of this earthly Eden on account of one sin, do you think He will let us into the Paradise above with our ten thousand sins upon us?

There is no knowledge like that of a man who knows he is saved, who can look up and see his "title clear to mansions in the skies."—MOODY.

If you are tempted to lose patience with your fellowmen, stop and think how patient God has been with you.

We have a friend who thinks he is persecuted for being good whenever he is laughed at for being foolish.

No sham can stand in God's presence. His eyes search all pretensions to their very heart and core.

Snarling at other folk is not the best way of showing the superior quality of your own character.

He is a fool who thinks he sees every thing. The observant man recognizes many mysteries into which he can not pretend to see, and he remembers that the world is too wide for the eye of any one man. But the modern sophists are sure of every thing, especially if it contradicts the Bible.—SPURGEON.

He talks much who has least to say. "How would you wish your hair to be cut?" asked the barber one day of Archelaus, king of Macedon, and the king made answer: "Silently." Alas! This is too rare a method anywhere, in any thing.—SPURGEON.

I have known what it is to tread the earth and fear lest every tuft of grass should but cover the door to hell; trembling lest every particle and every atom and every stone should be so at league with God against me as to destroy me.—SPURGEON.

Let God's grace just open a window and let the light into a man's soul, and he will stand astonished to see at what a distance he is from God.—SPURGEON.

This is a certain rule, that true turning unto God and the remaining in the practice of any one sin can not stand together.—BOLTON.

If we put off repentance another day, we have a day more to repent of and a day less to repent in.—MASON.

When God strikes you, no matter how hard the blow, you must submit to it with a patient spirit.

The greater your troubles, the greater is your opportunity to show yourself a man.

The worst of all policies in hard times is to sit still and fold your hands.

In the New Testament, faith is not contrasted with reason, but with sight.

Do right, if the heavens fall; but there is no danger of their falling.

Serenity of spirit is an element of power in all forms of work.

Candor will lose you some friends, but not as many as deceit.

The only work that hurts a man is hopeless work.

What makes men wretched? Happiness denied?
No—'tis happiness disdained.
She comes too meekly dressed to win our smile,
And calls herself Content—a homely name!
Our flame is Transport, and Content our scorn.
Ambition turns and shuts the door against her
And weds a Toil, a Tempest, in her stead.

YOUNG.

—:o:—

ASCENDING A PYRAMID.
From a Photograph.

GEMS.

A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal, and he should care no more for that phantom, "Opinion," than he should fear meeting a ghost if he cross the churchyard at dark.

A man may be wrecked as is a ship. Conscience is an anchor. Terrible it is, but true, that, like the anchor, conscience may be carried away.—VICTOR HUGO.

Be noble! And the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.—LOWELL.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control — these three lead life to sovereign power.—TENNYSON.

Character gives splendor to youth and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs.—EMERSON.

Education is a capital to a poor man and an interest to a rich man —HORACE MANN.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease.—FRANKLIN.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds its brightness everywhere.—SIDNEY.

To make laws complete, they should reward as well as punish.—GOLDSMITH.

Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in Heaven.—CARLYLE.

Great results can not be achieved at once, and we must be satisfied to advance in life as we walk—step by step.—SMILES.

One gift well given is as good as a thousand; a thousand gifts ill given are hardly better than none.—DEAN STANLEY.

Doing is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—RUSKIN.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.—EMERSON.

He who is slowest in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.—ROUSSEAU.

Very few people are good economists of their fortune, and still fewer of their time.—CHESTERFIELD.

By the very constitution of our nature, moral evil is its own curse.—CHALMERS.

Labor rids us of three great evils: Irksomeness, vice and poverty.—VOLTAIRE.

All actual heroes are essential men, and all men possible heroes.—BROWNING.

Pleasure soon exhausts us and itself also, but endeavor never does.—RICHTER.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.—HOLMES.

If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.---ADDISON.

Nothing is really lost by a life of sacrifice; every thing is lost by failure to obey God's call.---H. P. LIDDON.

We can not control the evil tongues of others; but a good life enables us to despise them.---CATO.

To give and to lose is nothing, but to lose and to give still is the part of a great mind.---SENECA.

The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other, the offspring of guilt.---GOLDSMITH.

Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them or bear with them.---MARCUS AURELIUS.

Kindness has converted more sinners than zeal, eloquence or learning.---F. W. FABER.

He serves his party best who serves his country best. ---R. B. HAYES.

Be not simply good, but be good for something.—THOREAU.

The first lesson in Christ's school is self-denial.---M. HENRY.

Happiness is not perfected until it is shared.---JANE PORTER.

Charity is the very livery of Christ.---LATIMER.

Whoever is contented is rich.—FIRDASI.

In the highest class of God's school of suffering we learn, not resignation nor patience, but rejoicing in tribulation.---J. H. VINCENT.

The vision of the Divine presence ever takes the form which our circumstances most require.---ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

In the day of prosperity we have many refuges to resort to; in the day of adversity, only one.---HORATIUS BONAR.

Work is not man's punishment. It is his reward and his strength, his glory and his pleasure.---GEORGE SAND.

Whatever you dislike in another person take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof.---SPRAT.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.---SHENSTONE.

Polish on the heels of shoes is a truer test of thoroughness than shine on the toes.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from impatience. —BISHOP HORNE.

A Christian is the gentlest of men; but, then, *he is a man.*---SPURGEON.

The first freedom is freedom from sin.---MARTIN LUTHER.

There are holy hates, as there are unholy loves.

Selfishness is suicide.

Joan of Arc was burned at the stake in the streets of heartless Rouen; but today her tragedy flames into triumph. The halo and the laurel both are hers, and her name shines in virgin glory through all the years. Not all who lose life fail of life.

Without suffering, no sainthood; but the true saint suffers on account of the sins of others, not on account of his own sins. He does not chastise himself; he submits to the chastening of God.

Faith is a flower whose roots are buried in the dark of knowledge. He who knows all believes.

Humble Love, and not proud Science, keeps the door of Heaven.---YOUNG.

Faith is the vision of the heart. It sees God in the dark, as in the day.

He who makes haste makes waste. He doubts God, or he would wait.

How poor are they that have not patience!---SHAKESPEARE.

The time is never lost that is devoted to work.---EMERSON.

To err is human; to forgive Divine.---POPE.

Habit is ten times Nature.---WELLINGTON.

Rome was wrecked on the rocks of greed.

Pity melts the mind to love.---DRYDEN.

There were nuggets of gold in Moses that would never have been found had he remained in Pharaoh's palace. It took forty years of roughing it to bring them to the surface.---E. P. BROWN.

Had the prophets of Baal been as earnest in seeking God as they were in pouring water upon His altar, they would have been saved.---E. P. BROWN.

The two powers which, in my opinion, constitute a wise man are those of bearing and forbearing.---EPICTETUS.

Riches are for spending, and spending for honor and good actions.---BACON.

A single profane expression betrays a man's low breeding.---JOSEPH COOK.

They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.---SIDNEY.

Borrowing is the canker and the death of every man's estate.---RALEIGH.

Our reward is in the race we run, not in the prize.—ROGERS.

Duty done is the soul's fireside.---JOSEPH COOK.

Lack of desire is the greatest riches.---SENECA.

Quit yourselves like men.---OLD TESTAMENT.

All wickedness is weakness.---MILTON.

Virtue is her own reward.---DRYDEN.

A man of a grumbling spirit may eat a very poor dinner from silver plate, while one with a grateful heart may feast upon a crust.---E. P. BROWN.

What God will do for us under all circumstances is the very same that a good mother would do if she had the power and wisdom.---E. P. BROWN.

Blessed be mirthfulness. It is one of the renovators of the world. Men will let you abuse them if only you will make them laugh.---BEECHER.

The man whose house is on sand may talk boldly in fair weather, but how quickly he turns pale when thunder is heard!---E. P. BROWN.

Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven for ever in the work of the world.---RUSKIN.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.---HUME.

Virtue, if not in action, is a vice; and when we move not forward we go backward.---LOTH.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please.---PYTHAGORAS.

Reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man.---BACON.

Give because you love to give—as the flower pours forth its perfume.---SPURGEON.

The gentleman is solid mahogany; the fashionable man is only veneer.---HOLLAND.

By these things examine thyself: By whose rules am I acting? In whose name? In whose strength? For whose glory? What faith, humility, self-denial and love of God and to man have there been in all my actions?—MASON.

The colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the painted flowers, are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life.---FABER.

There are two sciences which every man ought to learn: First, the science of speech; second, the more difficult one of silence.---SOCRATES.

Nature has written a letter of credit on some men's faces which is honored wherever it is presented.—THACKERAY.

Be not ashamed of thy virtues. Honor is a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times.---JONSON.

The things which we enjoy are passing, and we are passing who enjoy them.---ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

If the cabinet of the body is so curiously wrought, what is the jewel?---THOMAS WATSON.

The superior man wishes to be slow in his words and earnest in his conduct.---CONFUCIUS.

Men are apt to be more concerned for their credit than for their cause.---PENN.

He who has the Holy Spirit is holy.

Not they who court the public applause get their names joined in stable wedlock with fame, but they who scorn that applause, and ask only for their own soul's approbation and the praise of God.---THEODORE PARKER.

How can a man learn to know himself? By observation, never; but by action. Endeavor to do your duty, and you shall know what is within you.---GOETHE.

The highest point outward things can bring one unto is the contentment of the mind, with which no estate is miserable.---SIDNEY.

Speaking too much is a sign of vanity; for he who is lavish in words is apt to be niggard in deeds.---RALEIGH.

Absence destroys trifling intimacies, but invigorates strong ones.---ROCHEFOUCAULD.

The smallest act of charity shall stand us in great stead.---ATTERBURY.

The mystery in us that calls itself "I" is a breath of God.---CARLYLE.

Good reasons must of force give way to better.—SHAKESPEARE.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost little. —FULLER.

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed.—MILTON.

Thicker than arguments, temptations throng.---POPE.

Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be esteemed; and such will thy deeds as thy affections; and such thy life as thy deeds.---SOCRATES.

The plain rule is to do nothing in the dark, to be a party to nothing underhand or mysterious.---DICKENS.

After long experience of the world, I affirm before God I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.---JUNIUS.

A noble nature can alone attract the noble, and alone knows how to retain them.---GOETHE.

Cheerfulness or joyfulness is the atmosphere under which all things thrive.---RICHTER.

Never contract a friendship with a man who is not better than yourself.---CONFUCIUS.

No man should so act as to take advantage of another's folly.---CICERO.

Consider pleasures as they depart, not as they come —ARISTOTLE.

Carve your name on hearts, and not on marble.—SPURGEON.

Sin may be clasped so close we can not see its face.—TRENCH.

He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.—DANTE.

Calamity is man's true touchstone.---BEAUMONT.

Virtue is the first title of nobility.---MOLIERE.

Beneath the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year.
The Winter wind is wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind,
As if a loss befell.
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses nor fine furniture.---FRANKLIN.

A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason I prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.---ADDISON.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds. Therefore, let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.---BACON.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.---TAYLOR.

Self-abnegation is that rare virtue which good men preach and good women practice.---HOLMES.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.---ROUSSEAU.

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.---SHAKESPEARE.

Folly is soon learned.---COWPER.

If life, like the olive, is a bitter fruit, then grasp both with the press, and they will afford the sweetest oil.—RICHTER.

There is no man so friendless but he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.---BULWER LYTTON.

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.---BULWER LYTTON.

There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable that I would not rather know it than not.---JOHNSON.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand.—COLERIDGE.

Purposes, like eggs, unless they be hatched into action, will run into decay.---SMILES.

Envy is blind, and knows nothing except to depreciate the excellences of others.---LIVY.

Prosperity doth best discover vice; but adversity doth best discover virtue.---BACON.

There is no time in life when books do not influence a man.---WALTER BESANT.

Delays breed dangers; nothing is so perilous as procrastination.---LILLY.

An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.---FRANKLIN.

Method will teach you to win time.---GOETHE.

Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom. What is more is fume,
Emptiness or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpracticed, unprepared and still to seek.

MILTON.

In every action reflect upon the end; and in your undertaking it consider why you do it.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by too confident a security.—BURKE.

Animals are such agreeable friends. They ask no questions; they pass no criticisms.—GEORGE ELIOT.

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.—FRANCIS DE SALES.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

KEBLE.

We are sure to get the better of Fortune if we do but grapple with her.—SENECA.

No friend is a friend till he shall prove a friend.—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

A friend is most a friend of whom the best remains to learn.—LUCY LARCOM.

O friends, whom chance and change can never harm!—BARRY CORNWALL.

Man never is, but always to be, blest.—POPE.

Through love to light! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea!
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to Thee
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—GOETHE.

Good, the more communicated, the more abundant grows.—MILTON.

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.—CAMPBELL.

Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see.—GRIMOALD.

On the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.

GAY.

The truest wisdom is a resolute determination.—BONAPARTE.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—EMERSON.

Those can conquer who think they can.—EMERSON.

Joy is the grace we say to God.—JEAN INGELOW.

Strength of mind is exercise, not rest.—POPE.

"The Communicants

'Twas sung how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their death had not divided been.

CAMPBELL.

Fortune can take away riches, but not courage.—SENECA.

O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er.

LONGFELLOW.

It is a prince's part to pardon.—BACON.

WORDS OF WISDOM TO THE YOUNG.

The history of heroes is the history of youth.—DISRAELI.

The age of chivalry has gone. An age of humanity has come. The horse, whose importance, more than human, gave the name to that early period of gallantry and war, now yields his foremost place to man. In serving him, in promoting his elevation, in contributing to his welfare, in doing him good, there are fields of bloodless triumph, nobler far than any in which the bravest knights ever conquered. Here are spaces of labor wide as the world, lofty as Heaven. Let me say, then, in the language once bestowed upon the youthful knights, scholars, jurists, artists, philanthropists, heroes of a Christian age, companions of a celestial knighthood: "Go forth. Be brave, loyal and successful." And may it be our office to light a fresh beacon-fire sacred to truth! Let the flame spread from hill to hill, from island to isl-

and, from continent to continent, till the long lineage of fires shall illumine all the nations of the earth, animating them to the holy contests of knowledge, justice, beauty, love.—CHARLES SUMNER.

Would to God some one had taught me, when young, the names of the grasses and constellations.—CARLYLE.

Young men, terminate, I beseech you, in your own experience, the sad divorce which has too often existed between intellect and piety. Take your stand, unswerving, heroic, by the altar of truth; and from that altar let neither sophistry nor ridicule expel you. Let your faith rest with a child's trust, with a martyr's grip, upon the truth as it is in Jesus.—WM. M. PUNSHON.

You have often heard it said of such and such a person: "He is burning the candle at both ends." Spendthrifts waste both capital and interest; and by both neglecting business and wasting their substance on expensive pleasures, they burn the candle at both ends. The vicious not only exhaust their daily strength, but they draw upon the future of their constitutions, so that when a few years have gone they are old men before their time. Beware of burning the candle at both ends. It will go fast enough if you burn it only at one end; for your stock of strength and life is very limited.—SPURGEON.

A youth thoughtless, when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless, when all the happiness of his home for ever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A

youth thoughtless, when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years, rather than now; though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.—JOHN RUSKIN.

The world is in great need of young Christians. Never was there a time when there was so much for them to do, and never were there so many avenues of usefulness open to them. Never were their abilities so fully recognized and valued, and never was so much done to impress upon them the beauty and helpfulness of the Christian life. It is the young people's era, and they are blessing the world by making such full use of the opportunities which God has given them. He has a work for you to do. He is pleading for admission to the hearts of the boys and girls, and if you will bid Him come and reign therein, Heaven will seem nearer and nearer with the advancing years, instead of farther off.—J. R. MILLER.

At Olympia, a town of Elis, games were celebrated in honor of Jupiter once every five years. An almost incredible multitude, from all the states of Greece and from the surrounding countries, attended these games as spectators. The noblest of the Grecian youths appeared as competitors. In this race, a course was marked out for the candidates for public fame. A tribunal was erected at the end of the course, on which sat the judges —men who had themselves in former years been success-

ful competitors for Olympic honors. The victors in the morning contests did not receive their prizes till the evening; but after their exertions they joined the band of spectators, and looked on while others prosecuted the same arduous labors which they had brought to an honorable termination. It is a fine thought that those honorable men in the Church of God who have themselves behaved worthily take the deepest interest in the young men who have newly set out upon the race. Let the youngsters so behave themselves that the veterans may never fear for the cause of God. We know that a great deal of anxiety is felt just now, for the rising race shows signs of being unstable and superficial; but we hope for better things, and even trust that the men of the coming age will outstrip their predecessors, and draw forth the approving shouts of the encompassing cloud of witnesses.—SPURGEON.

There is a haste, a precipitancy, in the movements of the young which not unfrequently involves in ruin the fairest prospects of success in life. The apostle Paul, who had seen more of life than his young disciple, Timothy, knew this, and urged him to meditate upon things pure and excellent, that his profiting might appear to all. The same caution is needed by the young men of the present age; and unless they heed it, they will place in jeopardy the dearest interests which they cherish. But few of the sins of youth are committed deliberately. The young man does not often deliberately and thoughtfully strike the blow which commits him to the dungeon or brings him to the scaffold; he does not deliberately enter

into schemes to ruin others, by involving them in pecuniary or moral embarrassment; he does not often willfully and maliciously enter any path of crime. But ere he is aware, he is drawn, step by step, to such a distance from the path of virtue that the passage of return is hedged up, the way back rendered impassable, and he goes on to end maliciously and designingly what he commenced thoughtlessly.—D. C. EDDY.

By turning from the path of virtue and true honor, by leaving the great principles which God has laid down in His Word, we shall be nothing but wrecked and ruined spirits. Meditate on these things while life is young and buoyant and thy sun shines fair. Be virtuous, be good, be circumspect, and no weapon formed against thee shall prosper.

"Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt;
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
And even that which mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory."

—D. C. EDDY.

Oh, pluck not flowers that grow on dizzy heights, or among the grass where adders creep, or in the crevices of lofty, tottering walls, or on the trembling breaks of swollen floods.—TALMAGE.

The human soul in youth is not a machine, of which you can polish the cogs with any kelp or brick-dust near at hand, and, having got it into working order and good, empty and oiled serviceableness, start your immortal locomotive at twenty-five years old, or thirty, express for the Strait Gate on the Narrow Road. The whole period

of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction. I use the words with their weight in them, in taking of stores, establishment in vital habits, hopes and faiths. There is not an hour of it but is trembling with destinies; not a moment of which, once passed, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron. Take your vase of Venice glass out of the furnace, and strew chaff over it in its transparent heat, and recover *that* to its clearness and envied glory when the north wind has blown upon it; but do not think to strew chaff over the child fresh from God's presence, and to bring heavenly colors back to him, at least in this world.—RUSKIN.

No matter how good the walls and the materials are; if the foundations are not strong, the building will not stand. By and by, in some upper room, a crack will appear; and men will say: "There is the crack; but the cause is in the foundation." So if, in youth, you lay the foundations of your character wrongly, the penalty will be sure to follow. The crack may be far down in old age, but somewhere it will certainly appear.—BEECHER.

Youth is the Spring of life; and by this will be determined the glory of Summer, the abundance of Autumn, the provision of Winter. It is the morning of life; and if the Sun of Righteousness does not dispel the moral mists and fogs before noon, the whole day generally remains overspread and gloomy. It is the seed-time, and "what a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Everything of importance is affected by religion in this period of life.—W. JAY.

Vigor, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose—these carry the day. Is there one whom difficulties dishearten —who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That man never fails. Let it be your first duty to teach the world that you are not wood and straw; that there is some iron in you. Let men know that what you say you will do; that your decision, once made, is final—no wavering; that, once resolved, you are not to be allured nor intimidated. Acquire and maintain that character.—T. F. BUXTON.

In young minds there is commonly a strong propensity to particular intimacies and friendships. Youth, indeed, is the season when friendships are sometimes formed which not only continue through succeeding life, but which glow to the last with a tenderness unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. The propensity, therefore, is not to be discouraged, though, at the same time, it must be regulated with much circumspection and care.—BLAIR.

Taste not of fish that have black tails; that is, converse not with men who are smutted with vicious qualities. Stride not over the beam of the scales, wherein is taught us the regard we ought to have for justice, so as not to go beyond its measures. Sit not on a choenix, wherein sloth is forbidden and we are required to take care to provide ourselves with the necessaries of life. Do not strike hands with every man. This means we ought not to be over-hasty to make acquaintance or friendship with others. Wear not a tight ring. That is, we are to labor after a free and independent way of living, and to

submit to no fetters. Eat not thy heart; which forbids to afflict our souls and waste them with vexatious cares. Abstain from beans; that is, keep out of public offices, for anciently the choice of the officers of state was made by beans.—PLUTARCH.

Might I give counsel to my young hearer, I would say: Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life that is the most wholesome society. Learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great specially admire. They admire great things. Narrow spirits admire basely and worship meanly.—THACKERAY.

PROVERBS.

The wisdom of many and the wit of one.—EARL RUSSELL.

While the word is yet unspoken, you are master of it; when once it is spoken, it is master of you.—ARABIC.

The tears of repentance are cool, and they refresh the eyes.—ARABIC.

Men are naturally tempted by the devil, but an idle man positively tempts the devil.—SPANISH.

Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city.—THE BIBLE.

Friends tie their purses with a spider's web.—ITALIAN.

A crow is no whiter for being washed.—SCOTCH.

Hell is paved with good intentions. Hopers go to hell.—ENGLISH and GERMAN.

Many good purposes lie in the grave-yard.—PHILIP HENRY.

Eaten bread is soon forgotten.—ENGLISH.

A favor to come is better than a hundred received.—ITALIAN.

Eat the present and break the dish.—ARABIC.

Better to have a husband without love than with jealousy.—ITALIAN.

A thread will tie an honest man better than a rope will tie a rogue.—SCOTCH.

He who speaks not till the last may profit by the follies of the rash.—AMERICAN.

It is an honor for a man to cease from strife; but a fool will be meddling.—THE BIBLE.

A pearl is often hidden in an ugly shell.—CHINESE.

For an honest man, half his wits are enough; all are too few for a knave.—SCOTCH.

Talk *at* me, and I resist; talk *to* me, and I may be convinced.—GERMAN.

He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind.—THE BIBLE.

We do not feel three hundred lashes on another's back. —SERVIAN.

A man without religion is like a horse without a bridle. —LATIN.

No man is always wise.—PLINY.

Three helping each other are as good as six.—SPANISH.

Fools can make money. It takes a wise man to tell how to spend it.—ENGLISH.

Dig the well before you are thirsty.---CHINESE.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.---THE BIBLE.

Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.—ANGELO.

The burden is light on the shoulders of another.---RUSSIAN.

A little too late, much too late.---DUTCH.

A liar is sooner caught than a cripple.---ITALIAN.

A liar should have a good memory.---ENGLISH.

The devil's meal runs half to bran.---FRENCH.

Love is master of all arts.---ITALIAN.

Nobody's sweetheart is ugly.---DUTCH.

The fear of the Lord prolongeth days.---THE BIBLE.

The road of By-and-By leads to the town of Never.---SPANISH.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.---THE BIBLE.

Love your neighbor, but do not pull down the fence.---GERMAN.

They are rich who have friends.---PORTUGUESE.

Deeds are love, and not fine speeches.---SPANISH.

The fish that escapes is the biggest fish of all.---TURKISH.

He is rich who does not desire more.---ITALIAN.

Takeiteasy and Livelong are brothers.---GERMAN.

Live with the lame, and you will limp.---LATIN.

Give a bit of your cake to one who is going to have a pie.---FRENCH.

A stingy man gives an egg to get a chicken.---GERMAN.

Broad thongs are cut from other men's leather.---LATIN.

The absent are always in the wrong.---FRENCH

FINIS.

My last words to you are: Be courageous! Strive with manly power against sickly phantasies, and enter, as I do, always more hopefully into active life, that your talents may be more useful to others, and thus to yourself.

With this wish, with these hopes, my infinitely dear friend, I close, and we part silently from each other. If man can bear an eternity in his heart, you will remain eternally in mine.—RICHTER.

"At the End of Day."

Many children who are now being
educated by signs, have sufficient
hearing to be taught with the
Audiphone, articulate speech
instead. Truly yours.
Paris, France
Dec 15 1880
A. G. Bell

TEACHING THE DEAF TO SPEAK.

THE TEETH THE BEST MEDIUM AND THE AUDIPHONE THE BEST INSTRUMENT FOR CONVEYING SOUNDS TO THE DEAF, AND IN TEACHING THE PARTLY DEAF AND DUMB TO SPEAK.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY R. S. RHODES, OF CHICAGO, BEFORE THE FOURTEENTH CONVENTION OF AMERICAN TEACHERS OF THE DEAF, AT FLINT, MICHIGAN.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I would like to relate some of the causes which led to my presence with you to-day.

About sixteen years ago I devised this instrument, the audiphone, which greatly assisted me in hearing, and discovered that many who had not learned to speak were not so deaf as myself. I reasoned that an instrument in the hands of one who had not learned to speak would act the same as when in the hands of one who had learned to speak, and that the mere fact of one not being able to speak would in no wise affect the action of the instrument. To ascertain if or not my simple reasoning was correct, I borrowed a deaf-mute, a boy about twelve years old, and took him to my farm. We arrived there in the evening, and during the evening I experimented to

so as he could distinguish some of the vowel sounds. My experiments in this direction were quite satisfactory. Early in the morning I provided him with an audiphone and took him by the hand for a walk about the farm. We soon came across a flock of turkeys. We approached closely, the boy with his audiphone adjusted to his teeth, and when the gobbler spoke in his peculiar voice, the boy was convulsed with laughter, and jumping for joy continued to follow the fowl with his audiphone properly adjusted, and at every remark of the gobbler the boy was delighted. I was myself delighted, and began to think my reasoning was correct.

We next visited the barn. I led him into a stall beside a horse munching his oats, and to my delight he could hear the grinding of the horse's teeth when the audiphone was adjusted, and neither of us could without. In the stable yard was a cow lowing for its calf, which he plainly showed he could hear, and when I led him to the cow-barn where the calf was confined, he could hear it reply to the cow, and by signs showed that he understood their language, and that he knew the one was calling for the other. We then visited the pig-sty where the porkers poked their noses near to us. He could hear them with the audiphone adjusted, and enjoyed their talk, and understood that they wanted more to eat. I gave him some corn to throw over to them, and he signed that that was what they wanted, and that now they were satisfied. He soon, however, broke away from me and pursued the gobbler and manifested more satisfaction in listening to its voice than to mine, and the vowel sounds as compared to it were of slight importance to him, and for the three days he was [illegible] had but little need

With these and other experiments I was satisfied that he could hear, and that there were many like him; so I took my grip and audiphones and visited most of the institutions for the deaf in this country. In all institutions I found many who could hear well, and presented the instrument with which this hearing could be improved and brought within the scope of the human voice. But at one institution I was astonished; I found a bright girl with perfect hearing being educated to the sign language. She could repeat words after me parrot-like, but had no knowledge of their value in sentences. I inquired why she was in the institution for the deaf, and by examining the records we learned she was the child of deaf-mute parents, and had been brought up by them in the country, and although her hearing was perfect, she had not heard spoken language enough to acquire it, and I was informed by the superintendent of the institution that she preferred signs to speech. I was astonished that a child with no knowledge of the value of speech should be permitted to elect to be educated by signs instead of speech, and to be so educated in a state institution. This circumstance convinced me more than ever that there was a great work to be done in redeeming the partly deaf children from the slavery of silence, and I was more firmly resolved than ever that I would devote the remainder of my life to this cause.

I have had learned scientists tell me that I could not hear through my teeth. It would take more scientists than ever were born to convince me that I did not hear my sainted mother's and beloved father's dying voice with this instrument, when I could not have heard it without.

It would take more scientists than ever were born to convince me that I did not hear the voice of the Rev. James B. McClure, one who has been dear to me for the last twenty years, and accompanied me on most of my visits to institutions spoken of above, and who has encouraged me in my labors for the deaf all these years, say, as I held his hand on his dying bed only Monday last, and took my final leave from him (and let me say, I know of no cause but this that would have induced me to leave him then), "Go to Flint; do all the good you can. God bless your labors for the deaf! We shall never meet again on earth. Meet me above. Good-by!"

And, Mr. President, when I am laid at rest, it will be with gratitude to you and with greater resignation for the active part you have taken in the interest of these partly deaf children in having a section for aural work admitted to this national convention, for in this act you have contributed to placing this work on a firm foundation, which is sure to result in the greatest good to this class.

You have heard our friend, the inventor of the telephone, say that in his experiments for a device to improve the hearing of the deaf, (as he was not qualified by deafness,) he did not succeed, but invented the telephone instead, which has lined his pocket with gold. From what I know of the gentleman, I believe he would willingly part with all the gold he has received for the use of this wonderful invention, had he succeeded in his efforts in devising an instrument which would have emancipated even twenty per cent. of the deaf in the institutions from the slavery of silence. I have often wished that he might have invented the audiphone and

received as much benefit by its use as I, for then he would have used the gold he derives from the telephone in carrying the boon to the deaf; but when I consider that in wishing this I must wish him deaf, and as it would not be right for me to wish him this great affliction, therefore since I am deaf, and I invented the audiphone, I would rather wish that I might have invented the telephone also; in which case I assure the deaf that I would have used my gold as freely in their behalf as would he. [The speaker then explained the use of the audiometer in measuring the degree of hearing one may possess. Then, at his request, a gentleman from the audience, a superintendent of one of our large institutions, took a position about five feet from the speaker, and was asked to speak loud enough for Mr. Rhodes to hear when he did not have the audiphone in use, and by shouting at the top of his voice, Mr. Rhodes was able to hear only two or three "o" sounds, but could not distinguish a word. With the audiphone adjusted to his teeth, still looking away from the speaker, he was able to understand ordinary tones, and repeated sentences after him; and, when looking at him and using his eye and audiphone, the speaker lowering his voice nearly as much as possible and yet articulating, Mr. Rhodes distinctly heard every word and repeated sentences after him, thus showing the value of the audiphone and eye combined, although Mr Rhodes had never received instructions in lip reading. The gentleman stated that he had tested Mr. Rhodes' hearing with the audiometer when he was at his institution in 1894, and found he possessed seven per cent. in his left ear and nothing in his right.]

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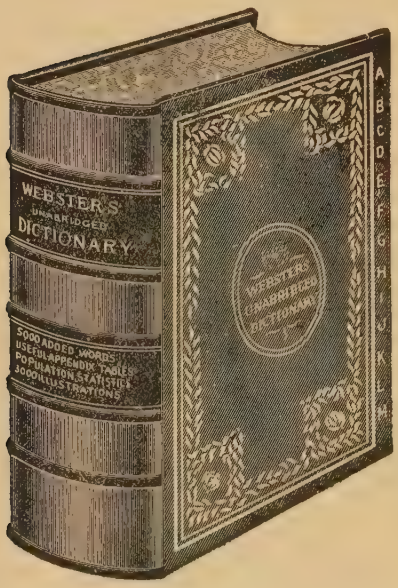

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